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THE BAPTIST CHURCH IN NEW YORK.

By Richard H. Titherington.

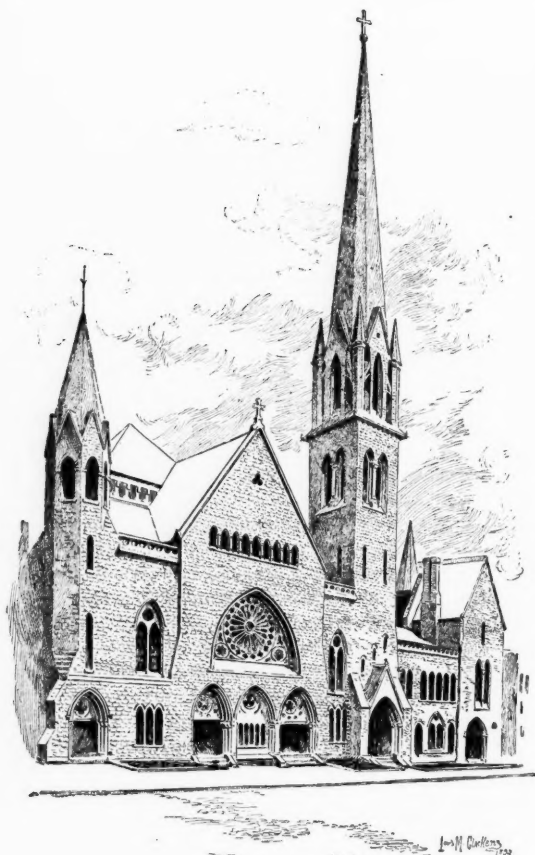
LAST October the Baptist churches of New York celebrated the centennial anniversary of their first organization into an independent ecclesiastical body. In that month of the year 1791 seven congregations hitherto forming a part of the Philadelphia association sent messengers to a conference at which they established themselves upon a separate footing. Of the seven, the largest was the First New York, then nearly

thirty years old, with one hundred and ninety eight members. The remaining six included the Second New York, two churches on Staten Island, one on Long Island, and two in New Jersey, and the total membership was six hundred souls.

It will be seen that a hundred years ago the Baptist body had a slender following in the metropolis. It was in its infancy when the Episcopal and the Reformed communions



THE FIFTH AVENUE BAPTIST CHURCH.



CALVARY BAPTIST CHURCH.

had had more than a century of life and growth. It had indeed struggled to gain a footing long before, but with little success. As long ago as 1669 one William Wickenden came to New York from Providence, where Roger Williams had planted the first American Baptist colony; but he was arrested on an arbitrary charge of preaching without a license, and driven away. Thirty three years later another Baptist missionary, Valentine Wightman, came from Connecticut, on the invitation of Nicholas Evers, a brewer, who besought Governor William Burnet that he might dwell and preach in peace, "according to His Majesty's gracious indulgence extended to-

wards the Protestants dissenting from the established church." A congregation of twelve members was organized in 1724, with a meeting house on Vendisses, now Gold Street, but this disbanded after a short existence. In 1745 Jeremiah Dodge opened his house for worship according to Baptist forms. The little congregation was affiliated to the Baptist church at Scotch Plains, one of whose elders came periodically to New York, to preach in a rigging loft on Horse and Cart Lane, now William Street; and from the services thus held began the life of the First Church, which was formally constituted in 1762.

Once established, the New York

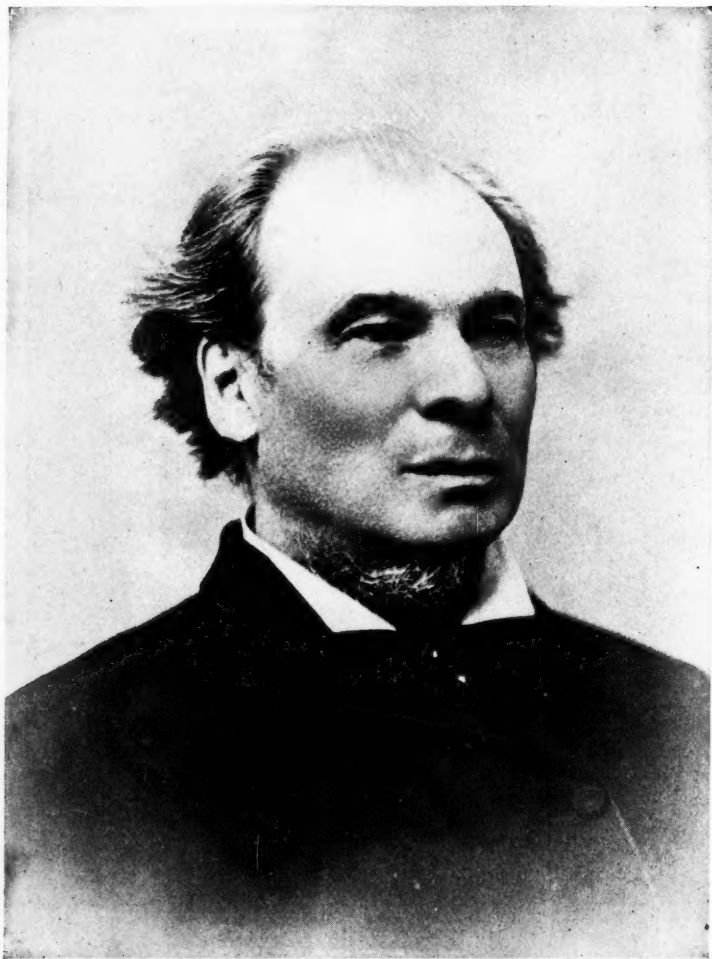


DR. ROBERT STUART MACARTHUR.

From a photograph by Bogardus, New York.

Baptist Association's development was rapid. In twenty five years its churches and its members had trebled in numbers. In 1812 a serious dissension arose. Four congregations demanded the disciplining of the First Church on account of a disagreement between it and its pastor. The majority of the association, holding strictly to that cardinal principle of the Baptist system, the autonomy of individual congregations, declined to interfere. The defeated churches thereupon asked and obtained letters of dismission, and or-

ganized the Hudson River Association. This grew to be one of the largest Baptist bodies in the country, covering most of the eastern and southern portion of New York State, until in 1850 it was for convenience divided. The Hudson River Association South, an offshoot then formed, and including the territory south of Poughkeepsie, was twenty years later very wisely united with the original parent body under the name of the Southern New York Association. The congregations of Long Island and East New Jersey had meantime been



DR. THOMAS ARMITAGE.

From a photograph by Bogardus, New York.

established on an independent basis. The present statistics of the association show sixty six churches, of which number nearly three fourths are within the city of New York, with a membership of almost eighteen thousand.

Such is the outline of the history of the Baptist church in and about the metropolis. Many interesting details might be added. Something should be said of its prominence in foreign and domestic mission work—

a field in which it was one of the earliest pioneers. One of the first proceedings of the association was to send Elkanah Holmes among the Six Nations. Holmes's missionary career was a remarkable one. He preached and taught among the Mohegans and Tuscaroras, traveling through the wilderness of northern New York and Canada, and winning the favor of the red men wherever he went. He was the bearer of many friendly gifts and messages that

passed between the Baptist association and the sachems of the aborigines. Those chieftains of a dispossessed race sent a letter in 1796 declaring that "if our white brothers had taken one quarter the pains which they have used in getting our lands to lead us in the good path, we might have avoided many of the mud holes and briars on the way." Had other bodies borne their part in the work as well as the Baptists of New York, the plaint of the Indians might have had less of the sting of truth. Holmes spent forty years among the Six Nations, dying in 1832 at the age of eighty nine. His work was seconded by that of other missionaries. The association has also been a foremost supporter of the general missionary and Bible societies of the denomination, and has raised and expended great sums for charitable and educational undertakings. One of its most memorable names is that of Spencer H. Cone, pastor of the First Church and at one time chaplain of the Senate, who is famed as having "raised more money for missions than any other Baptist minister in the United States."

Of the association's early annals the history of the First Church forms a large part. Of that church's beginnings something has already been said. It was first constituted into an independent congregation in 1762, when it established itself in a small wooden chapel on Gold Street, and called to its pulpit Stephen Gano. When the Revolutionary war broke out Gano became a chaplain in the continental army, and at its close was designated by General Washington to hold the solemn service of thanksgiving at Newburgh. Meanwhile his congregation had been

scattered, and its meeting house was put to base uses as a storehouse and stable.

Returning to New York after the departure of the British troops, Gano reestablished his church with thirty seven members—a number that rapidly increased. When the New York association was organized, the First was long its leading congregation. Its pastor was then Dr. Benjamin Foster, who was noted as one of the first Greek and Hebrew scholars of his day, and who a few years later fell a victim to the yellow fever outbreak of 1798. During that terrible epidemic, when nearly half of the population of New York fled from the stricken city, Dr. Foster remained to die at his post.

For twenty one years the annual meeting of the association was held in the First Church. Gradually,



THE REV. W. H. P. FAUNCE.
From a photograph by Moore, Springfield, Mass.



THE MEMORIAL BAPTIST CHURCH.

however, as the metropolis spread northward, its location ceased to be central, and other congregations grew up to rival its importance. In 1809 it had nearly six hundred members; then by reason of internal dissensions and the creation of new churches its numbers fell away. It was at length obliged to follow the march of population, moving in 1842 to the corner of Broome and Elizabeth Streets. This was during the pastorate of Dr. Spencer Cone—a remarkable man who after gaining fame as an actor entered the church and became, as has been said, a notable figure in the Baptist ministry.

From Broome Street the First Church again migrated in 1871 to Thirty Ninth Street and Park Avenue. Here, under Dr. Thomas D. Anderson, who was its pastor for some twenty years, it prospered in numbers and influence. This third site, however, has been abandoned, and a capacious structure, of a somewhat bizarre architectural design, is now being built at the corner of Seventy Ninth Street and the Boulevard. Meanwhile its congregation is temporarily quartered in an un-

pretentious brick chapel on Eighty First Street, which belongs to the Episcopal church of All Angels. Its present pastor is the Rev. I. N. Haldeman, who has been with it for seven years.

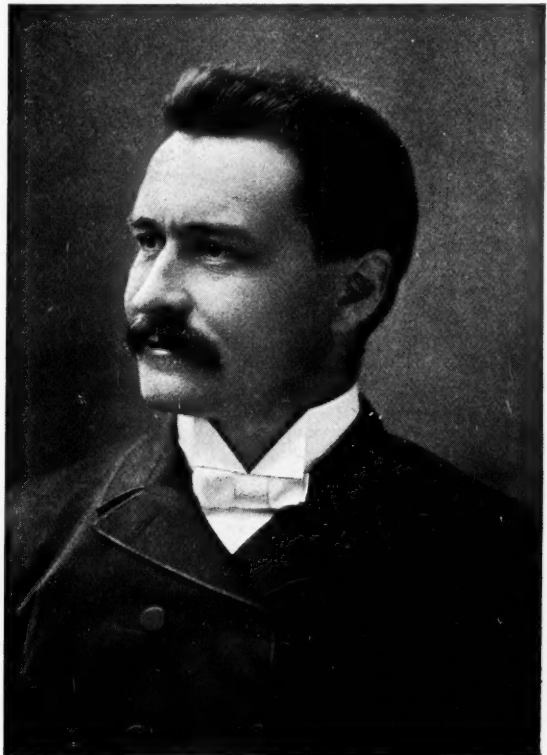
Unquestionably the largest and finest of the Baptist churches of New York, and one of the most important of metropolitan houses of worship, is Calvary, whose massive Gothic front rises on the north side of Fifty Seventh Street, west of Sixth Avenue. Founded less than fifty years ago, the growth of Calvary Church is a remarkable instance of what can be achieved by a strong congregational spirit with wise management and under able leadership. It was in November, 1846, that fourteen persons met in a house on Grand Street to organize under the name of Hope Chapel. The title proved prophetic. Dr. David Bellamy, who had just resigned the pulpit of the old Stanton Street Church, accepted a call from the new congregation, which rapidly increased in numbers. For some time its meetings were held in the Coliseum, a hall on lower Broadway. In 1853 land was bought on Twenty

Third Street, midway between Fifth and Sixth Avenues, and a church was built, at a cost which, small as it would seem today, was heavy enough to burden the congregation with debt. Its choice of a site whose later increment in value made a splendid contribution to its financial strength was due to the foresight of Dr. Gillette, then its pastor, who was afterwards, as minister of the First Baptist Church of Washington, a prominent figure in the life of the national capital during the troublous days of the war.

Dr. Gillette was succeeded in the pulpit of Calvary by Dr. Buckland, who went thence to the chair of Church History in the Rochester Theological Seminary; and he, in 1870, by Robert Stuart MacArthur. Dr. MacArthur, now one of the foremost of metropolitan clergymen, was then a student, not yet graduated, in the seminary to which his predecessor had gone as professor. He was in his twenty eighth year, having been born, the son of Scottish parents, at the village of Dalesville, Quebec, in 1842. During his years of training at Rochester his success as an occasional preacher in local churches had already attracted attention. That success was repeated on a larger scale in New York. The building on Twenty Third Street became too small for the congregation that gathered about him, and in 1882 was laid the corner stone of Calvary's present spacious edifice, whose seating capacity is fifteen hundred. The site of the old church, bought twenty nine years before for \$18,000, was sold for \$225,000, but more than double the latter sum was required to build the

new temple. It proved more easy, however, to meet this great outlay than it had been to defray one ten times smaller when the Twenty Third Street church was erected. The membership, which at Dr. MacArthur's coming to New York numbered somewhat over two hundred, had then expanded to more than a thousand, and has since again almost doubled.

Calvary Church is an active center of organized benevolence. Its congregation maintains several charitable societies, and supports two well established chapels on the upper west side. The wide range of its philanthropic energy, as well as the cosmopolitan character of New York's population, is evidenced by the fact that it has special departments for work among the Chinese, the Italians, and the Armenians. As

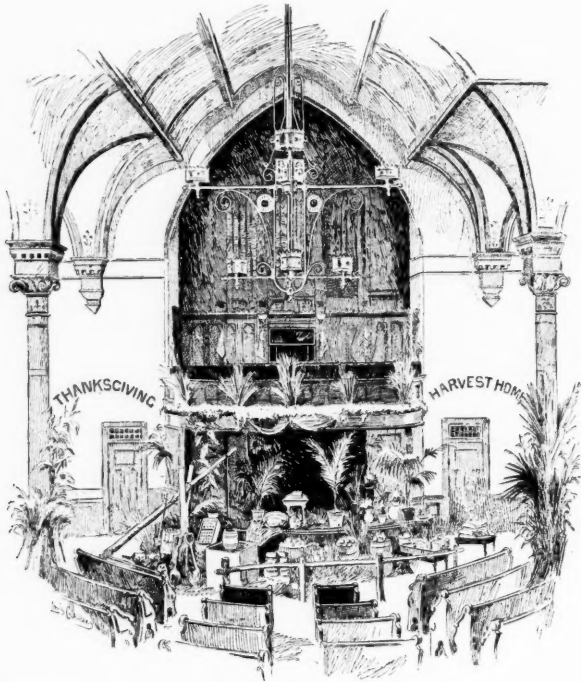


THE REV. DONALD D. MACLAURIN.
From a photograph by Rugg, Minneapolis.

much as seventy thousand dollars has been subscribed for mission work at a single Sunday morning service in Calvary Church.

Dr. MacArthur's assistant in his pulpit and pastoral labors is Dr. Frank Rogers Morse, who came to Calvary from the Tabernacle Baptist Church in Brooklyn. Dr. Morse is a graduate of Dartmouth and of the Newton Theological Seminary, and

ing house on Long Island. Ten years later he entered the Baptist communion and was assigned to the Norfolk Street Church. In 1860 the congregation moved its headquarters four miles northward, to Forty Sixth Street, and adopted its present title—which is partly a misnomer, for though its property originally extended to Fifth Avenue, it was forced, under the stress of war time, to sell



THANKSGIVING DECORATIONS IN THE NORTH BAPTIST CHURCH.

has had nearly thirty years' experience in the Baptist ministry.

The founders of Calvary came out of the old Stanton Street congregation, and from the same body originated the present Fifth Avenue, founded as the Norfolk Street Church in 1841. This latter church's history is mainly that of the forty years' pastorate of the venerable Dr. Thomas Armitage. Dr. Armitage came to America in 1838, a self-taught young Englishman, and began to preach in a Methodist meet-

the portion fronting on that thoroughfare in order to raise money needed for its building fund.

Dr. Armitage was long one of the best known figures of the metropolitan pulpit. His preaching had something of the same force and directness that, made Spurgeon's oratory a moving power in and beyond the Baptist church. His ministerial career closed with his retirement from active service some three years ago. It was a somewhat trying ordeal for his successor,

the Rev. W. H. P. Faunce, who is one of the youngest of New York clergymen, to be called to fill the place of one of the oldest and most eminent; but Mr. Faunce's success is proved by the continued prosperity of his church. His congregation is one of wealth and culture. The brothers Rockefeller, who have liberally aided the Baptist cause with their millions, are members of its board of trustees.

Mr. Faunce is a graduate of Brown University and the Newton Theological Seminary, and was instructor in mathematics at the former college, and then pastor of the State Street Baptist Church in Springfield, Massachusetts, before coming to New York. He was born in Worcester, Massachusetts, thirty three years ago.

The old Stanton Street congregation, the parent of the Calvary and Fifth Avenue bodies, still survives as the Twenty Third Street Church. Its building is a small brick structure on the corner of that thoroughfare and Lexington Avenue, and its pastor is the Rev. Thomas Dixon, Junior, whose tendency to controversial preaching has won him some notoriety.

Oldest of the New York Baptist churches, with the exception of the First, is that of the Epiphany, which last May celebrated the completion of a century of existence. Organized in 1791 with a meeting house on Fayette, afterward called Oliver Street, it was long famed as the Oliver Street Church. From that obscure down town thoroughfare it migrated in 1862 and united with the Madison Avenue Church under the latter's name, and taking possession of its building then newly erected at Madison Avenue and Thirty First Street. Legal complications, however, followed this arrangement, and after a protracted litigation



THE REV. J. J. BROUNER.

From a photograph by Dolan and Barnmore, New York.

the union was dissolved, and the old Oliver Street body, in 1883, assumed its present name and moved its headquarters to their present site at Madison Avenue and Sixty Fourth Street. Its pastor, the Rev. Donald MacLaurin, came to New York little more than a year ago from the Emanuel Baptist Church of Minneapolis, where he had been remarkably successful in building up a large congregation from very small beginnings. He has youth, energy, scholarship, and much eloquence. Born of Scottish stock at St. Vincent, Ontario, little more than thirty years ago, he prepared himself for the ministry at Madison (now Colgate) University, paying his own way through college. After graduating he spent two years in a village pulpit at Eaton, New York, and went thence to Minneapolis in 1883.

Another ancient Baptist congre-

gation is the North Church, an old landmark of that highly individual quarter of New York which once was the suburban village of Greenwich. It was organized by a little company that met in the Greenwich school house on the first day of the year 1827, and whose last survivor, Deacon James Townsend, died only a year ago. After worshiping for a time in the village watch house, at what is now the corner of Hudson and Christopher Streets, it erected a church at Christopher and Bedford Streets which was its headquarters for nearly fifty years. Its present plain but capacious edifice on West Eleventh Street, near Waverly Place, was built in 1885. Its pastor, the Rev. J. J. Brouner, is the senior Baptist minister of New York, having held his present post for more than

twenty three years—a term of service which together with his father's pastorate from 1828 to 1849 covers two thirds of the North Church's existence. Mr. Brouner was born in New York fifty two years ago, educated at Madison University, and was for five years stationed at Mariners' Harbor, Staten Island, before being called to the North Church in 1869. He acted as moderator of the association in 1873, was one of its clerks for twelve successive years, and is an authority on the history of the Baptist body.

The present Madison Avenue Church was founded as the Rose Hill Church in 1848. Rose Hill is a name that has disappeared from the map of New York, and the slight eminence it represented, overlooking the East River, and at that time

covered with the suburban residences of city merchants, has been cut down by the grading of new streets. The church owed its beginning to the Rev. S. S. Wheeler, who hired a house on Thirtieth Street, between Third and Lexington Avenues, and opened it for services. A regular congregation was soon afterward organized, with a membership of thirteen persons. In 1852 a modest brick building was erected at Lexington Avenue and Thirtieth Street, and as the congregation continued to grow its quarters were again moved, eight years later, to the present site at Madison Avenue and Thirty First, the name of the church being twice altered to correspond with its location. Then came its temporary union with the old Oliver Street body, which ended in 1882, each church resuming its independent status.

When Dr. Bridgman,



REV. LEIGHTON WILLIAMS.

From a photograph by Elliott and Fry, London

now rector of Holy Trinity, Harlem, left the Madison Avenue Church to join the Episcopal communion, he was succeeded—less than a year ago—by Dr. Henry Sanders. Dr. Sanders was born in New York forty two years ago, and is a graduate of Yale and the Union Theological Seminary. His previous pastorates were at the Warburton Avenue Baptist Church in Yonkers, and the Central, in New York. He has also spent much time in Eastern travel.

Dr. Sanders' successor at the Central Church is the Rev. Walter M. Walker, who was called to its pulpit while still a student in the theological seminary to which he had gone after graduating at the University of Iowa. His summons to an important metropolitan church came at an almost precocious age, for he was not yet twenty seven, having been born in Illinois in 1862.

The Central Church dates from 1843, when it was established with a membership of nineteen, as the



DR. HENRY M. SANDERS.

From a photograph by Rockwood, New York.

Bloomington Church, and held its first services in a hall on Eighth Avenue, near Forty Second Street. In the following year it built a church at the corner of Forty Third Street, where it remained for nearly twenty years before moving to its present quarters on Forty Second Street, between Seventh and Eighth Avenues. It was materially strengthened by the union with it, in 1870, of the Laight Street Church, a body a year older than itself, which was forced to move away from its unfavorable surroundings in the lower part of the city.

The Amity Church is one that, though small in numbers, has devoted its energies to an ambitious scheme for the extension of its work. On the large plot of ground that it has long owned in West Fifty Fourth Street it has formulated plans for the erection of a series of buildings, which will include, besides church and parsonage, a lecture hall and quarters for industrial schools and a free dispensary. The realization of this design,



THE REV. W. C. BITTING.

From a photograph by Knowlton, New York.



THE REV. WALTER M. WALKER.

From a photograph by Dupont, New York.

and the creation of a strong center of Christianity and charity in a densely populated quarter of the metropolis, is the work that its pastor, the Rev. Leighton Williams, has undertaken. Mr. Williams is known as a social reformer—a “Christian socialist,” he calls himself. He is deeply interested in labor problems, and has written and spoken for the Henry George movement. He was trained for the bar, graduating at the Columbia law school in 1878. For some years he practiced his profession, and held office as treasurer of the Niagara reservation commission; but in 1887 he entered the ministry, following the footsteps of his father, the late William R. Williams, famed as one of the scholars of the Baptist church. It was the elder Williams who in 1832 led forty members of the old Oliver Street congregation, of which his father was at one time pastor, to form a new body under the name of

the Amity Street Church, with a meeting house on Amity, now West Third Street. Some thirty years later the word “Street” was dropped from its title, and its up town site was acquired.

Founded nearly fifty years ago, when Harlem was a village separated from the metropolis by some four miles of open country, the Mount Morris Church has under its present leadership become one of the most important of its denomination. Its congregation first met in the old Harlem court house, and has since occupied five different buildings, the latest of which, on Fifth Avenue, above One Hundred and Twenty Sixth Street, it entered on Easter Sunday, 1888. The Rev. William Conkling Bitting has been its pastor for eight years—the most prosperous of its history. He is a Virginian, a graduate of Richmond College and Crozier Theological Semin-

ary. His first charge was a church at Luray, Virginia, whence he came to New York in 1884. Mr. Bitting is still a young man, and is an energetic organizer, a believer in athletics, and a free participant in social and club life. He makes it his aim to be “a man among men”—to “get at” his people, as Beecher put it, on a plane of sympathy and with no dividing line of sacerdotalism.

The churches mentioned are not the only important centers of the Baptist faith in New York. Something should be said, did space permit, of the Mount Olivet, on West Fifty Third Street; of the Tabernacle, on Second Avenue, near Eleventh Street; and of the new and handsome Memorial Church on Washington Square, named in honor of Adoniram Judson, the great Baptist missionary; and last, but not least, of that active engine of charitable work and church extension, the Baptist City Mission.

STEPHEN V. WHITE.

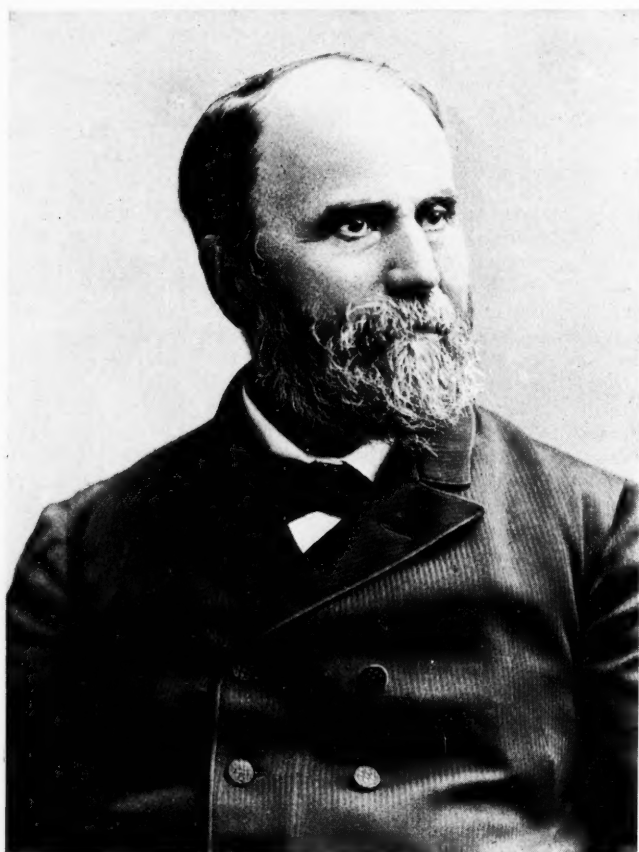
By Frank A. Munsey.

THERE is always something interesting about genius, in whatever capacity it shows itself. The time was when the soldier, the poet, the orator, the jurist, the sculptor, the painter, were almost alone endowed with genius. That was before the day of the financier. In this country of ours, where the spirit of money getting is the most marked national characteristic, where dollars, with the average degree of refinement and good sense, bring social position and luxuries and comforts—including such ornamental properties as titled sons in law—here it is that genius asserts itself in the financier and becomes most forceful and most dramatic. The most dramatic spot on this earth today is Wall Street, and a chief actor in the drama that is enacted there daily is Stephen V. White.

Like the majority of the strong men at the head of affairs White came from the country. A surer touch and a firmer grasp seem to belong to the men reared upon the farm, amid simple surroundings, than are developed in their city bred rivals. White was born in North Carolina in 1831, but within a few weeks after his birth his father moved to Illinois, where young White, like Lincoln, began his career in the wilderness. It is not recorded of Lincoln that as a boy he ever showed any predilection for money making. But White, whose opportunities and surroundings were not unlike those of the young rail splitter, always had the commercial instinct that has since made him the great financier that he is. At a very early age he became known as one of the best young trappers in the country, and his trading in skins turned him many a penny.

Like John Jacob Astor, he was deeply imbued at that time with the value of fur trading, but later he applied himself to books with the purpose of making the law his life's work. The force of instinct in a man is stronger than fancy or the persuasion of friends. White practiced law, however, from 1856 to 1865, and with marked success. But now the commercial spirit that was ingrained in his nature led him into Wall Street, where he has found the broadest play for his genius. He has been a bold, fearless operator, always backing his own judgment, even in transactions of the greatest magnitude. In the main he has been right, as was evidenced by the great fortune he built up, but in the early part of last fall he met his Waterloo in attempting to carry through a colossal grain deal, in which, if he had been successful, he would have made millions of dollars. But through a combination of circumstances, and a most determined effort of the great operators of Chicago and New York, he was forced to the wall, his splendid fortune gone, buried beneath an indebtedness so great that at the thought of rising above it his warmest friends, at the time of his failure, shook their heads dubiously, hopelessly.

But not so with White. His courage, though the weight of sixty years was upon him, at no time deserted him. The old Cromwell blood that flows in his veins is not the sort that plays one false in the hour of disaster. The mistake that had plunged him so suddenly into bankruptcy was of the past. The causes that led to the failure mattered not now. It was to the future and to the future alone he must look, and he looked there with a confidence in himself



STEPHEN V. WHITE.

From a photograph by Bell, Washington, D. C.

that gave confidence to all whose debtor he had become. And here is where the stanch integrity that had characterized his whole life proved a bulwark to him that withstood the waves of misfortune. It was on the first of February that his creditors came to him and said, in effect: "Mr. White, your assets would pay us about fifty five per cent in cash of our entire claims against your firm, but it is our pleasure to give you back your business and to cancel your obligations to us, leaving you free from indebtedness and with a handsome capital with which to resume business."

There is a touch of sublimity in the generous act of these men that makes one love his fellow men more, and feel that this is a better world to live in. It was a magnificent testimonial to White, and his response is equally worthy of admiration. He said: "A word of recognition of the unparalleled forbearance and kindness of the creditors of S. V. White & Co. is due you, and as the embarrassment to my firm was my personal act, a personal statement from me seems to be most appropriate. The legal release of all indebtedness, which you have given, imposes a fourfold debt in that jurisprudence

where honor issues her decrees. I wish to say that the estate about to be returned shall be accepted as a trust to be administered under that sacred code which honor imposes, and, if life is spared, I have no fear of your ultimate loss. And so with thanks beyond expression, with humility too profound to be removed even by the peerless and priceless compliment of your continued confidence, I take up my work anew, with the determination to so conduct it that, when the summons shall come to pay the debt of nature, it shall be the only debt remaining unpaid."

On being freed from financial obligations White was readmitted to the New York Stock Exchange. He was welcomed back by the members most warmly with personal congratulations and cheers that made the temple of Mammon ring. White has for many years been the chief operator in Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western, and he at once took up his old stand at the Lackawanna post.

His return to the exchange was at the very time when the coal stocks, of which the Lackawanna was one, had started on their recent upward turn. His first two days netted him a profit of over twelve thousand dollars, and before the sun went down on the second day he had paid in full every creditor whose claim was not over five hundred dollars. At the end of one month he had made and paid out to his creditors over fifty thousand dollars. At this ratio of progress, and his past record warrants the belief that the pace will not slacken, he will have paid at no very distant date the moral obligations to his creditors and in addition laid the foundation for another fortune for himself, as great as the one he lost.

The unswerving courage, the splendid ability and the sterling integrity that White has shown command unstinted admiration and furnish an example for young men that they may well study with profit to themselves.

AN IDYL.

SHE tripped through the meadows one April day
 The clouds hung low with oppressive gloom,
 But she, enchanting and bright and gay,
 Shed o'er the world such a sunny ray,
 That the wayside flowers sprang into bloom.

And the wind of the Southland swept the earth;
 It carried the scent of the blossoms sweet,
 And another world seemed to spring to birth.
 While the birds gave vent to caroling mirth,
 As a sunbeam glistened at her feet.

Though Cupid had set for her feet a snare,
 Over the meshes she lightly sped
 And passed unharmed like a bird of the air,
 While I, who came after the maiden fair,
 Was captured by Cupid's net instead.

Walter H Hanway.

A SAILOR'S NEUTRALITY.

By Charles A. McDougall.

DURING the late unpleasantness between the North and South, sailors, both for coastwise and long voyages, were scarce. Shipmasters were glad to pay eighty dollars and upward in gold for the "run" across the western ocean.

There were twelve of us before the mast in the bark *Dido*, from London for Nassau, New Providence. I was the youngest of the lot, making my first voyage as A. B. The next in age was a long legged, sharp faced fellow from Connecticut, known as "Dan." Then came four "old timers"—grizzled and gray old sailors, with a hearty and outspoken contempt for the remaining six, divided equally between the two watches.

These last comprised two deserters from the British Life Guards, a young prize fighter known as "Mac," a wild, reckless blade concealing his identity under the convenient "John Smith," but who, in reality, was the son of an English clergyman; a Dutchman called Hans, who had been one trip as fireman in a German passenger steamer, and a tall, well made young fellow from Boston, who had run over to London on a spree, and, like the other "green hands," was tempted by the large sum offered "for the run."

I may say in relation to the last phrase, that sailors or others who ship "by the run" are only supposed to make and take in sail, brace yards, steer and stand lookout. No other "sailorizing" or jobs about deck, such as are exacted from the crew on monthly wages, are expected. So, after a few days, with the exception of steering, which was done by those of us rating as A. B.'s, the landmen got broken in after a fashion, but at the expense of a fearful amount of

profanity and verbal abuse from our peppery first and second officers. But hard words break no bones, and, as Hans philosophically said, he would "shtand twice so mooch for ninety dollars ofer again," which seemed to be the verdict of his fellow sufferers.

We made a fairly good summer passage, arriving in Nassau in forty one days from London. After the custom house authorities had come on board, and found nothing contraband to reward their search, permits were issued, and the crew, with the exception of Dan and myself, went over the rail, bag and baggage, to squander their gold in a week or two of riotous living.

Though I had not been able to enlist, my New England sympathies were, of course, entirely with the North. But at the age of fifteen I had shipped as "boy" in the old *Sooloo* of Salem for Calcutta, and for two years had been to the eastward of the Cape of Good Hope, only hearing of the great struggle in the most indefinite sort of way.

To my great surprise, Dan had very little to say regarding the war—particularly after he learned in which direction my sympathies lay.

"I don't believe in takin' sides," was his prudent assertion, when, after the decks were cleared up, he and I stood together on the *Dido*'s fore-castle, gazing ashore at the lovely city and its surroundings. "I'm like the English, I am—stric'ly nootral."

This in response to my expression of wonder that Dan, with his vigorous frame and goodly size, had not enlisted in the Northern army.

"Do you think the way they've acted in the Alabama affair has been 'strictly neutral'?" I asked. "From

what little I've read," I continued, as Dan made no reply, "I should say they were giving aid and support to the enemy."

"Wall, I'm a nootral, any way—it pays better," remarked Dan, with a yawn; but I had not the slightest idea at the time what he meant.

About noon, Dan beckoned to a shore boat, and was rowed to the pier with his clothes bag.

"If you wasn't such an out and out Union chap, I'd show you how to make more money in forty eight hours than you'll make in a couple o' months of sea goin'," he said, hesitating a little, as he turned toward me before entering the boat.

"I'm not going to make money at the expense of my patriotism," I said, without having the slightest conception of Dan's meaning; for as yet I had not seen a shore paper, and knew nothing of the blockade running business, or that Nassau and Bermuda were the headquarters of "neutrality."

"All you've got to do is to be nootral like me," laughed Dan, as he was pulled away, and again I wondered at his meaning.

All hands had gone ashore, leaving only myself and the colored steward on board. I was in no hurry about leaving the bark, and indeed had some indefinite idea of staying by till her destination was known, as I had a strong dislike to a sailors' boarding house.

A long, lead colored, wedge shaped, side wheel steamer lay a little distance away, with steam up, and I was listlessly regarding her over the bulwarks, when a small boat pushed off from her side. A sailorish looking colored boy was rowing, while in the stern sat a dark featured man in a sort of semi naval rig.

"Crew all gone ashore, my lad?" he asked blandly, as the boat came alongside.

"All but myself," I replied.

"Hum, too late," he muttered. "Do you want to ship in the Victor there, for Wilmington? We want two or three more hands," he said suddenly.

Now in a vague sort of way I knew

that Savannah and Wilmington were both cotton ports, and in *ante bellum* times many small vessels loaded there for Boston. Being entirely ignorant of the blockade, I presumed that this might be the case then.

"How much do you pay?" I asked, hesitatingly.

"Fifty dollars a month, and seventy five dollars for the single run, if——"

"Fifty dollars!" I interrupted, staring in astonishment. "Why, what——"

"Scarcity of men," was the curt answer. "Come, what do you say? Only want three or four more to make up the crew."

Well, I said "Yes" at once, thanking my lucky stars at having such a chance, and very shortly was with my clothes bag transferred to the steamer's deck. If the men had been on board, I should have discovered from their talk that I had shipped in a "neutral" blockade runner, loaded to the hatches with English dry goods, spices, medicines, groceries, gray army cloth, and a hundred other similar articles for the aid and behoof of the Southern Confederacy. But the officers were on the main deck, and the firemen below in the furnace room, while the crew were ashore, getting rid of the gold received from the last successful run. So I dawdled listlessly about, till, upon their return, the anchor was lifted, and the Victor steamed slowly out of the harbor.

There was really not much for the sailors to do, beyond standing lookout and keeping the steamer in trim by means of an immense chain box on the lower deck.

The first person I saw on going for'ard was Dan, eagerly perusing a paper, as he sat contentedly on a pile of old tarpaulins.

"Hallo!" he exclaimed, with his exasperating grin, "so *you've* turned nootral, eh?"

And then, before I could reply, Dan beckoned me to a seat beside him.

"I call'te to jest make my everlastin' pile this trip, Harry," he be-

gan confidentially, "for I've put every dollar I've earnt aboard the Dido inter bakin' powder, p'cussion caps, an' quinine, which'll sell to Wilmin'ton for anywheres from six hundred to ten hundred per cent profit, besides the extra pay if we make the run all right. What kind of a ventur' have *you* got?"

"I don't know what you mean," I replied simply, and it was Dan's turn to stare.

"Haven't you see no papers nor talked with no one sence you got in?" he asked.

"Why, no," I replied, beginning to feel rather uneasy. And then, little by little, Dan revealed the truth to my astonished ears. How that every cotton port south of Hatteras was blockaded, whereby certain of our "neutral" friends were contriving to run cotton out past the blockading squadron—cotton which in England was then worth forty five and fifty cents a pound. Landing this at neutral Nassau, the steamer was loaded up again with supplies for the Confederates, which brought enormous profits to the owners of these Clyde and Liverpool built steamers.

I was mad clear through, but there was no help for it.

"I hope you and the steamer to boot will be captured," I snapped.

"You'd be in the same box 'long of the rest if we *was* took," returned Dan, chuckling; and as he had the best of me there, I turned away.

It was thick weather till the following evening, when the steamer began to draw near to the dangerous coast. Lights were ordered out, the engine gong muffled, and strict silence ordered fore and aft. The steamer trembled from stem to stern with the vibration of her powerful paddle wheels. I know we were steaming twenty knots when the Victor was headed for Barrington Inlet.

Out of the darkness, directly ahead, loomed an indistinct mass. Round flew the wheel, and just grazing the quarter, so near were we, the Victor sped by like an arrow!

In an instant the cruiser's deck was ablaze with blue and red lights,

and the air sibilant with the rush of signal rockets.

The explosion of a heavy gun was followed by the *sish* of a shell which just cleared the smokestack and exploded a few yards away. Then the music began, from one and another of the anchored cruisers.

How the Victor flew! Lard and bacon were crammed into the furnaces, as in the days of the racing Mississippi steamers. As the coal followed it, the chain box was trundled here and there, to counteract the loss from the bunkers.

Between the heat of the furnace fires beneath and the violent exercise itself, neither Dan nor myself had a dry thread on our bodies, as we worked with some half dozen others under the "turtle back." Two burly English sailors volunteered to give us a spell.

"Go for'ard in the eyes of 'er, lads," said one of them; "ye'll cool soon enough there."

"I guess we're gettin' out'er range!" gasped Dan, drawing his sleeve across his face, when—

I was conscious of an awful shock and explosion, and of being lifted as by a giant force and hurled into space.

This is the nearest I can come to a description of the sensation produced by the bursting of one of the steamer's boilers, some thirty feet from where Dan and I were standing. To being in the bows we both owed our lives.

For myself, I woke to consciousness half in the water and half out, in a sort of sandy shallow, where I had been hurled by the force of the explosion. As I staggered to my feet I saw Dan sitting up on the sand and staring about him with a dazed sort of look.

How many in all were lost I never learned, but the Victor and her cargo, valued at \$200,000, were destroyed almost in an instant.

"Neutrality don't always pay, eh, Dan?" I said, as we made our way up from the sandy shore.

And with a very rueful face Dan acknowledged that it didn't.



A LOGICAL MAID.

HE— My dear Miss—

SHE— *Yours?* Well, I declare,
How came I yours, sir, *when* and *where?*
And if you have a claim on me
Why call me *dear*? How can that be?
Love in the abstract sense is fair,
Precious and dear, beyond compare.
Such poet-lover terms are—nice;
Reality, at half the price
That for the love of some sweet maid
In word—sometimes in deed—is paid,
Is far too costly. Be exact;
Is *dear* used concrete or abstract?
It makes a difference, you know.

HE— My dear Miss Emily—

SHE— Go slow,
If I am *yours* and also *dear*
(Terms contradictory, I fear)
Why thus persist in teasing me?
Why don't you call me—

HE— Emily,
My dear, I beg—

SHE— Now stay right there.
Why *beg*, if I, as you declare,
Am yours (the which, for argument,
I grant)—

HE— Ha! Boon by Heaven sent!
A woman's reasoning is this!
I was about to beg a kiss;
You smoothed the way, now I demand—

SHE— Pray, sir, I do not understand
This foolishness.

HE— What, you decline?
But I can take that which is mine.
So—now—next time don't argue so.
I—trust—that—you're—not—angry?

SHE— No—o.

Flavel Scott Mines.

FAMOUS ARTISTS AND THEIR WORK.

IV—HANS MAKART.

By Charles Stuart Johnson.

IN the history of nineteenth century art there has been no more unique and remarkable figure than that of Hans Makart. Both in his paintings and in his personality he was the very embodiment of brilliant but erratic genius. His career was brief—for he died at forty four, his vital powers exhausted at an age when ordinary men are in their prime. The idol of Viennese society and the especial protégé of imperial favor, he was the object of the most lavish flattery and the fiercest criticism. His days and nights were devoted now to the wildest excesses and now to feverish absorption in magically rapid work. His gifts were all his own. He owed comparatively little to his instructors, and he never had a pupil. In the modern artistic firmament, where such fraternities as the schools of Paris, London, or Munich shine as constellations of fixed stars, Makart was a comet of solitary and transient grandeur.

Such training as he had was gained mostly in Munich. Earlier still, after serving an apprenticeship as a wood carver, he had been sent to the Academy at Vienna, of which Christoph Ruben was at that time director, and had won a medal there; but in a moment of dissatisfaction with his teachers young Makart had left the Austrian capital and returned on foot to his native city of Salzburg. He was then in his nineteenth year, having been born in the ancient city beneath the Mönchsberg on the 28th of May, 1840.

It was through the munificence of Maximilian von Tarnoczy, Archbishop of Salzburg and successor of a line of prelates powerful in me-

diæval history, that Makart was enabled to attend the art schools of Munich. The landscape painter Schiffman was his first instructor there; then in 1861 he entered the Academy, where he studied under Piloty. He was still an Academy pupil when he visited London and Paris in 1863, and when his earliest canvases were exhibited. These were mainly historical in character, and include "Lavoisier in Prison" (1861), "Afternoon Pastime of Aristocratic Venetians" (1862), and "Falstaff in the Basket" (1864). Reputation came to him speedily. In the years from 1865 to 1869 his name became known all over Europe. The chief works of that period are the "Knight and Mermaids," now in the Schack Gallery at Munich; "Leda" (1866); "Roman Ruins" (1867); "Modern Amorettes," and "The Plague in Florence" (1868); "Juliet on her Bier," which belongs to the Vienna Museum, and the "Queen of the Elves," to the Raczyński Gallery in Berlin—both painted in 1869.

In that same year, at the express invitation of the Austrian Emperor, he established himself in Vienna, which was the scene of his later career. He continued, however, to be more or less of a wanderer. He had already thrice visited Italy, and had passed several months in Rome. He often fled from the cold winter of Vienna to warmer skies. In 1875 and 1876 he traveled in Egypt, collecting material of which he made effective use. Thence he journeyed as far north as Antwerp, and in 1876 he spent some time in Spain.

At Vienna Makart was the lion of the day. The social leaders of the city on the Danube vied in doing



HANS MAKART.

him honor. He was inundated with orders for portraits, and for decorations for the palaces of Austrian and Hungarian nobles. He commanded his own prices for his work. Reigning beauties were proud to be his models. His studio was the haunt of wealth and fashion. Each year he gave a magnificent costume ball, at which all the guests were required to assume characters found within some chosen historical period of ten years, and even the dresses of the servants and the fittings of his

house were accurately harmonized. When Franz Josef celebrated his silver wedding, Makart designed every detail of the pageantry—a task that occupied six months, and for which he refused to accept any remuneration; and when at the close of the procession he rode through the streets, he received a tremendous popular ovation. While a few jealous critics or rivals bitterly attacked him, the great body of his compatriots took pride in his genius. Nor were marks of foreign appreciation lacking. He

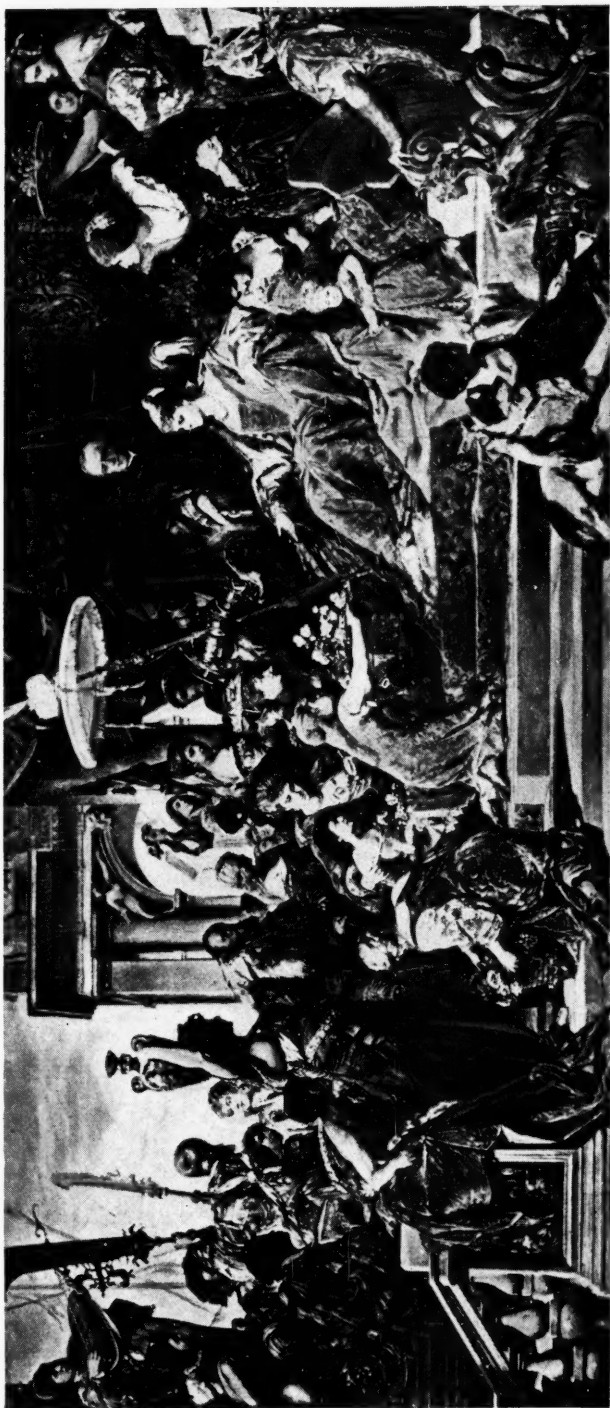


"ROMEO AND JULIET."

was an honorary member of the Academies of Munich and Berlin, and his "Caterina Cornaro" was purchased for the National Gallery of the latter city at the price of fifty thousand marks. He received a medal at the Philadelphia Centennial, a *grand medaille d'honneur* at the Paris exposition of 1878, and was created a member, and later an officer, of the Legion of Honor.

The earliest products of his Vienna period were "Abundantia" (1870); a Cycle of Allegories painted for the Palais Dumba, Vienna, from 1870 to 1872; the "Four Divisions of Day" (1873); and "Caterina Cornaro at Venice." This last was the first of those huge canvases, rich in colors and full of closely grouped figures, that came to be regarded as his most characteristic works. Its theme is the homage paid by the Venetian nobles to their countrywoman who bore the title of Queen of Cyprus for sixteen years after the death of her husband, a prince of the house of Lusignan. It was exhibited in London and at the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia before going to the Berlin National Gallery.

During his visit to Egypt in 1875 and 1876 Makart found a congenial field for his brush, and gathered suggestions for a number of paintings on Oriental subjects. The best known of these is the "Death of Cleopatra," now in the Stuttgart Museum. The scene is a gorgeously bedecked hall,



"CATERINA CORNARO AT VENICE."

From the painting by Hans Makart in the Berlin National Gallery.

where on a couch set amid tropical plants Cleopatra, costumed as Aphrodite, reclines and awaits the deadly stroke of an adder coiled around her arm.

Next on the list of Makart's pictures is the one judged by most critics as his master work—the "Entry of Charles V into Antwerp in 1520." This great historical canvas portrays a scene described by Albrecht Dürer. Its central figure is the young emperor, armor clad, and wearing across his breastplate the collar of the Golden Fleece. He rides amid a thronging procession of nobles, knights, and priests through the narrow streets of the Flemish city. Beside him are girls in gauzy draperies, carrying symbols of the imperial authority, and among the spectators on the left stands Albrecht Dürer. The canvas stood in Makart's studio for three years. On its completion, in 1878, it was sent to the Paris exposition, of whose art galleries it was one of the most notable features. It now hangs in the Kunsthalle at Hamburg.

Of Makart's last five years some of the chief products were the "Five Senses" (1879), "Ophelia" (1880), "Judith" (1882) and "Bathers Surprised," which belongs to a private collection in New York. Two others are now in the Metropolitan Museum of Art—the "Love Dream," or "Dream After the Ball" as it is called in the Museum catalogue, painted to the order of Miss Catharine Lorillard Wolfe in 1882, and "Diana's Hunting Party," the great canvas, thirty one by fourteen feet, that hangs on the western wall of the central hall. This last, the most important of Makart's later works, was bought, while yet unfinished on the easel, by the late James H. Banker of New York, and was presented to the Museum at his death. Its central figure is the virgin goddess, who poises aloft her spear to strike a stag that she and her huntresses have driven into the waters of a lake. A band of nymphs have sprung to the defense of the quarry, and raise their hands to avert Diana's weapon.

The figures, which are more than life size, are said to be for the most part portraits. For one of the nymphs, the artist's model was a Viennese actress; for another, the Swedish wife of a rich Hebrew banker of the Austrian capital; for a third, a Russian noblewoman; and for a fourth, the wife of the British ambassador at Vienna. The price Makart received for the canvas was stated at thirty five thousand dollars.

Makart's physical appearance was hardly striking, for though his head was well formed and his countenance intellectual, he was very short of stature and slender in build. One of his most salient characteristics was his taciturnity. When he presided at artists' meetings, or was present at public banquets, his utterances were always notable for their brevity. It is said that he rarely went beyond four words in proposing a toast, or fifteen in making a speech. He cared nothing for conversation with strangers, and had an especial detestation for flattery. When at work on a canvas he would not notice visitors; even if Franz Josef himself entered the studio Makart would continue to ply his brush without any apparent recognition of his patron.

When he came to Vienna in 1869, the Emperor gave him, as a studio and a residence, part of the old building where the bells of the Cathedral of St. Stephen were cast, together with an adjoining garden. But when he began to paint "Caterina Cornaro" he found his quarters too narrow, and added to them a great hall seventy two feet in length and thirty two in width. This imposing studio is thus described by a visitor who saw it three years before Makart's death: "At first we mark nought except the enormous size of the place, everything being in such harmony that no single object claims our attention. The only window which admits light is rather high up on the western side. A window on the north side, equally large, is always closed. A staircase in carved oak leads up to these win-

dows, and to a broad gallery upon which are placed choice palms and other exotic plants. In the center stands an amphora from the Isle of Capri, large enough to contain half a dozen persons, and holding reeds which have a pale green color and reach the ceiling. As our eye follows them upward we discover the open rafters of the roof, which are of oak, and inlaid with fine intarsios, the devices of which we cannot distinguish. There is no skylight in the roof, and indeed the means of admitting light may appear insufficient.

"The long wall on the north side is usually occupied by one of Makart's colossal pictures. In front of it stands some machinery by which the artist can change his position at any moment, and by which he can reach the highest part of his canvas without changing his place. The portraits, of which there are always half a dozen on hand, stand on easels at the side of the large picture. Beneath the window there is an enormous divan, and the space between it and the gallery at the foot of the window is filled by a great mirror, which is often consulted by the artist.

"It is impossible to mention each article that attracts the attention of the spectator. The mountains and plains of Austria are sprinkled with ancient



"FAUST AND MARGUERITE."



"DIANA'S HUNTING PARTY."

From the painting by Hans Makart in the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

castles, and these are filled with beautiful old furniture of bygone days. Makart has been able to select pretty much what he thought fit for the adornment of his home, and the result may be imagined."

It has been said that as an artist Makart had his worshipers and his critics. His great gift lay in his wonderful mastery of color. His conception and his drawing have been severely attacked, and were undoubtedly faulty at times, although the best of his many figured canvases are triumphs of composition as well as of coloring. But to this latter side of his art he was enthusiastically devoted. He would lay on his colors over a hastily prepared outline, and if the effect pleased him he would not condescend to correct imperfections of detail. His technical methods were not those of the painter who works for posterity. An artist who cares for his posthumous fame should exclude from his palette all pigments save those of assured permanence, and exercise the most scrupulous care in his methods of applying paint to canvas. Makart had not the patience to carry out such sound technical rules. It is said that a favorite practice of his, when he wished to make an alteration in a picture, was to lay on a scumbling of black, and paint over it—a process almost certain to cause, sooner or later, a fatal darkening of his brilliant canvases.

While a young student in Munich, Makart married a Bavarian girl who is said to have been of rare beauty. Her utter devotion to her gifted

husband made her the slave of his caprices. The story is told that to gratify his liking for hair of the shade that Titian loved to paint, she dyed her own raven tresses a golden red. A few years after her marriage she died of consumption, leaving two young children—a boy and a girl.

Makart's life in Vienna was one of wild dissipation. He would work with intense application for a time, sell a picture, and then squander the proceeds with utter recklessness. He was a slave of the wine cup, and the insanity that so often forms a dark background to genius was hereditary in his family. His downfall was hastened by his marriage in 1882 to Mlle. Linda, the *première danseuse* of the Vienna opera house. The match was an ill starred one, and its resultant infelicities drove Makart to despair. In the summer of 1884, while he was among the mountains of southern Bavaria, the shipwreck of his mental powers became apparent. He was taken back to Vienna, where he partially recovered. Two weeks before his death he was working at intervals, and appearing daily in the famous promenade of the Prater. Then violent madness fell upon him suddenly. He would try to tear the tapestries and canvases in his studio, and cry, "My head is a box of colors!" Inflammation of the brain had set in, and the end came on the 3rd of October. His wife and his aged mother were at his deathbed to the last. His body was temporarily interred in the Central Cemetery, to rest finally in the Vienna Pantheon.

A ROYAL RECOMPENSE.

WHEN sweet Spring came in velvet robes of green
 Scattering roses on her way,
 I picked the flowers where they lay
 And wove a wreath—crowning my Phyllis queen.
 A queen in truth in all her royal pride—
 And when the tyrant fair was crowned
 By her first edict I was bound
 A willing, life long captive at her side.

Flavel Scott Mines.

THE GREAT FRENCH TRIO.

By Owen Hackett.

IT is long years since our operatic public has enjoyed such a boon as the past season has furnished in the appearance on the American stage of the three most famous male singers of the present day—the brothers de Reszke and M. Lassalle—popularly, though erroneously, called the great French trio.

German singers apart, we are accustomed to see in male operatic artists slender individuals with fragile and tremulous, if sweet, voices, the sensitive organization of an exotic and an Ishmaelitish vanity. But this trio are as different from the usual in their personal characteristics as they are above their contemporaries in their art.

Each is over six feet in height and of imposing proportions, while Edouard de Reszke is truly gigantic. They are all leonine in their physical strength, devoted to manly sports, and each has a voice that is remarkable for its robustness. Besides, they dwell together in a bond of fraternal amity and exercise a mutual aid and criticism that form an Arcadia of Art. They are quite as unique in their school in that they recognize a higher function in opera than to emit mere musical sounds at given cues, but strive as well for dramatic force and truth, the delineation of character and a continuity of illusion, as for beauties of vocalization.

Each of the trio had to be persuaded that he was endowed by nature to be a lyric singer. One designed to be a barrister, and, being possessed of abundant means, would probably have been known to no greater fame than that of a social coterie; another would perhaps have been a country gentleman, while the third had in

prospect the struggles of a painter's career. But the history of each is of sufficient interest to be narrated in some detail.

Jean de Reszke, who is forty years of age, is the elder of the two brothers, though superficially he appears the younger. They come of a gentle and wealthy Polish family that has exhibited abundant artistic tastes and aptitudes. Their mother was noted for her excellent voice, and their sister Josephine was for ten years a celebrated soprano on the operatic stage of many European countries, abandoning the lyric career in 1885 to become the Baroness de Kronenberg.

Jean was born on the family estate near Warsaw, and when but thirteen his rare boyish voice was the delight of attendants at the church attached to the college at the Polish capital, where he received his education. He took his degree at a precocious age, and assumed the robe of an advocate, in accordance with the wish of his parents; but it appears that he labored much at singing and at law not at all, finally giving up all pretense to the practice of his profession and devoting himself entirely to musical studies under the instruction of Ciaffei.

At the age of nineteen he set out with his father for a tour of Italy. At home, where the de Reszke had been a sort of *grand seigneur*, all the famous singers passing through the country had been hospitably entertained, so that Jean commanded an immediate entrance into the very foremost musical circles when he arrived in Italy.

There he conceived a special friendship for Cotogni, the baritone, in whose company he traveled, a gent-

leman of leisure, over the greater part of Europe—a comrade, as occasion offered, of most of the great singers of the time.

It is to Cotogni that de Reszke owes the advice that persuaded him to embrace the operatic stage, but the debt is lessened by that singer's misjudgment of his young friend's voice, which he pronounced a baritone.

Yielding finally to persuasion, Jean devoted his youthful strength to training his voice in the way it should not go, and in 1874 he made his first public appearance in Venice. He sang thus as a baritone for several years, achieving a fair measure of success, even to the point of an engagement at the Theatre Italien at Paris. But here the struggle against nature culminated; his physical energy was worn out to the extent of causing him to faint between the acts on several occasions. He at length began to believe there was some verity in what many critics had said of his voice's lack of baritone resonance and its tenor timbre. He was finally persuaded by Professor Sbriglia to leave the stage, and for two years he was known no more to the public.

Meanwhile he had begun his training anew, had pursued it successfully under a new method and within his true range, until there was one night a furore in Madrid over a new tenor who had made his début in "Robert le Diable." In 1886 and the following year he was accepted with acclamation in London and Paris, and he immediately took a pre-eminence that is disputed by few, if any, tenors of the present day.

Honored by Massenet, who wrote the part of the *Cid* especially for him, he in turn laid a composer under deep obligation. Gounod's "Romeo and Juliette" had been produced years before at the Opéra Comique, where it had failed to please and had been virtually shelved. But the new tenor heard it and said to the composer: "This is a beautiful work: it is not understood. If I could but interpret it!" The transfer of the work to the

Grand Opéra was arranged. Gounod rewrote and added a little, and de Reszke made in it such a tremendous personal success (as gossip has it) as to cause the most famous prima donna in the world, who impersonated *Juliette* on that occasion, to break her contract after a few performances and retire suffused in an emerald blush.

Meanwhile Edouard de Reszke, three years the tenor's junior, had been persuaded by the other to cultivate what he predicted would be a superb bass. Edouard had begun a campaign of scientific agriculture for the improvement of the family estate; but his elder brother's influence was effective. Jean took him to Milan and placed him under Stella and Alba, and later under Coletti of Naples. After four years of study in Italy, Edouard joined his brother's fortunate mentor, Sbriglia, though it was Jean himself who undertook the real burden of direction, and to him Edouard freely accords the chief credit of all his professors.

He finally made his entrance at the Italian Opera at Paris in "Aïda" under the personal direction of Verdi, and with such success as soon to be in demand at the Grand Opéra and at Covent Garden. At the former he has for several years past been a regular and a favorite feature. He alone of the trio is married.

Jean Lassalle, the baritone, is about forty four years of age and was born at Lyons, France, of a well to do family. He desired to be a painter, and accordingly went to Paris, where he entered the Académie des Beaux Arts. He was fond of music and already something of a singer, and at a soirée of fellow *élèves* in his own lodgings one evening his voice excited remark on the part of a musical student present, who insisted upon taking Lassalle to sing before his professor. To the artist's surprise he was told to throw away his brushes and cultivate his voice for a great career. He was finally persuaded; he abandoned the *atelier* for the bare classroom of the Conservatoire, and in two years had completed his

course, had taken a first prize, and was almost immediately engaged at the Opéra, being then but nineteen years of age.

Since that time he has been so constantly engaged in Paris that beyond a few London appearances he has made but two excursions to other countries, including his visit to America. During his long service in Paris he has been the mainstay of the Opéra; he has created every baritone rôle of importance, and is still in the plenitude of his power, a finished artistic singer and an actor of splendid and indeed preëminent ability.

The voice of Jean de Reszke is not in itself over remarkable; it is not perhaps the sweetest or the purest tenor we have ever heard, nor may it include the widest possible compass, though few living tenors can be named that surpass him in any one of these respects. But his voice is one of true tenor quality, sweet, sympathetic, and of such body and resonance as to suggest an excuse for the error that assigned him in early life to the ranks of the baritones. That of Lassalle is magnificent in its richness, power, and unerring certainty throughout a very wide range. It has the sterling ring; it is convincing, satisfying, and beyond doubt the finest of its kind. But it is Edouard de Reszke who of the three has the truly marvelous voice, so wonderful in its profundity, volume, and opulence of tone as to make him far and away beyond comparison as a basso. As the man is tremendous in stature, so also is his voice that of a Titan, but withal controlled with a command that is truly remarkable.

All three are preëminent as exponents of dramatic art in opera. They share with the Teuton the theory that the operatic shield has its two sides—the musical, which is silvern, the dramatic, which is golden. They supplement the resources of vocal expression with its physical accessories developed to the degree of finished acting.

Of Jean de Reszke, especially, the

great Mounet-Sully has said that did he lose his voice the dramatic stage would still have a career for him. Without doubt the same is quite true of the others.

Some instances of their moving power in this department are quite worthy of recall. No better example of Jean de Reszke's subtle dramatic force can be adduced than in that terrible scene where the false Prophet bares his breast to the knives of the Anabaptists, and by that silent action and that terrible steadfast gaze of mingled love, entreaty, and command verily seems to force his anguished mother to sink to the earth, to deny her maternity and perpetuate his living lie.

And in the tremendous duet of the Huguenots the actor seems to burst through every hampering limitation of the singer, as *Raoul* sways and struggles between the anguished pleadings of love and the stern cannons' call to honor and massacre. As he finally breaks away from the frenzied woman clinging at his feet, and leaps forth through the window into the carnage, the roar of the artillery without is not more thunderous than the strife of passion and emotion that the artist actor simulates.

In "*Lohengrin*" the part of the *King* is most often in the hands of a regicidal utility basso. Edouard de Reszke this season raised the rôle to a plane of nobility that has never been equaled in this country, and his intoning of the famous prayer was so fervid and so truly grand in its solemn simplicity, that at its conclusion a thrilled and pent up audience rose to its feet and brought the scene to a standstill.

But his masterpiece is his *Mephistopheles*, of which rôle he is without question the first living exponent. In his red mantle, with cock's feather and rapier, he is far removed from the posturing eccentric comedian, with whom we are too familiar. On the contrary, he is the graceful, débonnaire gallant, insinuating, gay, cynical, and the best of good fellows; little by little, the fitful flashes



JEAN DE RESZKE.

of malice, of hatred of the pure, of devilish purpose, break more and more fiercely through his mask, until at last, on the point of defeat, he throws all cloak aside and appears in his true guise, the incarnation of all that is demoniac. The impersonation is artistic to a degree, subtle beyond anything that is looked for outside of high tragedy, and becomes finally almost overpowering in its fierce intensity.

Lassalle is, dramatically, quite worthy to stand beside, if not indeed above, his two fellow artists in all that is within the range of Gallic comprehension and sympathy. His *Nelusko*, the untamed and vengeful follower of the "African slave" queen, is a splendid example of fiery characterization that has contributed largely to his fame. But he falls below his confrères in his occasional surrender to the theatric and in his inability to



EDOUARD DE RESZKE.

sink the Frenchman at the demand of artistic truth. He should be forgiven, perhaps (by way of example), for fanning the fair *Ophelia* with the polished grace of a modern drawing room gallant as he lies in her lap, for Thomas has made *Hamlet* a mere excitable Frenchman when he is not a romantic adorer. But it is entirely subversive of poetic truth when *Hans Sachs*, the German dreamer, throws aside his tools, advances to the middle of the still, moonlit street and "reflects" (as the composer has .) in the declamatory manner of a French rhapsodist.

But these are exceptions, so rare as to be striking. Within his temperamental limits, Lassalle is an actor and a singer of consummate intelligence and taste, of rare dignity and great power.

During the very few months of rest allotted to these singers they fly with a single accord to the country. On the de Reszkes' large family estate in Poland Jean has established a breeding farm for horses that is

notable in northern Europe. Each year his stable is represented at the great Russian races, and the prizes which he has carried off are innumerable. This establishment is managed by a third brother, who occupies the field abandoned by Edouard.

It is not unusual for Lassalle to visit the estate as the guest of his co-singers. The time is then passed in riding, shooting, fencing, and it is a time of festival in the neighborhood. Perhaps the vacation will be ended by a visit of the trio to Lassalle's villa on the coast of Brittany. Years ago there was no house in sight of this spot. The baritone purchased a tract for the price of one of his songs, perhaps, and erected a retreat where he and his artist friends could annually revel in idle freedom. But now part of his tract is occupied by a Casino, and the locality is a watering place of great popularity.

The de Reszkes share with few some rare honors. It is not often

that Polish artists are received at the Russian court, but the brothers are popular there and are frequently in demand. How independent art may be of royalty is illustrated by an incident in which Jean de Reszke figured. The Grand Duchess Vladimir requested him to sing a song at a concert for the benefit of the international society of the Red Cross. He declined.

"I do not sing in concert," said he. "But I will sing you a whole opera."

"But how?"

"I will write you an order on the treasurer of the opera for the amount of my fee for one representation. But I cannot sing in concert."

The contribution was accepted in that form.

They share with Mme. Albani-Gye the sole honor of singing before the Queen of England in her private drawing room, where these artists are received as personal guests of the household, partake of the family cup of tea, and are made entirely at home.

On the occasion of such a visit, after the music, Queen Victoria brought to Jean de Reszke a little volume whose pages were yellowed with age. The book, explained the queen, had been used during her childhood to receive the autographs of celebrated people; M. de Reszke must write in it. He did so, and his name will remain amongst the relics of the Hanoverian family.

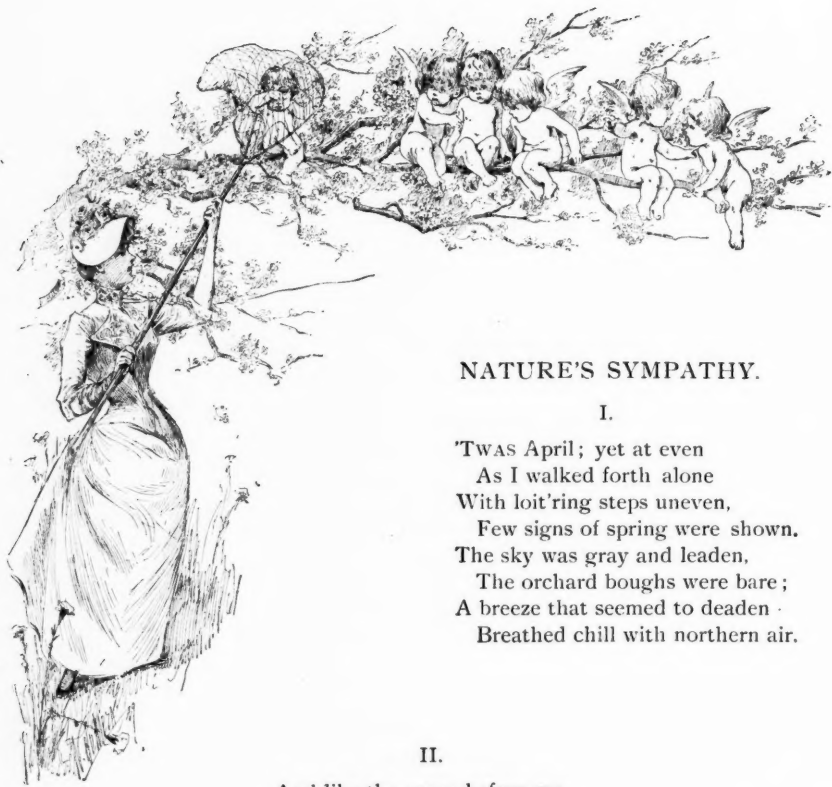
Lassalle exhibited his intense patriotism when last in London in a way to deserve the admiration of his fellow countrymen. When

a representation was arranged for the Emperor of Germany at Covent Garden, Lassalle, and he alone, declined to sing before the arch enemy of France, and it was not found possible either to persuade or compel him to alter his determination.

There exists between these three artists a most admirable friendship. They travel together, occupy the same suites of apartments, praise, criticise and aid each other in a truly remarkable fraternity of spirit. They are one in sympathy and tastes, and hosts in themselves. Study and the fatigues of singing keep them much to themselves and leave but little time for the enjoyment of social honors.



M. LASSALLE.



NATURE'S SYMPATHY.

I.

'Twas April; yet at even
As I walked forth alone
With loit'ring steps uneven,
Few signs of spring were shown.
The sky was gray and leaden,
The orchard boughs were bare;
A breeze that seemed to deaden
Breathed chill with northern air.

II.

And like the scene before me,
Dark clouds were hovering
Around my soul; hope bore me
No promise of the spring.
I thought upon the morrow,
When Rose and I must part;
'Twas not for long, yet sorrow
Made winter in my heart.

III.

Again I walked there—only
A few short weeks had sped;
I was no longer lonely—
Gloom had forever fled.
For in the golden daytime,
Beneath a sunny sky,
Our hearts attuned to Maytime,
We wandered—Rose and I!

IV.

And on the branches, clustered
With blossoms fair to see,
Methought were Cupids, mustered
In blissful augury.
And one sweet sprite—a token
Of love's immortal spell
That never shall be broken—
We took with us to dwell.

Douglas Hemingway.

THE ROTHSCHILDS.

By Joel Benton.

NO family probably ever lived whose history has been so prominent and romantic as that of the Rothschilds. The original founder of this commercial house, Amschel Moses Rothschild, was born early in the last century in the Judengasse in Frankfort on the Main—a narrow street inclosed with walls, outside of which the Jews were not permitted to reside, and where they were very crowded and very poor. The number of the Rothschild house, which is still standing, was 152. It had three principal stories, with an attic, and, above this again, a large gable peak bursting from the roof. There were two small dormer windows at the sides of this peak, and the whole front of the house was well windowed for the benefit of a multitude of families, of which the Rothschilds were but one.

Amschel Rothschild began to earn his living first as a dealer in old coins and curiosities. A good many anecdotes are told of him as well as of other members of the family, which may be mythical but are no doubt illustrative of the Rothschild traits. It is said of Amschel that while he was strolling on a country road one day in pursuit of his calling, he was overtaken by another peddler better off than himself, who carried his goods on an ass, and who invited him to put his pack on the animal. This Rothschild did, but on coming to a bridge over a deep ravine—the bridge being a single plank—Rothschild at once removed his goods, saying: "Accidents sometimes happen at places like this, and as this sack contains all my fortune it is well to be on the safe side." His comrade thought this was an excess of caution,

but when the ass and his load fell into the ravine from the middle of the bridge, it proved nothing more than reasonable sagacity.

The second Rothschild was Mayer Amschel, who was born in 1743. It was intended by his father that he should be a Rabbi, as several of his relatives had been; but his business instinct was so much stronger than his love for theology that he refused the religious vocation. In college even he began to collect coins, and to prepare for trade. When his education was over he accepted a position with a banking house in Hanover, and rose to be co-manager of it; soon after which circumstance he began business for himself. He was both cautious and bold, and was almost invariably successful in his ventures. His integrity was so great that he was called the "honest Jew." It was he who purchased the house in Frankfort, where the family so long lived, humble as it was, and which subsequent members of the family retained as if it were in some way connected with their prosperity.

Amschel's good fortune came to be greatly advanced by his acquaintance with Baron Von Estorff, who introduced him with high praise to William IX, Landgrave of Hesse. When he met the two nobles together they were playing chess; and His Highness was at the moment of seeing him puzzled to make his next move. Rothschild suggested a play, at His Highness's request. He made it and won the game. As a result of the impression made by this interview Rothschild became Court Banker. In 1804 he contracted for the issue of a large Danish loan; and during Napoleon's attack upon



THE JUDENGASSE, FRANKFORT ON THE MAIN.

Frankfort, which put the Landgrave's fortune of millions of ready money in peril, Rothschild was trusted by his patron with every cent he possessed, without a paper to show for it. His trust was well kept. Later, when the Duke of Wellington wanted funds in Spain, and the English bankers did not dare to risk sending them, Rothschild did the business, and cleared, annually, for eight years for this service, \$600,000. After this skillfully done and difficult task was performed, the Rothschild firm was intrusted with paying enormous subsidies to the continental princes, and henceforth its establishment was the banking house of nations.

Just before Mayer Amschel Rothschild died (September 13, 1812) in his sixty seventh year, he called his five sons to him; and, after giving them his blessing, enjoined them to remain faithful to the law of Moses, to continue united until the end, and to undertake nothing without having first consulted their mother. "Ob-

serve well these three points," said he, "and you will soon be rich among the richest, and the world will belong to you." These five sons were Anselm, Solomon, Nathan, Carl, and James. Anselm took the original house at Frankfort, the others forming branches of it in Vienna, London, Paris, and Naples. This pentarchy was a great idea, and multiplied the Rothschilds' fame and power at once. The rapidity with which their joint fortunes were accumulated was astonishing. It is said of Nathan Rothschild (though all the Rothschilds were benevolent) that he was particularly kind in ministering to human affliction. But when he dropped a coin in a beggar's hand he would hasten off so as not to be known.

Heine says that the old Rothschild, founder of the reigning dynasty, was a noble soul, goodness and kind heartedness itself; a benevolent face with a pointed little beard; on his head a three cornered hat, and his dress quiet and sober, if not poor.

He was often surrounded by poor people in the street, to whom he gave money and advice. To see a row of Frankfort beggars happy was to be sure that Rothschild was in the habit of passing that way.

Among the five brothers there were of course diversities of ability; but Nathan Mayer was by common consent made the chief director in the most important commercial transactions. Under his leadership the firm greatly expanded its business, parts of which were issuing state loans and the remission of government funds. They now often controlled the issue of war or peace in Europe. Ferdinand I of the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies was compelled to accept as Prime Minister a man they had named before he could obtain their aid, nor was this the only case of a similar control on their part. Between 1815 and 1830 they loaned to five great European states one thousand million thalers. In the former year they received from Austria hereditary titles of nobility, and various titular honors from other nations. On memorable occasions of financial distress the Rothschilds have even fortified the Bank of England and other similar institutions. When Disraeli made his great purchase of Suez Canal shares, they advanced the British government four million pounds sterling. Several great industrial and railway schemes have called successfully for their money.

The Neapolitan branch of the firm was closed in 1855, and in 1868 the last surviving one of the five brothers died, leaving at the head of the four remaining branches descendants of these brothers. Their system of agents and couriers, together with their own multiple nationality, always gave them early possession of desirable news at all points, as in the case where they brought to England news of the battle of Waterloo before the government's own agents knew of

Napoleon's downfall. One instance of the power of the firm was the guarantee given by Baron Lionel to the German government at the end of the Franco-German war, "to maintain the stability of the foreign exchanges," which made easier the payment of the French indemnity.

The Rothschilds now own large estates in Austria, England, Germany and France. Endless are the stories told of the different members of the family, though not a few are either embellished or imaginary. It is said that the Vienna brother



THE OLD ROTHSCHILD HOUSE.



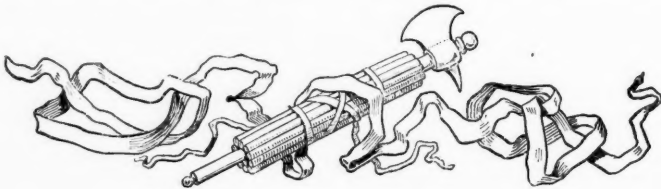
NATHAN MAYER ROTHSCHILD.

once, having occasion to hire a cab, paid the cabman the regular fee, whereupon the cabman said with a disappointed look; "Why, your son always pays me double price." "But," said Rothschild, "he can afford to. He has a rich father, and I have not." This anecdote, however, has done good service since, in an application of it to the Vanderbilts and the Astors. It is also said that a poor fellow one day met one of the Rothschilds, and pleaded with him thus: "Mr. Rothschild, I am your cousin through Adam, and I am poor while you are rich. Please give me some money." Rothschild at once gave him a small coin, and said: "Certainly I will. If all your relations by Adam give you as much you will be a richer man than I am."

Combinations of bankers have often tried to go into the market

and antagonize the Rothschilds, rarely or never with success, or at least not without receiving afterwards a primitive *quid pro quo*. Baron Lionel in England, and James in Paris, were especially bright financiers. The money getting instinct was in their blood; but some of the present younger members of the family do not live for money simply, but enjoy their wealth and entertain with a hospitality that only kings and millionaires can afford.

The stormy history of Europe during the eighteenth century, if it did not directly give this family financial power, gave them the opportunity to exploit their genius. Modern conditions of finance and exchange have leveled to some extent their former ascendancy; and it may be long before another such family of financiers will again arise.



POSING FOR THE CAMERA.

By Morris Bacheller.

POSING before the camera is an art in itself, and one that is beginning to be recognized as such. Look back to the early days of photography—not very far back, for while drawing and painting are almost as old as humanity, it was scarcely two generations ago that Daguerre and Niepce first invoked the graphic power of the sun rays. Open the portrait albums of our fathers, and note their collection of figures stiff almost to grotesqueness. One hand of the subject is usually outstretched upon a table; the other clutches a volume of sermons. At one side we are likely to find a marble vase or column, strongly reminiscent of tombstone architecture. The background is a formally draped curtain, or possibly a drop scene that depicts a mediæval castle. To be photographed was in those days a rare and dreaded ordeal—a fact that is generally patent in the expression of the victim.

Stiffness and conventionality are still the bane of portrait photography. Grace of pose and naturalness of expression are the great desiderata, and the qualities that sitters find it least easy to exhibit. It is hard, but yet essential, to lose the sense of being the subject of an operation. Most difficult of all is it to control the eyes. On the authority of a contemporary, "in a recent competi-

tion for photographs one of the prize pictures represented a blacksmith's shop. Of five figures upon the plate four were staring at the camera. When custodians of prizes make an



ATTALIE CLAIRE.

From a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.



MAUD BRANSCOMBE.

From a photograph by Barraud, Liverpool.

award to pictures of this nature, one may well ask, *Quis custodiet custodes?*"

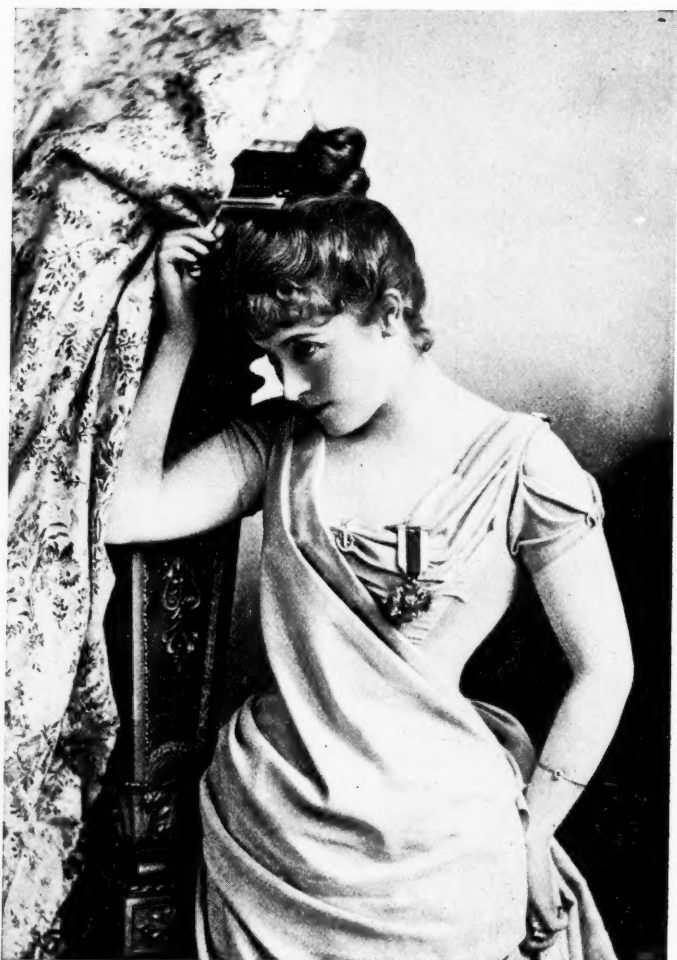
Herein lies the secret of the photographer's frequent failure to please his sitter. The camera is of course bound to reproduce with unerring fidelity every line of the face or figure before it, and yet everybody has had the experience of having a "bad likeness" taken. Indeed it is safe to say that the majority of ordinary photographs are unsatisfactory. They are dreary and expressionless. A skillful and painstaking oper-

ator will try various expedients to remedy this prevailing defect and get his subject into a natural and characteristic attitude. A happy result may sometimes be gained almost by accident. A New York professional relates that he once took Senator Evarts, after having, as he supposed, caught his natural pose. The operation over, the Senator leaned back, clasped his hands behind his back, and inquired, "When can I see a proof?" His position was so easy that the photographer



MRS. LANGTRY.

From a photograph by Downey, London.



ADELAIDE DETCHON.

From a photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.

snapped the camera once more, and got the best portrait of the series.

The narrator of this incident adds the complaint that his sitters are as a rule lacking in artistic sense, and to this cause he ascribes the undoubted fact that photographs of actresses are usually far more attractive than those of society girls, though the latter may possess more real beauty. Theatrical people, he says, have almost a monopoly of the art of posing beneath the skylight. They study the small points that

make the difference between a good picture and a bad one, and they know how to preserve an animated expression even in the face of a staring camera. Their dramatic training makes it easy. From such camera pictures of stage favorites as those that appear on these pages many useful hints might be gathered by those who covet success in posing for effective portraits, and by the students of the artistic figure and *genre* work to which photography is nowadays increasingly applied.

There are, for instance, few who have been photographed more innumerable often, and more uniformly with success, than Mrs. Langtry. Her career as an ornament of London society and later as an actress has been termed an "object lesson in the Beautiful." It is said that it was Sir Frederick Leighton, the president of the Royal Academy, who first discovered her title to a high place in the ranks of classic beauty. Born in the little island of Jersey in 1853—if it be not invidious to mention dates in connection with her history—she had come to London as the bride of a gentleman whose share of this world's goods was not large. To that very fact, indeed, she has attributed her success. "I had only one gown," she is quoted as having said, "a plain black silk, to wear at parties and balls. By the singularity of wearing only one gown I attracted attention. I disarmed the rivalry of the women, and was praised for my courage by the men." Simplicity of pose and costume has always been the best accompaniment to the statuesque beauty of Mrs. Langtry. This was notably illustrated by the impression she created when, upon the memorable occasion of her American debut in "An Unequal Match," at Wallack's (now Palmer's) Theater, New York, she tripped out upon the stage in the quiet gray country dress of *Hester Grazebrook*.

This took place on the 6th of November, 1882, ten days after the burning of the old Park Theater on the very evening originally fixed for her debut there. Her professional career had begun a year before as *Miss Hardcastle* in "She Stoops to Conquer," at the Haymarket in London. There and in America she was received with an approval that became more and more marked as she gained in experience and dramatic power. She has played on both sides of the Atlantic in a long list of roles, of which the most notable have been *Rosalind* in "As You Like It," *Lady Teazle* in "The School for Scandal," *Pauline* in "The Lady of Lyons," and

Lena Despard in "As in a Looking Glass." She has more fully satisfied the critics in the simple and sympathetic roles of classical comedies and society plays, than in the more complex, pretentious, and sophisticated character acting to which most of her later dramatic efforts have been directed, and of which the parts of *Lena Despard*, the adventuress, and the vindictive *Esther Sandraz*, may be taken as typical instances. In *Lady Macbeth* her deficiencies were such as to produce a positive failure, and the play was speedily dropped from her repertory.

As *Rosalind*, on the other hand, her ingenuous charm of face and manner, and the music of her voice, combined to disarm the criticisms that were ready to pour down upon the ambitious novice who dared to undertake a Shaksperian role. As *Pauline*, again, the critics declared her "a dream of loveliness." "The poise of her head," says one of them, "the curve of her arms, the fall of each ringlet, was far more important in regarding her than the question whether she was competent to assume the part of *Lady Macbeth* or of *Fargueil* in 'Nos Intimes.' In this way Mrs. Langtry has done an infinity of good. She has raised the standard of beauty in our stage women, and the *frou frou* of her costumes will long be rustling in the memory of our play goers."

The engraving on page 41 owes its picturesqueness, perhaps, rather to costume than to pose. It shows Attalie Claire dressed for the title role of "Captain Thérèse," which she created a couple of seasons ago in London. This young singer, whose full name is Attalie Claire Smith, was born in Toronto twenty two years ago. Her musical training was obtained at the conservatory founded by Mrs. Thurber, where she was one of eight pupils selected from more than a thousand applicants to form a class under Madame Fursch-Madi. Her debut on the stage was made at Hartford. Later she had engagements with the Boston Ideals, at the Grand Opera House in New York,

and with Messrs. Abbey and Grau, before going to England as a member of the Carl Rosa organization. "Captain Thérèse" was produced by that company at the Prince of Wales's Theater, and in this and other plays her reception by London audiences was flattering, especially as *Annabel* in *Robin Hood*, where her song "'Neath Greenwood Tree" was the hit of a very successful piece. After a tour of the English provinces with D'Oyley Carte's company, Miss Claire returned to New York to take part in Mr. French's fine production of "La Cigale" at the Garden Theater. There, as the stay-at-home sister of the brilliant but unhappy *Marion*, she achieved a popularity that finally—so gossips say—aroused the jealousy of the star and led to the young soprano's recent departure from the company.

Miss Claire is a singer of considerable promise. She has a voice of more than ordinary quality, power, and range—for she has successfully assumed both contralto and soprano roles—as well as creditable histrionic capability.

Maud Branscombe is an actress better known by her photographs than by her performances upon the boards. Born in England, her first appearance in a character part took place in this country fifteen years ago. In 1878 she was the original *Cousin Hebe* in the production of "Pinafore" at the Fourteenth Street Theater. Then she was with Pauline Markham, and with Kate Claxton in "The Two Orphans." In that play, as the nun who tells "her first lie," she presented a charming stage picture whose counterfeit is still sometimes to be seen in the photographers' windows. Since that time she has been in London, where she has appeared as the *Little Bo Peep* of a spectacle, and in similar picturesque but dramatically unimportant parts. Her capacity as an actress is less remarkable than her ability to pose a small and slender figure, with features of natural symmetry and artlessness, into an almost ideal model for the photographer. Her

portrait, rather than its original, is a veritable type of beauty.

The engraving on page 44 is a hardly less pleasing figure study. Miss Detchon was regarded some ten years ago as an actress of much talent. She had successfully enacted important characters in pieces of the social comedy order. She went abroad, however, and the theatrical world at the present time seems to have lost sight of her.

Miss Urquhart is another actress whom nature has endowed with physical attractions which she is skilled in displaying under the photographer's skylight. "Dianesque" is an epithet that has been applied to her figure by critics of the line of beauty. She has, too, a mezzo soprano voice of good quality, and some histrionic ability. Her theatrical career began in the chorus of "Billie Taylor," at the Standard Theater, New York, twelve years ago. Afterwards she played small parts in the Daly company and with Lawrence Barrett. Then she returned to the lyric stage and became a favorite at the Casino in such operas as "Erminie" and "The Brigands." She is at present in Europe, where she is understood to be studying under eminent vocal instructors.

As a portrait study the photograph reproduced on page 48 is certainly a model. The pose of the head is simple but satisfying—an instance of the art that conceals art. The artistic effect is cleverly heightened by the somewhat cloudy—or "fuzzy," as photographers term it—character of the rest of the plate, which might almost be classed with the impressionist work that has become as popular with some amateurs of the camera as with a certain school of painters. The original of the portrait is a member of the Daly company, a young actress who in her brief stage career has shown promise of histrionic distinction.

The professional debut of Miss Adelaide Prince was made in December, 1888, under the management of J. M. Hill, in the comedy of "A Possible Case." Her next engage-



ISABELLE URQUHART,
Formerly of the Casino Company.



ADELAIDE PRINCE,
Of the Daly's Theater Company.

ment was as *Agathe*, a minor character in "The Great Unknown" at Daly's Theater, and since that time she has remained a member of the

Daly company, appearing with it on its annual tours to Paris and London as well as in New York and other American cities.

A COMMONPLACE EPISODE.

I SAW her walking down the street,
 All grace and charm and fascination;
 I wonder if she knew, *petite*,
 How rapidly my heart did beat
 As I stood lost in admiration.

I did not know her very well,
 So I trailed softly on behind her;
 I wished for some sweet magic spell—
 Some wonder working miracle—
 With which unto my heart to bind her.

I feared that if I spoke to her
 I should have blushed and sighed and blundered,
 Or something foolish would occur—
 Perhaps her deepest wrath I'd stir,
 And so I simply gazed and wondered.

But then she walked so very slow,
 And then at times some fancy tied her
 Unto some brilliant window show—
 Shoes, bonnets, cloaks and such—and so
 Against my will I walked beside her.

Ah, how my heart tumultuous beat,
 How fear and dread my soul did master!
 But all she said to me, *petite*,
 Was this: "I saw you down the street;
 Why didn't you walk a little faster?"

Nathan M. Levy.

HAMILTON'S ADVENTURE.

By Thomas Winthrop Hall.

HAMILTON strolled aimlessly up Broadway. He held his head in almost a defiant perpendicularity, and there was a hard, forced smile on his face. Several times he bowed almost mechanically to passers by, and each of them wondered what had happened to Hamilton that he should be so preoccupied. The treasurer of a popular theater that he passed, happy in the consciousness of a big night's receipts, graciously called to him after he had passed the door and offered him an admission; and the treasurer was much surprised when Hamilton declined it with punctilious courtesy and walked on with all the dignity of a millionaire—for Hamilton seldom declined such an offer, and it was well known that he was not a millionaire by any manner of means.

The fact of the matter was that Hamilton was decidedly at outs with the world. He knew that if he were to feel carefully in his pockets he would discover but the practically insignificant sum of twenty cents, more or less, and there was a frightful probability that it would prove to be less. He was also quite well aware, although he tried hard not to pay any attention to the fact, that this insignificant sum was the last cent he possessed in the world.

Hamilton had recently been dropped from the reportorial staff of the *Herald*. There had been a general upheaval in the force (in every healthy newspaper office an upheaval occurs semiannually or thereabouts), and it was always Hamilton's luck to be one of the upheaved ones. He wasn't a bad newspaper man in his way. He was well educated, gentlemanly, addicted to no vice in particular, and careful of his habits: But

as one editor had said of him, "there seemed to be nothing in him."

Newspaper men are divided into two classes—those who are rising in their profession and those who are declining. Few indeed are stationary. If there were any such, Hamilton was one of them. But he was not recognized as being even stationary. Almost unconsciously he was put in the declining class. Occasionally his case would excite a little interest, and he would become the subject of a conversation between a city editor and his chief, or between two of his own comrades, and they would try to discover just what the matter was with Hamilton, but they never arrived at a satisfactory conclusion. Some said he was indifferent. Others said he was lazy. All agreed that he was a charming fellow, but if there was to be any one discharged from the city force Hamilton was sure to be the very first victim. He had been discharged in turn from every newspaper in town. Some of them had even been so kind as to take him back and discharge him again.

He took it all very calmly. Perhaps it was the fact that he could be discharged without creating a scene that made him so often a victim. He never denied the justice of the cause of the city editor who discharged him. In fact this was the very secret of Hamilton's ill success. He had absolutely no confidence in himself at all. A newspaper man without confidence is pretty nearly as useless as a fish without fins. And there was nothing in all Hamilton's experience to give him confidence. He had never been trusted with an important case. Consequently he had never accomplished anything. He did very well to copy off the entries in

a precinct house register or to discover the important arrivals at the hotels, but that was about all he could do. For this very reason when he was not enjoying a period of prosperity as a staff reporter he found it next to impossible to get up anything in the shape of a special article, and when he did write a thing and submitted it to an editor it was ten to one that the editor declined it without reading it merely because it was "some stuff of Hamilton's."

Hamilton was the son of a rich man, or at least the son of a man who had been reputed rich. His early youth had been passed in idleness. He had gone to college, and after his graduation had put in a year or two more of idleness as a young man about town. Then his father died very suddenly, and the estate of the elder Hamilton was discovered to be bankrupt. The son found himself thrown suddenly upon the world with a few suits of clothes as his capital. He knew but one thing. He knew New York. He knew it from the Battery to Harlem, and he knew it in the day time and the dark. He knew how cold and heartless and selfish it was, and he could have calculated to an hour how long it would take his society acquaintances to forget all about him. Given a particular debutante of the preceding season, he could have named the day when she would cut him on the street. There was one—ah! there is always one in a man's life—who he would have sworn would be faithful to him to the end.

She was married to another man within six months.

Her name was Helen Welling. She sent him back a ring one day without a word of explanation, and he never saw her again. Hamilton knew the town. So he went to work as a newspaper reporter. It was the only thing he thought he could do. To tell the truth he didn't care very much whether he did that well or not. All he wanted from the world was some sort of a living, but this he found a very difficult thing to obtain. He had spent eight years at

the work, and he found himself in a worse state than he had been at first. He had no superfluous clothes now. He had pawned them all. He had pawned everything from time to time save a handsome solitaire ring with the name "Helen" engraved inside, and he had promised himself that if he were ever forced to pawn that it would be to buy a revolver with which to end his miserable life. And he secretly hoped that if that day ever came *she* would learn what had become of the solitaire ring, and what he had done with the money raised on it.

As he walked up Broadway, Hamilton was railing at the world for perhaps the first time in his life, and considering whether he would better spend his money for something to eat that evening or wait until the next morning. He was in awful luck. Everything had gone wrong. His manuscript had all been rejected, and the one or two friends who occasionally loaned him a little money when he was hard pushed had begun to get so cool that he would have starved rather than ask them for another cent. He decided in favor of putting off the twenty cent meal until the following morning, though he had eaten nothing that day; for if he was to be able to do anything in the shape of work in the morrow he would need a meal more than he did now. So he cocked his head even more defiantly than ever, and tried very hard to look as though he had just finished a dinner of canvasback, washed down by champagne—for he was very sensitive about being pitied. He tried to whistle a gay tune, commencing the first bar as he crossed Twenty Ninth Street. At Thirtieth Street it had become the "Pilgrims' Chorus," and at Thirty Third Street the latter had degenerated into the most doleful of funeral marches.

He himself had hardly noticed the change. When he did, he turned abruptly from the great artery of the metropolis and walked rapidly toward the east. He heaved a great sigh as he did so, and came as near

crying as he ever did since he was a little boy in short trousers. At Fifth Avenue he turned and walked northward. It was ten o'clock at the earliest, and the street was almost empty.

He did not know why he was walking in this way on the half deserted thoroughfare. He had no intention of going anywhere. It was merely that he did not care to go to his bare, uncomfortable, cold little room. He wanted to be away from anything that reminded him of his poverty. He wanted to be away from himself if he could but get away. He did not know just exactly how it happened—he did not even remember at what intersecting street, but he knew that he was awakened from his preoccupation by a woman's shrill scream for help.

He ran forward almost mechanically. On the corner before him a man was struggling with a woman. A child was standing by, adding its still shriller voice to the outcry of the latter. A cab stood but a few feet away, and Hamilton noticed with disgust that the cabman sat calmly on his seat, watching the struggle, and apparently unwilling to go to the woman's rescue.

Hamilton had not the slightest idea what the trouble was about. He merely knew that a man was apparently trying to choke a woman, and he knew but one duty for a spectator under such circumstances. He ran forward the harder. He was not particularly strong, and he was weaker than usual after a twenty four hour fast, but he was brave, and not unskillful with his fists. He was too late, however. The man saw him coming, and, apparently using strength that he had not at first considered necessary, he threw the woman heavily to the stone pavement, grabbed the child, sprang into a cab, and before Hamilton could collect his scattered ideas, was driving rapidly up the street.

Hamilton had not been a newspaper man for nothing. He knew the whole story at a glance. Husband and wife separated—trouble about

the child—both parents claimed it—courts decided in favor of the mother—father resorted to abduction—and so forth. It was an old story. It was happening every day. Sometimes it was published in the paper and sometimes it was not, according to the degree of interest belonging to the previous history of the family and their social position.

Hamilton's impulse was to run to the woman and help her. His reason came to him in a minute, however, and he decided that it would be far better to attempt to follow the abductor. Already people were hurrying from the neighboring houses who would take care of the mother, while the cab with the abductor and the child was hurrying up the street. They were not going fast enough to attract the attention of the police. It was still possible to catch up with him if a cab could be secured.

Hamilton felt the two lone dimes jingling in his pocket, and his heart sank. He continued to follow the cab up the street, hoping against hope. He mentally anathematized the New York police, who seemed on this occasion to be one and all asleep. He found himself wishing that by some lucky accident Sullivan would turn up, looking for a fare. Sullivan was an old cab driver that Hamilton had known in the old days when he was a rich young bachelor. He had taken a fancy to Sullivan, and the latter had driven him around town at all hours of the day and night until he believed he must have paid him altogether a small fortune. Even in the days of his waning prosperity he had always gone to the corner frequented by Sullivan, when for any reason he had needed a cab and thought he could afford one. Sullivan, he believed, would have trusted him.

He had been running fully six blocks when he heard the cheering rattle of wheels; and presently a hansom hove in sight. Hamilton hailed it, without thinking of the expense and his poverty. It was not Sullivan's, but the cabman was of course only too anxious to get a

fare, and a moment later Hamilton, out of breath, was in hot pursuit. The cabby whipped up his horse and went at the affair as though his heart was in it. Hamilton had discreetly forgotten to mention the amount of money he had in his pocket.

The chase proved to be no easy one, however. It took the occupant of the runaway cab but a few moments to discover that he was being pursued by another cab, and the race became exciting indeed. In and out of the streets and avenues the two cabs turned, hardly varying the distance between them. They were gradually nearing Central Park. Hamilton hoped that the abductor would enter the park driveway. There were mounted policemen there, and the race would be ended in a very few minutes.

But the abductor was no such fool. He crossed town at Fifty Third Street. "Hopes to get out by way of the Boulevard," muttered Hamilton with an exclamation of disgust. He was almost beginning to fear that his man would get away after all, that he would fail in this adventure just as he had failed in everything else, and would have but a big cab bill and possibly a lamed horse to pay for as his only souvenir of the case, when he perceived that at last he was gaining.

It took eight blocks to gain half a block, but he did it. Now he could begin to see indistinctly the form of the driver on the pursued cab as he stood up in his seat and bent over to lash his horse. They had turned into the Boulevard. Hamilton stood up and shouted in his excitement. The other cab passed under an electric light. Hamilton's heart leaped, for he saw that the driver was Sullivan himself.

"Sullivan!" shouted Hamilton.

The cabman turned around and looked at him.

"Sullivan!" he shouted again, "stop that cab or I'll put you in the penitentiary!"

There was no mistaking the meaning of his words. There was no mis-

taking the fact that he could do what he had threatened, and it was quite possible that Sullivan recognized the voice of his pursuer. At any rate the cab in front stopped almost immediately, and Hamilton, flushed with the delicious excitement of success in at least one thing that he had attempted, ran forward and lifted from the cab the unconscious form of a little girl, who had been, to all appearances, slightly chloroformed.

As the cab stopped the abductor had sprung from it and made his escape. Hamilton, still holding the little girl in his arms, looked at Sullivan in a manner that made the latter turn his eyes in shame to the ground.

"It's some divorce business, Mr. Hamilton," he said. "My fare was the little one's father, and he wanted the child. He said he had a right to it. I didn't mean to be mixed up in anything wrong. You know I wouldn't do anything wrong."

"Sullivan," Hamilton began. He was about to administer a lecture preliminary to a further investigation into Sullivan's conduct in the affair, when the little girl showed signs of returning consciousness. It would be far better, he knew, to put off the investigation until he had returned the child to her mother, so he told Sullivan curtly to call at his house the following morning on pain of being reported to the police, and, still holding the child in his arms, got into the hansom and started back down town.

He rather liked the position in which he found himself now. Every man has something in his nature that makes him like to be considered a protector of the weak, and the way the child nestled up to him in the cab and clasped his arm as though she had absolute confidence in his protection was to Hamilton as delightful a thing as had happened to him in a long time. He found himself wondering how long it had been since he had held a child in his arms before, and found that it had been at least ten years. He felt proud of

himself, and forgot all about his hunger and the limited amount of money in his pocket.

"You are not going to take me to papa, are you?" said the child.

"No," said Hamilton. "I'm going to take you to the police station, where they will take care of you till your mother comes for you."

"Oh, please don't," the child exclaimed, bursting unexpectedly into tears, "please don't—please don't!"

Just how to get out of this interesting predicament Hamilton did not know. He knew that it was his duty to take the child to the police station. But he also knew that she would be very much frightened, and he was beginning to feel that a police station was no place for her. He looked down at her great upturned eyes. He noticed that they were just such eyes as his Helen used to have, and they were on the point of filling again with tears.

He held her tenderly, and tried to soothe her fears. He noted the rich dress in which she was clad, and the jewelry on her arms and about her throat. One of the little diamonds in the locket that hung from her necklace would have made him feel rich. He didn't care much any way. "All right," he said finally, "I'll promise not to take you to the police station. Tell me what your name is."

"Oh, thank you, thank you," she said, "but I can't tell you my name."

"You can't!" he repeated, amazed.

"No, mamma made me promise never to tell any one I don't know what my name is, and I don't know you."

Hamilton frowned a little. He rather felt that he had a right to know. The child was a little difficult, with her refusal to lose sight of her mother's command. Such instructions had undoubtedly been given her to prevent the very attempt that had been made that night to carry her off, however, and he couldn't help admiring the child's unquestioning obedience to her mother.

"Well," he said, "tell me where you live, and I'll take you right home."

She bent her little head in thought

a moment, and frowned. "I live on a long street near a big church—that is, mamma and I live there now. It's grandpa's, you know, and we have just come to live with him. I don't know the name of the street. Mamma never lets me go out alone, you know."

Hamilton looked puzzled. The adventure was becoming more unusual every moment. "Well," he said, "if you won't tell me your name and can't tell me where you live I'll have to take you to the police station."

"But you promised not to," she cried with a shudder.

He looked into her great, trusting eyes again. He could not disappoint such confidence as that.

"How do you expect to get back to your mother?" he asked, talking to her quite seriously, as he would have talked to a mature woman.

"Oh," she answered confidently, "mamma will come for me. She always told me that if I were taken away from her she would come for me as soon as she could."

"But," continued the distracted Hamilton, "how is she going to know where you are?"

"Oh, she'll find out some way or other," replied the little girl. "God will tell her if she prays him to, and I'm sure she will."

He drove to his own home. He carried her in his arms to his own bare room, and he sat down in a chair and tried to think. It was almost ludicrous. He hadn't a cent. The cabby was waiting below for his money. The child would need attention. He was a law breaker himself in not taking the child to the police, and he would have to break his pledged word to the child if he did.

He tried to think what to do. She could not remain there with him, and there was no one to whom he could take her at that time of night. In the mean time she gazed at him quite contentedly from a seat on his bed. He was weak and very hungry. No doubt she was the same. He thought of the ring. Perhaps he

might get enough on it to pay the cabby, get them something to eat, and still leave enough to buy what he had always intended to buy with the money it had brought.

He went to a worn old trunk, and, after rummaging around in it, fished out at length a plush jewel case. He opened it, took out a solitaire ring and placed it sighingly on the table. The child reached over and picked it up. "Oh, that is like mamma's ring," she exclaimed.

He looked at her a moment and said quickly, "Tell me your name and I will give it to you."

She hesitated a moment. It was a great temptation—too great a temptation. "Helen Brewer," she faltered.

"My God!" exclaimed Hamilton. He looked at her for a moment, and then he knew—he knew that the girl before him was the daughter of the woman he had once loved.

* * * * *

There was an air of suppressed excitement among the city force of the *Herald* that night. Every available newspaper man in town had been pressed into service, and every paper was bent on getting a beat on all the others in relation to a sensational abduction case that had occurred but a few hours before under the very eyes of the police. It was a matter concerning people of high social standing. There had been an unfortunate marriage. The husband had been at fault, and the wife had obtained a divorce, together with the custody of the child. The husband had threatened to steal the child, and after several failures had succeeded in doing so. The whole town was talking about the affair. The father had made good his escape with the child, and no trace could be discovered of his whereabouts. One o'clock had come and gone, and not a word had been learned except the short story of the mother. The Night City Editor of the *Herald* sat at his desk tapping impatiently on it with his pencil. Would his men never come in with any news? Had any of the other

newspapers found out anything that he did not know? It might be worth his situation to be beaten. He was excited and irritable when the door was quickly opened and Hamilton, pale faced and weary, entered.

"You haven't the slightest newspaper instinct in your make up, Hamilton," said the Night City Editor snappishly. "We have a big case on hand, and if you had been around I could have given you something to do. Of course you were not. You come around when there is nothing to do and loaf when there's something important. I don't understand you at all."

It is very probable that Hamilton did not hear a word that had been said, however, for he sank wearily into the chair and said:

"I'm in a peck of trouble, Kendrick, and you *must* help me out of it."

"Humph!" said Kendrick.

"I've got a child down stairs in a cab. She's the daughter of Mrs. Brewer, you know the one, used to be a Miss Welling, daughter of the rich Welling—"

The Night City Editor did not quite faint. He began breathing freely again. Hamilton continued:

"There has been some trouble in the family—divorce, you know—and the father tried to steal the child. I rescued her from him. I want you to detail one man—please do—to take the child back to her mother. I can't do it. There used to be something between us, you know, in the old days, and I don't want her to know it was I. I've got a cabman down there to whom I owe at least ten dollars. You must lend me that much or he'll have me arrested. I'm all broken up, Kendrick. Don't refuse—please don't."

The Night City Editor had quite regained his speech. But he did not say much. "You—you—of all men!" That was as much as he could say at the time.

* * * * *

Hamilton did not rise till noon the next day. He had confused memories of the preceding night. There

was something about a child in them and something about the woman he loved. It seemed to him that he had been told that he was again on the city force of the *Herald*, and indeed that he might consider he had never been discharged, and might draw his back pay just as though he had been at work all the time. He couldn't believe this was all true until he had put his hand into his pocket and discovered there a generous roll of bills. He did remember eating a big supper, however, late in the night, at which, for some strange reason or

other, he had been a good deal lionized. But something that was given him while he was getting ready for breakfast brought back to him a vivid remembrance of all the events of the previous evening. It was a note in a woman's handwriting, and the significance of its contents may be gathered from their effect upon Hamilton. For when he lifted his eyes from the written page, there gleamed in them a new and transfiguring brightness of hope—the hope of recovering a happiness that had been as dead to him for years.

EVER THE SAME.

ONCE I knelt at Fancy's throne,
Mingled with her merry crowd,
Thought that to that queen alone
All the whole world bowed.

Fancy's court was bright and gay,
Pleasure followed sweet delight.
Quickly sped the busy day,
Swiftly passed the night.

But one day a pilgrim came—
Fair to see, in sober gown—
With the words "*Toujours le même*"
Graven on a crown.

O'er his face a long hood fell,
Hiding from the world his eyes,
But I thought that I could tell
Fancy in disguise.

Offered he the crown to all;
Every one in turn declined,
Till he turned and left the hall;
Then went I behind.

"I am blind," the pilgrim said
As he heard my footsteps near;
"Place this crown upon your head;
Lead me out from here."

With a laugh I took his hand,
Led him to the outer gate;
Took the narrow golden band—
Bound myself to fate.

For the pilgrim turned and smiled;
Then he beckoned unto me;
Trusting as a little child
Laughed I in my glee.

Through the gate I followed him
Leaving Fancy's court behind,
Through a pathway strange and dim
Went the pilgrim blind.

Suddenly he stopped and said,
"You are prisoner of mine,
Henceforth Fancy's court is dead,
Bend thou at my shrine.

"By that coronet of gold
You have bound yourself to me.
I, like truth, am never old,
I am Love," said he.

Chains of Love henceforth I bear,
As Love's slave to you I came;
That is why the ring you wear
Reads "*Toujours le même*."

Flavel Scott Mines.



MAGDALEN COLLEGE—THE CLOISTERS.

OXFORD, OLD AND NEW.

By Richard H. Titherington.

THE bombastic Latin quatrain of a mediæval poet declares that the traveler who has seen Oxford should there and then cease from his journeying, for no other place on earth can compare with it. Mr. Pepys—himself a Cambridge man—who visited the university town a couple of centuries ago, found it “a very sweet place,” and records in his diary the fact that he “did” it in part of one day. In such varied phrases have been sung the praises of a place so superlatively rich in the attractions it offers to the student, the artist, and the antiquarian, as well as to the mere sightseer.

Oxford is one of the few spots where the spirit of mediævalism seems to linger. Nowhere else, perhaps, save amid the canals of Venice or the quaint streets of Nuremberg, can the sentimental traveler so easily imagine himself transported four centuries backward, as in its narrow byways and cloistered quadrangles. Its university was one of the most

notable products of England's middle ages, and as it stood when Elizabeth ascended the throne it remained, inwardly and outwardly, with marvelously little change for three hundred years, down to the days of the present generation. Its ancient buildings have a rare charm not only from their intrinsic architectural beauty and interest but also from their wealth of historic association. Half the great men of English history spent here their college days. Dr. Johnson's rooms are still pointed out over the gate of Pembroke, and Mr. Gladstone's in the Canterbury Quad of Christ Church. Addison's name is still attached to the shaded meadow walk in the beautiful grounds of Magdalen. On the long list of famous Oxonians appear Sir Walter Raleigh and the great Duke of Marlborough, alumni of Oriel; Cardinals Wolsey and Pole, Gibbon the historian, and Charles Reade the novelist, of Magdalen; the Duke of Wellington, William Penn, and the

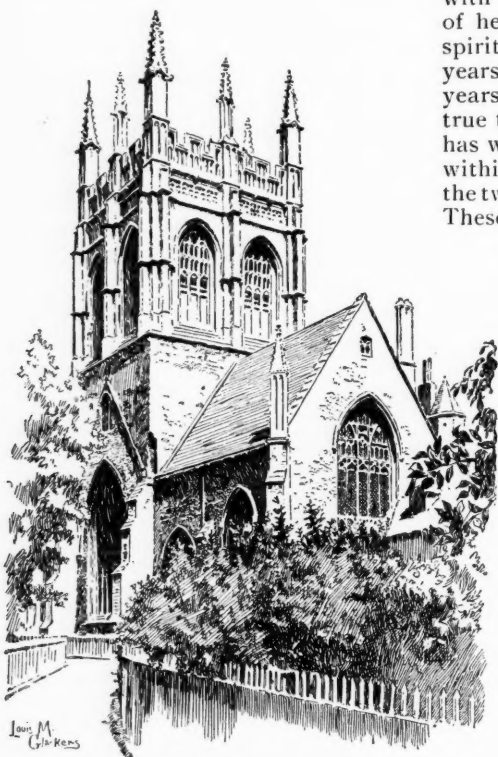
brothers Wesley, of Christ Church; and many others hardly less famous. The influence of the university upon the social and intellectual life of

cradle of those athletic sports that have become so characteristic of the vitality of the Anglo Saxon race.

But with all her ancient prestige, with all the uneffaced mediævalism of her aspect and her institutional spirit of conservatism, the recent years of Oxford's history have been years of revolution. It is probably true to say that the old university has witnessed more radical changes within the last two decades than in the two centuries that preceded them. These changes have been manifested,

externally, by the inauguration of an era of stone and mortar, wherein a dozen colleges have vied with one another in the extension of their buildings. Internally, its constitution has been revised, root and branch, by the unsparing hands of parliamentary commissions. Its dry bones have been shaken by the breath of reform. The university professorial corps has been strengthened at the expense of individual colleges. A system of non collegiate, or "unattached" students, as they are generally termed, has been established. Scholarships and other privileges once a matter of personal or local favoritism have been thrown open to public competition. The fellows,

once a fortunate body of graduates whose only duties were to draw comfortable salaries and remain unmarried, have perforce become lecturers and tutors. Two new colleges—Keble and Hertford—have been founded, and some of the small Halls annexed to larger bodies. The principle of coeducation has been recognized by the establishment of three women's colleges, whose students are admitted generally to lectures. The university's membership has greatly increased, and its basis has been widened by the granting of certain privileges to "affiliated colleges" in England and the colonies. Extension and reconstruction have weakened the forces of



MERTON COLLEGE CHAPEL.

England has of course been very powerful, and even in political matters it has often played an important part. In the civil war, for instance, it was one of the most strenuous and uncompromising supporters of King Charles, and forty years later it was the leader of the Protestant uprising that drove his son, James II, from the throne. From its press, an institution that still flourishes, were issued such famous volumes as the Polyglot Bible. One of the earliest newspapers was the *Oxford Journal*. From Oxford the first stage coaches ran to London. In Oxford the Royal Society was founded and the British Association held its first meetings. Oxford was the very

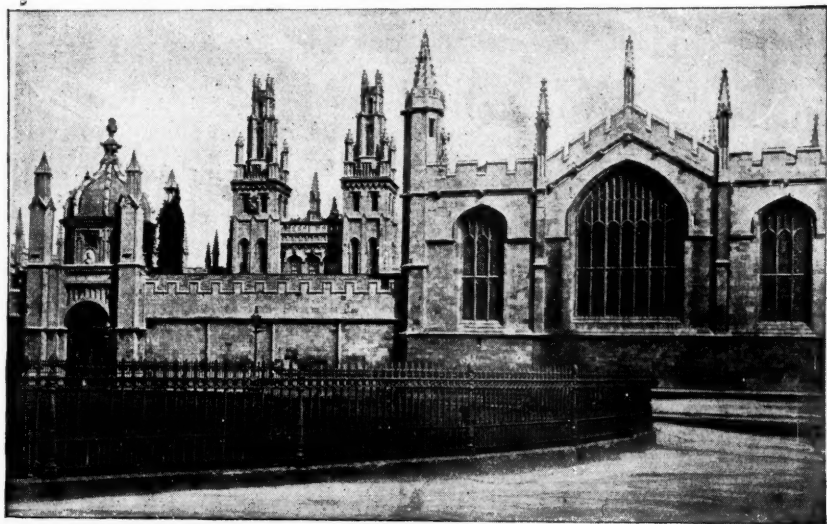
tradition, and if the modernizing spirit of the age was late in making itself felt at Oxford its recent rapid development has atoned for any former lack of progressiveness.

A few months ago the Royal Academy elected as one of its associates Graham Jackson, whose connection with the architectural renaissance of the university has won him the title of "the Maker of Modern Oxford." Since his designs for the great structure of the new Examination Schools were accepted, fifteen years ago, Mr. Jackson has been imprinting his name upon the city. He planned the new quadrangles of Merton and Trinity, the extension of Brasenose to its fine front upon the High, the new buildings of Corpus, and the restoration of the hall of Lincoln. His work is certainly entitled to high praise for its graceful congruity with the ancient piles with which it is intermingled. The value of this quality may be illustrated by an instance of its opposite—the square, white fronted structure that eighteenth century taste, or lack of taste, set in the rear of the pinnaced Gothic quadrangle of Magdalen. It is fortunate for Oxford that college extension was a rare thing in the days of

our great grandfathers, or we might have had more of such incongruities.

We have said that Oxford was a product of the middle ages. There is indeed a shadowy tradition that ascribes its origin to the time of Alfred, and names the year 872 as that in which the Saxon king founded University—the college of that name, not the university at large. But its authentic history begins with the middle of the thirteenth century, and Balliol and Merton contest with University the honor of being the most ancient college. Exeter, Oriel, and Queen's—named after Philippa, the consort of the third Edward—came next, and then in 1386 William of Wykeham, famous as statesman, as prelate, and as the architect of Windsor Castle, built and endowed a college finer than any then standing. This, in its sixth century of life, still bears the name by which it was popularly known at its beginning—New College—although its founder intended that both it and the preparatory school he built at Winchester—the first of the great public schools of England—should be called after the Virgin.

One of the earliest alumni of New College was Waynflete, who like



ALL SOULS' COLLEGE.

Wykeham became bishop of Winchester and Lord Chancellor of the realm. Like Wykeham, too, he added a new and brilliant star to the academic constellation—Magdalen, the fairest of Oxford's colleges. Thirty years later there graduated

characteristic feature that so widely distinguishes it and its English sister of Cambridge, on the one hand, from the universities in America and continental Europe. At Oxford the great function of the collective body, as distinguished from its constituent

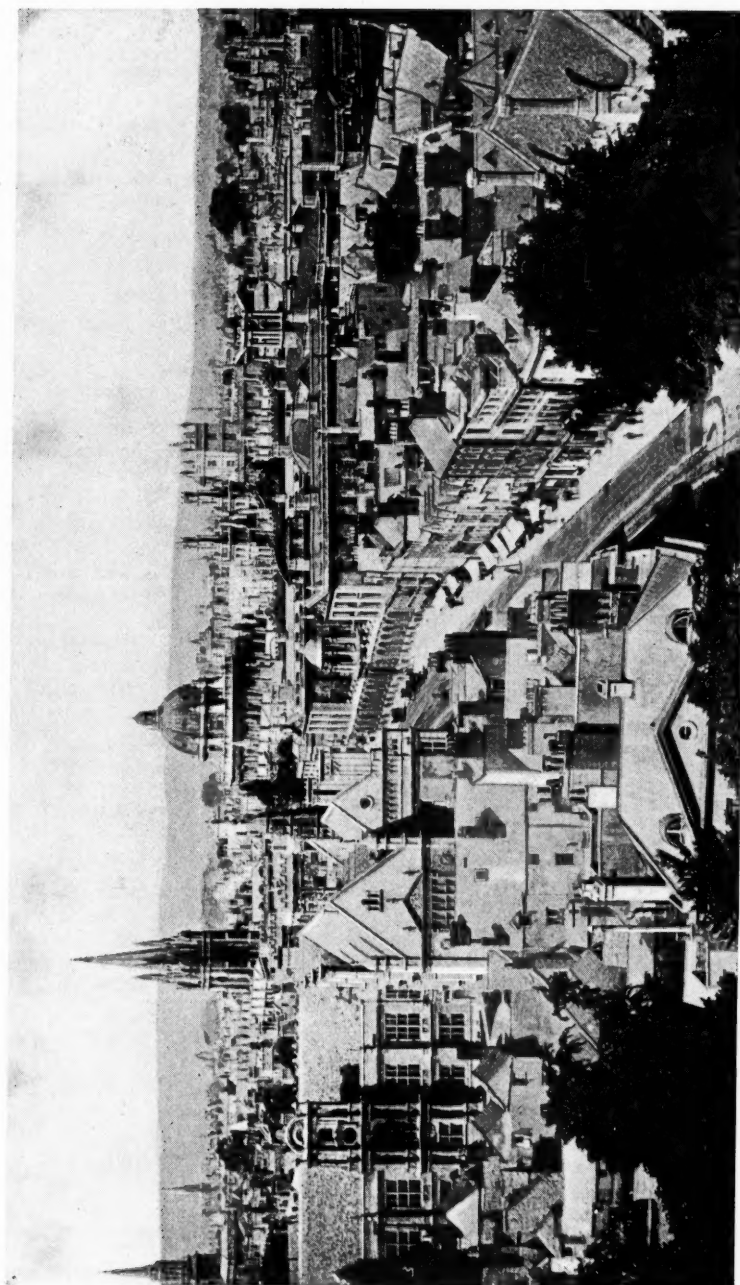


BALLIOL COLLEGE.

at Magdalen the son of an Ipswich butcher who rose to power as lofty as kingly crown or papal tiara, and fell again, leaving as the noblest and most enduring monument of the fame of Wolsey his splendid foundation of Christ Church. Meanwhile Lincoln, All Souls', Brasenose, and Corpus had been established, and Trinity, St. John's and Jesus followed in rapid succession. There the days of Oxford's early growth ended. The seventeenth century added only two comparatively unimportant colleges—Pembroke and Wadham; the eighteenth but one, Worcester; and then more than a hundred and fifty years passed until in 1869 the spell was broken by the building of Keble, the great memorial of the author of "The Christian Year." Five years later the ancient but small body then known as Magdalen Hall was raised to collegiate dignity as Hertford.

Of these twenty-one colleges, with a few minor halls and some two hundred and fifty unattached students, the university of Oxford consists. The college system is the

members, is the holding of examinations and the bestowal of degrees. In its Hebdomadal Council are vested, subject to the approval of the larger assemblies, Congregation and Convocation, certain powers of general government. Its chancellor—the Marquis of Salisbury now holds the post—is the titular representative of Oxford's prestige. Its proctors are the guardians of public morality, endowed by ancient statute with autocratic powers over the inhabitants of the city. Under its control are the great Bodleian Library, the Clarendon Press, and such lesser institutions as the Radcliffe Observatory and the Ashmolean Museum. It elects two members of parliament. It has its sixty or seventy professors, its registrars, its bedels, and other academic retainers. But in the life and work of the undergraduates and even of the graduates the colleges play a far more important part than does the university. Each of them has entire control of the discipline of its members. Preparation for the "schools," as the examina-



OXFORD, FROM MAGDALEN TOWER.



PEMBROKE COLLEGE.

tions are called, is seldom done by attendance at the lectures of the university professors, but generally in classes formed by the students of a single college, or of several colleges associated by mutual arrangement. The great divisions of the undergraduates' social life are the college boundaries. The rivalry of the cricket ground, the football field, and the river is between colleges—though this rivalry has not the spice of bitterness that marks the enmity of classes in American universities.

The twenty one colleges have many notable individualities. Christ Church—whose colloquial designation, "the House," might be construed as a recognition of her primacy—has the most extensive buildings, the richest endowment, and the largest numbers both of undergraduates and of total membership. Her chapel is the cathedral church of the Oxford diocese, and her hall, above whose entrance is the statue of Wolsey, is the finest extant mediæval refectory. She counts among her alumni a larger share of England's titled aristocracy than any other college.

Next to Christ Church in numbers are Balliol and New College, to the former of which is conceded an intellectual preëminence in the scholastic arena. Magdalen, second in wealth, is unrivaled in the beauty of its buildings and its location. Its

tower, another monument of Cardinal Wolsey, is the finest that rises from a city of towers and spires, and its chapel is notable for its musical services, which together with those of New College are hardly surpassed anywhere. Architecturally, the chapel of Merton, with its great square tower, is worthy of distinctive mention. Brasenose, Exeter, and Trinity are colleges of first rate general importance. Jesus is individualized as the favorite abode of Welshmen. All Souls' is a survival in these latter days of the ancient idea of a college as a seat of learning rather than a place for education, for its great endowment and fine buildings are devoted to the maintenance of a warden, forty fellows, and six lonely undergraduates—and the presence of these last was merely an incidental feature of the design of its founder, Archbishop Chichele.

The two chief names on the map of Oxford are High Street and Broad Street, or as they are invariably termed locally, "the High" and "the Broad." The city is laid out on the Roman plan with main thoroughfares running east, west, north, and south from a central point. From that point, known as Carfax—a corruption of *Quatrevois*, the four ways—the High stretches eastward, with what Wordsworth calls a "stream-like winding" to Magdalen Bridge, where the little river Cher-

well, flowing past the grounds of Magdalen, divides Oxford from its scattered suburbs of St. Clement's and Cowley. Close to the bridge, a conspicuous landmark far over the level country, stands Magdalen Tower, the view from which, looking westward or over the city, is reproduced on page 61. In the foreground, on the right hand side, are the buildings of the boys' school attached to Magdalen; on the left, the trees of the Botanic Garden. Above these, and beyond a group of houses, rises the extensive pile of the new Examination Schools. Over a part of this is visible the top of the battlemented structure of University. Up the center of the scene curves the High. On its right, a short distance up, shows the semi classical front of Queen's; and beyond this loom a number of notable buildings. A portion of New College is at the extreme right of the engraving, and ranging thence we describe the square tower of the old Schools, now occupied by the Bodleian library; the twin towers of All Souls', slender and highly decorated; the great dome of the Radcliffe Library, now also a part of the Bodleian; the noble spire of St. Mary's, the university church; and on the furthest left, that of another church—All Saints'. More distant, and too faintly discernible to be identified in the engraving, are several other colleges—Trinity and Balliol on the right, Exeter and Lincoln in the center, and Brasenose on the left. In the background, beyond the meadows of the infant Thames, rises the gentle swell of the Berkshire hills.

Walk up the High from Magdalen Bridge to Carfax and you will have passed along half a mile of an architectural panorama that cannot be paralleled. The three other cardinal streets—Cornmarket, locally dubbed "the Corn," which runs northward toward Balliol and St. John's; St. Aldate's, or "St. Old's," which stretches southward, past Christ Church, to the Folly Bridge over the river; and Queen Street, which turns westward through the highly unpicturesque quarter of the town wherein lies the railroad station—these are less interesting than the Broad, a short street that runs parallel to and north of the High, whose irregular but expansive width sets off the buildings along it—Balliol and Trinity at its upper end, and



CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE—GATEWAY OF QUADRANGLE AND
SUNDIAL.



THE OLD DIVINITY SCHOOL.

at the other a notable group that includes Exeter, the Ashmolean Museum, the Sheldonian Theater—the scene of the bestowal of degrees—and the old Clarendon building. Close to these last three, whose crumbling fronts show their age, stands, closing the vista of the Broad, the new Indian Institute, established as a training college for the civil service of England's Asiatic empire.

As survivals of antiquity some of the customs and regulations of Oxford are no less remarkable than its venerable buildings. Such is, for instance, the serving, each Christmas day, in the hall of Queen's, of a boar's head, ushered in by choristers singing the old carol, "*Caput apri defero*"—a rite whose legendary origin was the victory of a taberdar or scholar of Queen's over a wild boar that attacked him while walking near the city, his conquest of the beast being effected by thrusting down its mouth a copy of Aristotle's Logic. Another and a still more ancient is a service held annually at five o'clock on May Day morning at the top of Magdalen Tower.

The rules that regulate the students' attire form a no less signal archaism. Mortarboard cap and college gown—which latter varies in pattern according to its wearer's academic standing—are invariably worn at

lectures, in chapel, in hall, and on all formal occasions. In the examination schools black coats and white ties are further requisites. The wearing of cap and gown is also prescribed for undergraduates outside the precincts of their own colleges at all times of the day except the hours from one to six o'clock. This latter rule is generally disregarded, and there is no penalty for its violation unless the offender is unlucky enough to meet one of the proctors. In that case he is invited to call on the following morning at the official's rooms, whence he departs poorer by a five shilling fine.

Many ancient institutions of Oxford have been modified or abolished during the time of the present generation. For example, the old "town and gown" fights, which for centuries were waged annually at no small cost in bruised heads and broken headgear, have within a few years become entirely obsolete and nearly forgotten. The modernizing spirit of which we have already spoken has been busy in almost every department of university life, and the Oxford of today would hardly be recognized by one who had formed his ideas of the place from such books as "*Verdant Green*" or "*Tom Brown at Oxford*," widely read some years ago.

ONE OF THE PROFESSION.

By Matthew White, Jr.,

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I.

BRIGHTHOPES had seemingly given up all intention of trying to justify its name. In the old days it had been known as New Washington, and was as sleepy, as unprogressive, and as placidly content as any other town of its size in that part of Jersey. But when Brickville, a village with not half the natural advantages of New Washington, suddenly blossomed out into Sweetpines and became prosperous as a winter resort, the New Washingtonians believed that a change of name would do as much for them. But Sweetpines kept on growing, while Brighthopes was deliberately passed by in favor of Colt's Foot, which for years had been merely a collection of fishermen's huts and ice houses in the midst of a waste of sand and sea grass on the coast.

Brighthopes stood between these two, and all the benefits it ever extracted from the "boom" that had struck them both were the dimes and quarters that the drivers of the smart carriages which now and then passed from one resort to the other, bestowed on old black Jerry, who watered the horses at the Washington House. Discouraged at this apathy of the outside public, the villagers had gone no further with the sidewalks they had planned to lay than the grading, while white painted posts stuck up here and there at corners like strayed clothes poles, were ghost-like reminders of the lamps that never capped them.

"It serves 'em right for goin' back on the good old name, an' castin' scorn on the father of his country."

So said Miss Deborah Wickstead. She had been opposed to the new movement from the first. For forty nine years she had lived in the house where she had been born, and she had always had food to eat and clothes to wear. So far as she could make out, so had all her neighbors. What did they want of more, she asked?

It was flying in the face of Providence, she told the minister, and added that she thought he ought to preach against it. But the Reverend Mr. Derringby thought that it was Washington House Jerry who needed the most preaching because he watered the Sabbath breakers' horses.

"If Brighthopes had boomed, Miss Wickstead," he would say, "there'd be no need of people driving through it on the Sabbath. They'd live here and could enjoy its shaded streets without breaking any of the commandments."

Miss Deborah was glad that June was not in the room when the minister said this. Somehow it seemed to make him worldly to have him side with the "boomers." And June must never be allowed to think that the minister could have a weakness.

June was Miss Wickstead's niece, the daughter of her only sister, who had married Deacon Heath's son when she was eighteen. June was named after the month on whose first day she was born—the day her mother died. And three weeks later the baby was fatherless too. She was almost nineteen now. Miss Deborah trembled sometimes when she saw how beautiful she was. Not for the girl. The good old soul was far too innocent for that. It was for

herself she feared. It seemed as if God was too good to give her all this happiness—the care of this beautiful creature who loved her as a mother and who never seemed to have a wish or thought that went contrary to her aunt's sanction.

And yet one would think that it might be dull enough for a young girl in Brighthopes. There were very few young people in the place—only Kitty Blaisdell, whose father kept the general store and was the postmaster; Bessie Scott, who taught the district school, and Dora Ranney, who had been left a widow when she was only twenty two. Of young men there were none, except farmers' sons with down upon their faces, who, as soon as this should stiffen into beards, would hurry off to the cities, New York or Philadelphia, where they could see something of life.

Deacon Heath had lost his money and moved West years before. June heard from him about every six months. They weren't doing very well, he always wrote, and thought some of coming back to Washington. That is what he always called the village.

Deborah and June meanwhile lived along very contentedly in the old house which had been left to them by Mr. Wickstead, together with an income of four hundred dollars a year, secured to Deborah from an investment of his life insurance.

Four hundred dollars a year for two people may not seem much, but it is more than a dollar a day, as Miss Deborah often figured in consolatory mood. And when you make all your own clothes and have no rent to pay, it's quite a little fortune. And as there were few if any of the villagers who had as much as this, there were none to dispute Miss Deborah's word.

Among the furnishings of the Wickstead sitting room was a harmonium, and on this June had been taught to play by a school teacher who was the predecessor of Bessie Scott. So well had June profited by

her lessons that for the past year she had played the small organ in church. Miss Deborah hoped it was not sinful pride that stirred in her breast when she sat in her low backed pew and watched that dear child lead the whole congregation in hymns of praise.

Sometimes she wondered what she would have done if it hadn't been for June. She would have been quite alone.

"But then," she told herself, "the Lord tempers the wind to the shorn lamb an' I s'pose I'd have thought more'n I do of Luke." Luke being the great black cat that for years had sunned himself in the kitchen window and afforded the opportunity to add a prize number to the score of the city children who drove past playing Roadside Cribbage.

For June's nineteenth birthday Miss Deborah had planned to give a party.

"Folks are young but once," she said to her neighbor, Patience Yerks, "an' it don't do no harm to have a little merry makin' now an' then. An' the house cleanin's over and preservin' ain't begun yet."

So all through May Brighthopes talked of the party her aunt was to give June Heath. Her "coming out party" it would have been called if they had been city folks. Parties were not of very frequent occurrence in the village. The fair that was held in the grove in August and the donation party at the minister's in December were the principal forms of social dissipation in Brighthopes.

"I s'pose Deborah thinks it's time June was lookin' out for a husband," Mrs. Peck said to Mrs. Dunstable, when they were talking it over. "Givin' a party will kind o' stir the men up."

"But if there ain't no men to stir where's the use?" practical Mrs. Dunstable wanted to know.

"There's your Jim," Mrs. Peck retorted to this. "I've seen him more'n once castin' sheep's eyes at June in church."

"Oh, go way with you, Jane Peck," exclaimed the other. "Jim's nothin'

but a boy. Besides, he's goin' to town in the fall, an'll have too much to do to make his own way in the world to be thinking of the girls."

It was fortunate that none of this gossip reached Deborah Wickstead's ears. The idea of June's marriage had not entered her head; if it had ever manifested a desire so to do she had barred it out with persistent concentration of her mind upon other matters. June was hers; the girl seemed perfectly happy. Why should any one come between to disturb the peaceful flow of their lives?

Certainly it did not seem as if there was any danger of any one coming between in Brighthopes. Miss Deborah sometimes wondered if it would be wicked to thank the Lord in her prayers that almost all the men in the village were either a few years younger than her niece or else so much older that no danger was to be apprehended from them.

"Now come early," she had hospitably told all those invited for the 1st, but there was a fashionable set in Brighthopes as well as in the metropolis, and it was a quarter past eight before the last guest arrived.

It was a warm night, and in the low studded parlor, where all the lamps were lighted, the heat was terribly oppressive; but nobody thought of going outside to walk in the garden or sit on the stoop. That would have been gross disrespect to Miss Deborah, who had gone to the trouble of throwing open the room which the villagers seldom had a chance to look into unless they happened to call on cleaning day. So they sat around on the slippery horsehair chairs and fanned themselves with their handkerchiefs and said "Ain't it hot?" while Miss Deborah and the minister conferred about what game they had better play. Somebody suggested one called "the Minister's Cat," but at this two or three murmured "Ssh" and glanced apprehensively toward the Reverend Mr. Derringby, fearful lest he might have heard. Bessie Scott came to the rescue with the proposal that they try United States,

and as this sounded harmless she was requested to explain it. But when the company found out that they would be expected to tell the capitals of all the States there was a general murmur of "Law, count me out. I'll set by an' look on," and finally so many announced that they would prefer to "set by" that there were only June and the minister and Bessie Scott left to play.

There was much laughter over this, and everybody began to feel more at home. Mrs. Dunstable said it reminded her of a husking bee she had given once when somebody broke into the barn and stole all the corn, and they didn't know it was gone till they sent the company out there to husk.

Mr. Derringby said he couldn't understand how this could happen whereupon Mrs. Peck struck in and said it was perfectly true because she had seen the empty bins.

And so the company broke up into groups of three and four, and there were many stories told and much merriment, and a chatter, chatter in the old parlor that made Miss Deborah's heart glad as she thought what a good time June must be having. And June was listening to Jim Dunstable's account of his attempt at breaking the black mare's colt the previous afternoon, and finding it very exciting, for Jim had not told yet whether he had succeeded or not, so she had the pleasurable sensations produced by uncertainty as to the outcome of the tale.

But presently, in answer to her aunt's mysterious beckoning, June had to go out to assist her with the refreshments. And the serving of these was the supreme moment of the evening. Miss Deborah's layer cake was famous, and the "angel food," prepared by June's dainty fingers, fairly melted in one's mouth. Then there was coffee, strong enough to keep the entire company awake if they had been nerve jaded city dwellers, to say nothing of a chicken salad which was the despair of all the other housewives in Brighthopes.

This feast was spread in the sitting

room—Miss Deborah and June always ate in the kitchen—and there was such a clattering of knives and clucking of tongues that nobody heard the low thunder mutterings in the west—the precursors of the fierce storm which the heat had been brewing. Thus it came to pass when, an hour later, a lively game of Stage Coach was in progress in the parlor, a sudden deep peal sent a tremor of surprise through the assemblage. There was a general uprising and a cry of “We must be going before the storm breaks.” It was indeed high time, for it was almost half past ten, and Brightshopes folks were early risers.

The good nights and the assertions that the guests had had a perfectly splendid time were necessarily hurried. Miss Deborah brought one of the lamps from the parlor and held it up so that they could find the gate in the pitchy blackness which reigned outside.

“It’s not raining yet,” they called back to her, as they put out their ungloved hands to feel for the patter of drops, and so they departed and the party was over.

June lingered an instant in the doorway after her aunt had gone in to set down the lamp. The breeze was so refreshing after the heat and excitement of the evening. But she knew it was imprudent to stand there. She expected her aunt would call her in each second.

She turned and went inside just as the distant sound of a fast galloping horse fell on her ear. She halted for an instant, the door half shut, vaguely wondering who could be abroad at such a time of night. Then,

“June!” came her aunt’s cry.

She closed the door and went into the sitting room to help clear up.

II.

“THEY all seemed to enjoy themselves real well, didn’t they?”

Thus observed Miss Deborah as she came back into the sitting room

after a fresh supply of dishes to carry out into the kitchen. June did not answer. She stood by the window, a pile of cups in her hand, an absent look on her face. That galloping sound seemed to be coming closer. Miss Deborah heard it now.

“Land sakes, June,” she cried. “Sounds like a runaway.”

The sound was approaching with marvelous swiftness. By a simultaneous impulse both women hurried to the door and flung it open. There was a flash, a thunder burst, that seemed to shake the earth, a thud against the fence near the foot of the path, and then the rain came down in torrents.

“We must see if he is hurt, Aunt Deb. You bring the light and hold it and I’ll go.”

“But the rain—your dress—let me—” began the older woman.

But for once the younger was disobedient, and leaving the doorstep ran lightly down the short path to the gate. For in the instant that they two had stood there the flash of lightning had shown them a buggy, with the horse on a mad gallop, the sudden swerving of the vehicle against their hitching post, and the falling from the carriage of a man who had been shot forward as if from a catapult.

All this had those two women seen, and it was the younger who first recovered her powers of action.

“Aunt Deb,” she called out a moment later, to the figure that stood in the doorway, holding the lamp aloft as she had done a short time before, “you must come and help me.”

Miss Deborah looked about wildly for a place to set the lamp. Then she stepped back and placed it on the fifth step of the stairway which started up a few feet back from the door. She gathered her skirt about her and plunged out into the pelting storm.

Guided by the sound of June’s voice, she found the girl holding up the head and shoulders of a man.

“Help me in with him, Aunt

Deb," the niece commanded. "He must be badly hurt."

But for the moment Miss Deborah could do nothing but stand there in the rain and lament.

"June, June!" she cried, "you'll get your death out here. We can't carry him in. Where kin I ketch hold? He may be dead."

"Hush, heisn't. He's only stunned," returned the niece. "We *must* get him in. There's nobody else to do it."

This was true. The nearest house where there was a man was Elder Bidwell's, and that was at the end of the street and he was past seventy. What was to be done must be done by these two women. Miss Deborah tried to recall the words in the passage of Scripture where the good Samaritan was spoken of; but all she could think of in the excitement of the moment was, "I was a stranger and ye took me in."

She bent down and put her arms about the man's waist. Even with her thoughts of the fulfillment of the Bible command, she was glad it was night and that none could see her, not even June, who kept repeating: "Very easy, Aunt Deb. We don't know how badly he is hurt."

But the man was tall and heavy. and as they raised him from the ground he gave a groan. Consciousness had been restored by the pain the sudden movement caused him.

"Don't—you can't carry me," he said. "My left arm, I think, is hurt. And I'm a little stunned yet. If you'll just steady me a little."

June had never heard such a voice before. There was no twang in it, such as marred the speech of her Jersey neighbors. The tones were very full and strong, and all the syllables distinctly enunciated, even under the trying circumstances of the moment.

"Bend down, Aunt Deb," she said, "so he can reach your shoulder."

The elder woman obeyed without a word, and so between them the injured one raised himself and they led him into the house.

"Right on the settin' room lounge,

June," said Miss Deborah, who now that she was within her own doors again regained command of her directing powers.

They were all drenched with the rain. The best gowns of the women clung to them with un pitying closeness. There was not a particle of romance about this rescue, although the rescued one was young and handsome—the handsomest man June had ever seen. His hat had been left behind in the darkness, and his finely shaped head, with the raven black hair and the clear white brow, was fully revealed in the rays of the lamp that shone from that fifth step of the stairs.

But there were lines of pain across that forehead now as he sank down on the lounge, just as June drew off the storm coat that had protected him from the rain.

"He must have a doctor at once, Aunt Deb," June whispered. "I'll go to the Dunstables' and get Jim to ride over to Colt's Foot."

She hurried off up stairs to get her things.

"It's awful for June to go out a night like this," Miss Deborah told herself.

She went to the foot of the stairs and called up,

"June, June! I'll go myself."

But in a moment June came down, a hood drawn closely about her face, a heavy shawl over her shoulders, and the great gingham umbrella in her hand.

"You can't go, Aunt Deb," she said quietly. "Remember your rheumatism. I'll be right back."

Miss Deborah returned into the sitting room as the front door closed behind the girl. Never before had an experience like the present one befallen them. It seemed as if some mighty convulsion of nature had lifted these two from the rut in which their lives had run all these years. What would come of it all? Colds, maybe a lingering sickness, perhaps—

But Miss Deborah would not think any further. Besides, this was no time for thinking. There was too

much to do. The stranger on the sitting room lounge had his eyes open again, watching her. They seemed strange eyes for a man, she thought. They were large, and had a glint in them like June's.

"I'm afraid I'm giving you a great deal of trouble," he said. "You are all wet. I am very sorry it happened here."

"Oh, don't mind me," Miss Deborah replied, thinking of June speeding away through the storm, which was now beating fiercely against the window panes.

The girl must be nearly at the Baylises' by this, she reflected. Just beyond was that open stretch where the rain would have full sweep. But she mustn't remember about this. She would go wild.

"You are in pain, ain't you?" she said, turning to the patient again.

"Yes, some," he answered with a smile that lighted his face up in a wonderful way. "I am afraid my left arm is broken. I was thrown on it with all my weight."

"Land sakes, I wish I could do something for you," said Miss Deborah, quickly sympathetic. "But we ain't never had no breaks in this family, so I haven't no experience with 'em, but June, she's gone for the doctor."

"What, your daughter had to go out on a night like this!" The stranger had lifted himself from the lounge as if in protest and then fell back with a gasp of pain only half repressed.

"There, there," said Miss Deborah, placing a chair by the side of the sofa so that he might have more space on which to rest the injured arm. "Don't you worry about things. She don't need to go all the way. She's only gone to the Dunstables'. Jim'll take one of the horses and bring Dr. Treks in no time."

"It's too bad, too bad," the young man kept muttering.

"Can't I do something for you?" Miss Deborah wanted to know. Her heart had been touched by his solicitude for June. "Your feet must be wet. I can get you dry slippers."

Without waiting for a response she went up stairs, picking up one of the lamps in the parlor. She set it down on the bureau of the room which had not been used since her mother died, and then began to search the shelves of a closet that opened from it. Presently she found what she wanted—a bundle done up in a newspaper bearing a date almost twenty years back. She opened it out carefully on the bed and selected from its assorted contents of man's underwear a pair of carpet slippers of deep red with a yellow rose embroidered on each toe. Not stopping to place the bundle back she hurried across the hall to her own room and June's to change her drenched gown for a dry one.

"I s'pose I've caught my death," she reflected during the process. "An' there's them dishes not washed yet;" her mind recurring from the possible greater evil to the actually existing present one, as is the habit of those who take short outlooks into life.

She was as expeditious as possible, and within seven minutes was back in the sitting room, the slippers in her hand. And now, as she approached the feet of the man on the lounge, she was conscious of the delicacy of the task that lay before her. But a second glance at the lines of pain seaming the handsome forehead banished her momentary hesitation, and taking another step forward she began to unlace the tan shoes.

She bent her head low over her work and did not see the odd look the young man bent on her as for an instant or two he opened his eyes. When she had placed the slippers on the black socks, with the red polka dots, he said, "I thank you very much. I am causing you no end of trouble, I am afraid."

Miss Deborah had not been brought up to be skilled in polite society's prevarications.

"Yes," she answered frankly, "your comin' in on us in that way has kind o' upset things. But 'tain't for myself I mind. It's for June. If

anything was to happen to that girl—”

“You never could forgive me, could you?” he broke in. “And I wouldn’t blame you. I’ve felt pretty mean since I’ve been lying here thinking over what a brute I seem to be, having you two women wait on me in this way. Isn’t there some man near that could take me in charge? I would pay him for it.” The speaker raised himself again, then fell back with another sigh of pain.

“You just lie still an’ quit worry-in’.” Miss Deborah came over to the head of the sofa and taking out her handkerchief gently wiped away the beads of perspiration that had gathered on the injured man’s brow.

It was such a white forehead, like a girl’s, almost, she thought. He closed his eyes again, and seeing that there was nothing else she could do but wait, she gathered up a pile of dishes and carried them out to the kitchen, where, as quietly as possible, she began to wash them.

June meanwhile was making her way along the muddy roads as swiftly as she could towards the Dunstables’. The wind blew hard and she was obliged to exert all her strength to hold the umbrella up against it. But she was rather glad that this was so. Her thoughts were in such a tumultuous whirl that this battle with the elements seemed necessary to restore the balance of things—or, to use another figure, it gave her an anchorage to which she could come back and be convinced that the episodes through which she was living were real ones. Her life hitherto had been so uneventful. Every joy that had come to her had been planned out beforehand. Her sorrows had been few, for of course she could not remember the loss of her parents.

She had read a good many books: perhaps more than any other girl in Brighthopes—stories by Dickens, Scott, and Bulwer, in old volumes she had picked out from the library left by her grandfather Wickstead. Her only ideas of things in the great out-

side world had been obtained through the medium of these pages, now grown almost musty, and it cannot be said that from any of them she obtained a knowledge of strictly contemporary life.

For this she had to rely on the glimpses she caught of the gay parties of young people who now and then drove through Brighthopes either from or to Sweetpines and Colt’s Foot. And as these of course were literally but glimpses they still threw her back on her imagination for most of the details of existence in that sphere to which nobody she knew had been born.

And now a member of this mysterious world, a world about which she thought more than she ever realized herself, had come into her life. For that the young man who had been hurled unceremoniously against their garden fence was of an entirely different sort from any man with whom she had ever spoken, June recognized at once. How handsome he had looked as he lay there on the lounge in the sitting room! June blushed now, out there in the darkness and the rain and under her gingham umbrella, as she thought of this and then recollected how he had placed one arm about her neck when she and Aunt Deb had helped him into the house. She could never tell Bessie Scott of this incident, she decided, when the whole wonderful experience came to be related.

She wondered where he had been going so late at night, what his name was, and if there wasn’t some one who would be worried about him. And the horse? What had become of that? It seemed as though enough happenings had been crowded into the past half hour to furnish out a year of Brighthopes existence.

It was a quarter of a mile to the Dunstables’, and when she arrived there the house was all dark. But she thought that they could not all be asleep yet. She went around to the front door, which was right under Mrs. Dunstable’s room, and rapped as hard as she could with her bare

knuckles. Scarcely a second elapsed before a head was thrust out of the window and the farmer's wife called down,

"Mercy sakes! who's that?"

"It's June. I want to know if Jim can't drive over to the Foot for a doctor."

"Lands! Is your aunt took sick? That salad was mighty rich. But wait till I come down and let you in out of the wet."

June wanted to say that she didn't have time to go in; that she must go straight back; but the head disappeared from the window, and in less than two minutes Mrs. Dunstable, with a shawl thrown about her shoulders over her night dress, pushed back the heavy bolt and threw open the door.

"Have you told Jim yet?" were June's first words as she stepped inside. "He must be suffering fearful pain."

"He?" ejaculated Mrs. Dunstable.

But all June would say in reply was, "Oh, tell Jim, quick, please!"

The amazed woman went off again up stairs to rouse her son, commanding June to go into the sitting room and not to stir a step till she came down. June mutely obeyed, stumbling over a chair as she entered the dark apartment. She could not help thinking how strange it was to go in there now, after everything was closed for the night. She was reminded of a fairy story she had read once in which the clock and the fire tongs and the coal scuttle had given a party at midnight.

Mrs. Dunstable was back presently with the report that Jim was getting into his clothes "like he did them days in the fall when he was goin' on a hunt."

"He'll take you back in the buggy with him, so you might's well sit down and make yourself easy. How was Deborah took?"

"It isn't Aunt Deb," June replied, glad, somehow, that there was no light in the room. "It's a man. His horse ran away and he was thrown out right by our gate. His arm's broke, I guess. He ought to have a

doctor right off. And I must go back now an' help Aunt Deb."

"Land o' Goshen, what's goin' to happen next? Thrown right out by your gate, was he? I heard a horse go by here a spell ago like all possessed, and I says to Hiram, I says, I thought it must be a runaway but he says 'twas only somebody hurryin' home out of the storm. You jest sit down again till I go up stairs an' put on my clothes, an' I'll go along back with you."

"No, no," June hastened to interpose. "We don't need anybody, only the doctor. He's in on the sitting room lounge. He was kind of stunned at first, and we had a time to get him into the house, but he can walk all right now."

"Who is he, do you know?" queried Mrs. Dunstable with inevitable curiosity.

"No," answered June. "Nobody from around here, though. He's from the city, I guess, come down to stay at the Foot or the Pines. I hope Jim don't mind going. But there was nobody else to ask, and it's awful to see a man lie there an' suffer. His arm ought to be set, you know. Good night, I must really go back now."

"It seems dreadful to let you," murmured Mrs. Dunstable. "I'll come down first thing in the morning."

She stood in the doorway an instant, looking after June as long as she could see her in the blackness of the stormy night. Then she shut the door and went up stairs to hurry Jim.

III.

WHEN June reached the house again the kitchen clock was striking twelve. She could not remember when she had ever been up so late before, unless it was the time when Aunt Deb. had the malarial fever, and then she hadn't been down stairs. Now her aunt came hurrying out into the front entry way to meet her.

"Did you see Jim?" she asked,

patting her hand against the back of the girl's dress to feel if it was wet.

"No, I didn't see him, but he's started by this time, I guess." June let her aunt take her waterproof and passed into the sitting room. The stranger's eyes were open and fixed upon her steadily.

"The doctor will come in less than an hour, I hope," she said. "Are you in very much pain?"

"I can stand it, easily," he replied with an evasion which he hoped the simplicity of these people would not fathom. "I wish the accident had happened anywhere else than where it did. I am afraid I am putting you and your mother to an inconvenience which may be serious in its consequences."

"Aunt Deb and I don't mind the trouble if we can do anything for anybody in — in trouble." June hesitated an instant before repeating the word; then she added it with a faint smile, as if of apology for lack of variety in her vocabulary.

Ogden Havens forgot the pain of his arm for the instant. Such frankness was positively refreshing, and when it accompanied beauty like that of the girl before him it furnished a fitting subject for study.

"I am very grateful," he replied.

"If—if there is anything else that we can do," June went on, half hesitating. Those great dark eyes were looking at her so steadily she grew a little confused. To recover herself she made a tray of one of her hands and began to brush the cake crumbs from the table cover with the other. "Maybe your friends will be worried about you," she went on. "I can watch for Jim when he goes past and send a message to Colt's Foot if you like."

"I haven't any friends to worry about me, thank you," he said.

The speech sounded cold as he thought it over. He was about to add something to soften it when Miss Deborah came into the room.

"June," she cried, "go right up stairs and take off that wet frock."

And June disappeared on the instant. She came down again pres-

ently, and they both went out into the kitchen to finish the cleaning up after the party. The consciousness of the presence of the stranger in the front room seemed to put a constraint on both of them for a while, and they worked on in silence. Then, in a whisper, Miss Deborah asked:

"Did you tell Sarah Dunstable?"

"Yes, and she wanted to come right down," replied June; "but I said there was no need."

"He'll have to stay here tonight, I s'pose, or what's left of it," went on Miss Deborah, with a glance at the clock. "We can put him up in the spare room. I'll go up an' fix it to rights just as soon as we finish here. Ain't you sleepy, child? You needn't stay up."

"I don't feel as if I could ever go to sleep, Aunt Deb."

It was a quarter to two when the doctor arrived. He was a young man, one who had recently started to practice at Colt's Foot. He did not know either June or her aunt. Jim came in with him, to help, but it was June he asked to assist him when it came to setting the arm. It was all over in half an hour, and the patient was in the four poster up stairs. Jim and the doctor had put him to bed. By half past two the house was in darkness, but it was an hour later, and long after her aunt beside her had forgotten her excitement in sleep, before June closed her eyes.

Over and over again in her mind she went with the events of the night. It seemed to her as if she could still feel that man's arm around her neck as it had been when she and her aunt helped him into the house. How different he was from all the other men with whom she had ever spoken! He was more like the minister than any one else to whom she could compare him, and yet there was a great difference. She liked to hear him talk. There was such an odd mingling of softness and strength in his voice. She wondered if he could sing. They needed a tenor badly at the church. But of course by Sunday he would

be gone. If it had been his leg that was broken, he would have been obliged to stay for weeks. Then she smiled to herself at the incongruity of her thoughts. Of course if it had been his leg he could not have sung in church.

Then she tried to imagine which novel hero the young stranger was like. She thought him very similar to the men in books. He talked just like them. But somehow she could not think of any one whose description would fit the living model. They all seemed too old fashioned.

It was while her mind was roaming about among these creations of the novelist that she finally dropped off to sleep, to dream that she was a lady fair at one of the old time tourneys, that the young man who was in the next room was her champion, who had just been unhorsed by his opponent, but who was fighting valiantly for her still. She was cheering him on to victory, and others were shouting and swords clashing, and through it all some one seemed to be calling her name—"June, June!" It could not be the knight; his visor was down, and he was busy with the foe. Again came the piercing cry "June, June!"

Now she recognized her Aunt Deb's voice. She was standing by the bed and the sun was streaming into the room.

"I let you sleep's long as I thought I ought to," her aunt went on when she opened her eyes. "It's half past nine, and Mrs. Dunstable's been down stairs an hour or more."

"Oh, Aunt Deb, I'm so sorry," and the girl got up at once.

"It's all right," said the other. "I've kept the coffee warm for you on the back of the stove."

"How is—how is he this morning?" inquired June, with a glance toward the room across the hall.

"I was up a little while ago to see about his breakfast," was the reply. "He seemed quite spry, an' I must say a pleasanter spoken gentleman I never met with. So afraid of giving trouble an' so real polite all the time, even on his back like that.

Sarah Dunstable's just full o' curiosity about him, but you know, June, how much I know. He hain't said nothing yet, even about the horse."

The doctor came again about eleven. June opened the door for him.

"I should like to speak to your aunt before I go up stairs," he said.

When Miss Deborah made her appearance in the sitting room, he began:

"Miss Wickstead, Mr. Havens desired me to find out if it was perfectly convenient for you to keep him here. Of course he expects to pay board. It would be possible to move him, but not desirable."

"He can jist stay as long as he likes," replied Miss Deborah. "And as to the board, I s'pose it will make him easier in his mind if he pays it, so I won't say nothin' agin it. Havens, you said his name was?"

"Yes, that is what he told me last night. He had been with a party at dinner over at the Foot. They went back to town by the early boat this morning before they heard of the accident. He had some other friends in Sweetpines, and started to drive over there last evening."

After the doctor had gone up stairs Jim Dunstable arrived with the report that the runaway horse had been caught as he went through Bedlow's Falls, a mile and a half further up the road. Somebody recognized him as belonging to Conger's livery stable in Colt's Foot, and had taken him back there. The carriage had not been much damaged, only scratched.

This report June carried to Mr. Havens, when she was summoned into the spare room by the doctor to receive directions regarding the treatment for the patient until the physician's next visit.

"I am glad the horse was not hurt," was Havens's comment. "He was a handsome animal."

"How did he happen to get away from you?" inquired the doctor.

"Well, I won't admit even yet that he did get away from me," was the

smiling reply. "You see, the storm had frightened him into a gallop, but I was pulling him down nicely when the bend in the road, a tremendous thunder clap and the sudden shaft of light sent across the street by the opening of a door—ah, I beg your pardon, Miss——"

Havens paused abruptly and looked troubled, for at mention of the opening of the door June had given utterance to an involuntary "Oh, yes!" Now the color rushed to her face, and she quickly picked up the tray of breakfast dishes and started for the door. Half way there she stopped and turned around.

"I am so sorry, Mr. Havens," she said. "It was our fault you were hurt."

"No, no," he replied quickly. "Please don't say that; I didn't mean—I only wanted to prove to the doctor that I could manage a horse under ordinary circumstances. It was the storm above everything else—and the sudden turn in the road."

He was growing excited, and started to gesticulate with his injured arm. A twinge of pain recalled him to the present condition of affairs, and seeing this the doctor interposed.

"Be careful, Mr. Havens," he said. "Not too much enthusiasm, even in a good cause. I am sure Miss Heath understands."

The doctor looked at her significantly, and June wished that she was a character in one of the novels she liked so much to read. In that case she would have known just the right thing to say in reply. As it was she could only murmur, "Yes, it's all right. Please don't think any more about it, Mr. Havens."

Then she hurried off down stairs, telling herself that it must have sounded as if she had said it was all right for the young man to have his arm broken.

"Oh, Aunt Deb," she exclaimed, as she burst into the kitchen and set the tray on the table with a clatter, "we—that is—I am responsible for the accident!"

Then she told what she had heard up stairs. But Miss Deborah was

not so sensitive about the matter, and declared if they hadn't opened the door she'd like to know what would have become of Mr. Havens when he was pitched out. And after a few attempts to convince her that in that case he would not have been pitched out, June gave it up and took what comfort she could out of her aunt's view of the case.

Going into the sitting room to straighten up there, June noticed quite a knot of people standing in front of the cottage. Jim Dunstable was the center of the crowd, talking and gesticulating in an excited manner. Thinking some new calamity might have befallen, she went to the door and opened it. Jim saw her at once and came up to her.

"See what he gave me, June," he said, "for bringing the doctor last night;" and he held up a five dollar bill. "I'm goin' to put that down for the foundation stone of the fortune I expect to make when I go up to the city in the fall."

His eyes, which had been fastened on the new, stiff bill, he now brought back suddenly to June's face. He was two or three years older than she, and she could not help knowing that he admired her greatly. The people in front of the cottage had passed on their several ways, and the two were now alone on the doorstep.

"Don't you think it will bring me good luck, June?" persisted Jim, as the girl did not answer.

"Oh, yes, Jim, I am sure I hope so," she said now, but he could see that her thoughts had been brought back to him with an effort.

And yet she had been thinking of him, too. She was contrasting his appearance and voice with that of Mr. Havens. To be sure, Jim Dunstable was tall, with broad shoulders and a sturdy build, and was accounted one of the best looking fellows in Brighthopes. But there was such a difference between him and the man up stairs. June was trying to tell herself in what particulars it consisted, when Jim's repeated remark recalled her to her duties as hostess.

"Do you think he's good looking.

June?" asked Jim suddenly, after an instant of silence, during which the girl had leaned over to pluck a rose from the vine that grew up beside the front door.

"Do I think who is handsome, Jim?" she asked, drawing in, in deep inhalations, the fragrance of the flower.

"Why, Mr. Havens, of course."

"Well," she replied mischievously, "do you suppose you would be as good looking as you are if your hair was all rumpled up and you had your arm in a sling?"

Jim laughed and seemed pleased.

"You picked that rose for me, didn't you, June?" he went on.

She handed it to him without a word. He slipped the stem in one of the lacings of his flannel shirt—he wore no coat—and stepped down from the little porch on which they had been standing.

"I must go back to the farm," he said. "I'll come down again tonight. Mr. Havens may want me to do something for him. Good by, June."

"Good by, Jim." June remained standing in the doorway, and looking back once Jim saw her there still. He waved his hand and felt happier yet. But the girl was not thinking of him at all. She was thinking of breaking off another rose, and once leaned forward to do so, but she changed her mind, and, turning quickly, went back into the house.

IV.

THAT same afternoon, between four and five o'clock, June and her aunt were sewing in the sitting room. It was the first quiet waking moment they had had since preparations for the party had been begun the day before. All the forenoon the neighbors had been coming, ostensibly to offer their services in the sudden emergency, but really to gather what bits of gossip they could from headquarters. For the stranding of Mr. Ogden Havens in the village, so to speak, was an event of no mean magnitude to Brightthopes society. He was the

very first of all the "city folks" in Colt's Foot or Sweetpines who had ever stayed over night in the little hamlet that lay between these prosperous resorts. And the reports that got out about him were as diverse as they were far from the facts in the case.

Somebody said that he was the son of one of the big railroad kings, that he had given Jim Dunstable fifty dollars for going after the doctor, and that as soon as they could get away his family, with two trained nurses, were coming down to take possession of the Wickstead cottage and send Miss Deborah and June to the Washington House till he got well.

Another theory proclaimed that he was an English nobleman in disguise, while still another declared that he was a famous author who had contrived the accident on purpose that he might study the habits of the villagers while he lived among them and put them all in a book. This last idea was suggested by the young widow, Dora Ranney, who said that up in Massachusetts some people who had been put into a novel had got a lot of damages for slander.

All these reports had come to the ears of Miss Deborah and June, and had disquieted them not a little. Not because they believed any of them, but because they disliked to have so much gossip going on about anybody under their roof.

"I've as much a mind as anything, June," said Miss Deborah suddenly, as she snapped a thread in two with her teeth, "to go up stairs this minute an' ask Mr. Havens all about himself. Then I can tell everybody the truth and put a stop to all this gabble."

"Oh, Aunt Deb," returned the girl, "I wouldn't do that. He might think—might think we were prying into his affairs."

"Well, an' haven't we a right to, I should like to know? He's here under our roof the same's one of the family. What if he should turn out to be——" here Miss Deborah low-

ered her voice to a whisper and added "a bank embezzler?"

"Aunt Deb, how can you think such a thing?" June's voice was as shocked as if the person thus accused was her brother.

"I don't think it," returned Miss Deborah. "I only say supposing it was so. You can't judge of folks by their appearance these days, child. But who's that stoppin' here?"

June lifted her eyes to the window, and saw that a buggy had halted in front of the house. The occupant, a man with a smooth face and reddish hair brushed forward just above his ears, was looking first at the cottage and then down the road in an undecided sort of way. Presently he caught sight of Miss Deborah at the window and called out: "Will you kindly tell me if this is where Miss Wickstead lives?"

"I am the person;" and Miss Deborah put her head out.

"Oh, I was right then," was the reply, and the man proceeded to alight and make his horse fast to the hitching post.

"Laws, who can that be, June?" Miss Deborah wanted to know.

"Perhaps it's somebody for Mr. Havens," June suggested.

So it proved.

"Mr. Ogden Havens is here, if I mistake not?" said the stranger, rubbing his hands together as he stepped into the entry.

"Yes, sir, he is," replied Miss Deborah.

"Can I see him?" went on the other after an instant's pause, as though he had expected not to find it necessary to put this question.

"I'll go up and ask him about it," replied Miss Deborah stiffly. She did not like her caller's looks. He seemed to fit very neatly into her embezzler theory, with his smooth shaven face and thin lips. "Will he know your name if I take it up to him?"

The caller smiled broadly.

"If you tell him Philip Sexton is down stairs I guess he'll know me," he said.

"Just step into the settin' room.

June, go up, will you, and ask Mr. Havens if he will see Mr. Sexton?"

Miss Deborah had intended to go herself, but on reflecting that in that case she must leave the stranger with June she changed her mind.

"Bad accident Ogden had," Mr. Sexton began affably, when June had disappeared. "It was fortunate, though, for my friend, that he fell into such kindly hands as yours, madam."

Miss Deborah had never been called "madam" before, and she did not altogether like it. She was very shrewd, for all her simplicity, and she was half convinced that the man was poking fun at her.

"We try to do our duty when it's laid down plain and straight before us," she replied without a smile. Then her face relaxed slightly, as she recollected the subject she and June had been discussing before the arrival of the visitor. Doubtless she could find out what she wanted to know from him. She would try at any rate.

"This bein' laid up will interfere with Mr. Havens's business," she began at once, fearful lest June should return before she carried out her purpose. "Is he in a store, or is he—"

She paused and looked at Mr. Sexton inquiringly.

"One of the profession, madam," the latter responded, "and has the honor or—ahem—I have the honor to be associated with him. His vacation has just begun, luckily, so he could not have chosen a better time in which to be laid up."

Miss Deborah breathed more easily. A professional man was eminently respectable; she was ashamed of her recent suspicions.

"June," she said to her niece, who had at this moment made her appearance, "will you show the gentleman up to Mr. Havens's room?" And when the girl came back, she exclaimed with a sigh of relief, "It's all right. I've found out what the man is."

"What man?" asked June.

"Why, both of 'em, come to think,"

responded her aunt. "I asked this Mr. Sexton plump out what business Mr. Havens was in an' he said they were both professional men. An' now the question is, what profession?"

"But I thought you said you knew all about it, Aunt Deb." June made this remark with a mischievous smile as she sat down and took up her work again.

"I meant I found out that he wasn't any of the dishonorable things everybody's been talkin' about," responded Miss Deborah serenely. "But as I was sayin', June, which one of 'em do you think he is? He can't be a minister."

"Why can't he?" June asked the question bluntly, almost combatively.

"Well, he don't seem to have the air, and he don't dress like one. Did you see them red spots on his stockin's? No, he can't be a minister, nor yet a doctor. He didn't seem to know about fixin' his arm at all, didn't you notice? There's nothin' left but lawyers, an' that's what they must be. I declare, my mind's relieved now that point's settled," and Miss Deborah took up the dish cloth she was overcasting with an unruffled brow.

From above stairs came the steady murmur of voices, or rather of one voice, for Mr. Sexton appeared to do most of the talking. He had left the door open, and whenever his tones were raised above a certain pitch, what he said was distinctly heard in the sitting room.

"What, bury yourself in this hole of a place all summer!"

This was one of the phrases that came down the stairway to the ears of the two women below. Miss Deborah set her lips primly together, and, putting aside her work, rose and went out into the kitchen to begin preparations for tea. June remained where she was, a little more color than usual in her cheeks.

"That's the message I'm to carry to Ida, then, is it?"

This was another sentence of Mr. Sexton's that floated to her ears presently and caused the flush in June's cheeks to deepen. Mr. Sex-

ton came down stairs the next minute, apparently in not so amiable a mood as he had gone up.

"Good afternoon," he almost snapped out, as he passed the sitting room door.

He had been gone about ten minutes when there was a thumping on the floor of the spare chamber. Miss Deborah had insisted on placing the big umbrella by the bedside so that in case Mr. Havens wanted anything he could summon them. He had now used it for the first time.

June hurried up the stairs.

"I'm sorry to trouble you," said the patient, "but I should like a glass of water, if you please."

"Oh yes, I'll bring one right up," and June flew down to the kitchen.

"Ain't there a contrast between those two men?" Miss Deborah remarked, while her niece was pumping the water so that it should run cold.

June did not think this called for a reply, and went up stairs again with the water.

"You are very good," Havens said, as he took the glass from her. Then, when he had drunk and handed it back, he added in a half hesitating manner: "Are you—are you very busy? Could you sit down a few minutes and talk to me?"

"Oh yes," replied June. "You must get very lonely lying here by yourself all day. Does your arm pain you?"

"Very little. It's not a bad break, the doctor says. He told you my name, I believe. I asked him to. I want to tell you more about myself, for perhaps you don't know that—"

"Oh yes," June interrupted hastily. "Mr. Sexton told Aunt Deb that you and he were in the same business."

"Oh, did he?" observed Mr. Havens, with a peculiar smile.

"Yes, and he said it was very fortunate that you were on your vacation now."

June wondered why Mr. Havens looked at her in such an odd manner.

"Do you think," he began after an instant, "that your aunt would mind keeping me here this summer? You

know I came down to Colt's Foot to see the place with an idea of stopping there, but I like it here better."

"Oh, do you?" exclaimed June in surprise. "I never heard of anybody else that did. You know they tried to force them to once, but I guess people would rather make up their own minds about things. At any rate, Brighthopes didn't boom."

"That's the reason I like it," was the reply. "I want some place that is very quiet—where there are no crowds."

Again he looked at June with that strange expression. He seemed to be watching her face for something that he did not find. The reason why he did not find it she did not know until long afterwards.

"Yes, it is quiet here," she admitted with a smile. "But you haven't seen much of the village, driving through in the night; that is, not unless you've been here before."

"No, I was never here before," he answered. "That is part of the charm of it. I want to feel that I am living in a place of which I know nothing. Then I can have the sort of pleasure for once that it is my business to give other people a great many times."

June looked perplexed. She did not comprehend his meaning; but then she was not surprised at this. She had never talked with a lawyer before.

"I will speak to Aunt Deb about it," she said. "Or perhaps you had better do it yourself."

"I would rather you broke the ice," Mr. Havens returned. "You and your aunt talk it over together and let me know by the end of the week. Mr. Sexton is going to send my trunk out to me, but of course if you decide adversely, I can have it taken on to Sweetpines."

Miss Deborah was pouring the tea when June told her. She was so "taken aback," as she afterwards expressed it, that she kept pouring till both cup and saucer were full.

"What do you think about it, June?" she asked when damages had been repaired.

"It isn't for me to say, Aunt Deb. It's your home, you know."

"No more than 'tis yours, child. I never laid out to take boarders. There ain't no need for us to do it. But five dollars a week would come in mighty handy. I could give more to the missionary cause, and there's a new sack I promised you for next winter. An' Mr. Havens seems as nice a spoken gentleman as any I ever saw. I'll have a talk with him myself when I take his supper up."

The favorable impression was deepened by that "talk," and when Miss Deborah came down stairs again she announced that Mr. Havens was going to stay. Jim Dunstable was sitting on the top step of the porch, talking to June.

"He wasn't thinking of going away before his arm got well, was he?" he asked quickly.

"Oh no," answered Miss Deborah. "And by the way, Jim, he wants to see you. He told me to tell you to come up if you stopped around to-night. You can walk right up stairs now."

When Jim came back in about ten minutes he announced that Mr. Havens wanted to get up beginning with the next day and had arranged with him (Jim) to come each morning and night to help him with his clothes.

"It's something like being a servant, June," he added, "but then he's sick, an' he's a mighty pleasant fellow, and—and I can have an excuse for comin' down here twice a day, so I said I'd do it. I won't need to put that rose away to press. You understand why, don't you, June?"

June did not reply. She only turned and looked down at him, while a smile lighted up her face for an instant. But she was not thinking of Jim at all.

V.

BRIGHTHOPES had not been favored with such a pleasant June in years. There had been only one or two days of the usual fogs

rolling in from the sea, and the temperature had at no time been insufferably high. And to her who was the namesake of the month it had been a period of almost unalloyed joy.

Just why this should be so, June would not permit herself to search into too closely. She was content to live on from day to day, realizing that the mere act of living was a joy to her.

Mr. Havens improved rapidly. Having Jim Dunstable to help him with his toilet, he came down to meals. These Miss Deborah now served in the sitting room.

"It was jest about as handy as the kitchen," she said, apologizing to herself for the concession.

Her admiration for the boarder who had come to them in such a strange way was quite outspoken.

"There ain't any nonsense about him," she told Mrs. Dunstable. "He don't seem to have no bad habits. When he smokes he takes a pipe an' not one o' them vile smellin' paper things, an' always tries to give me an' June as little trouble as possible."

"But Deborah," Sarah Dunstable replied, lowering her tones impressively, "ain't you afraid to have such an attractive young man about so much with June? You know how quick girls are to take up with handsome faces an' fine clothes?"

This talk was being held in the church yard after service, and at this point some one else came up and joined them, interrupting whatever reply Miss Deborah might have given. As a matter of fact she could not think of any to make at the moment. She considered it quite providential that Jane Peck had come up when she did.

She got away as quickly as possible, sought out June from the group of young people that had collected around her, and started home. She wanted a chance to think over calmly what Sarah Dunstable had put into her mind. But before they reached the church gate Jim Dunstable came to walk along with June, and Miss Deborah found that she did not require any more time in which to

come to a conclusion in regard to the matter.

"Sarah Dunstable is just jealous for her boy Jim," she decided. "I ain't goin' to worry myself a mite over it. It's all a pack of nonsense."

But if Miss Deborah could have read her niece's inmost thoughts, she would not have been so ready to dismiss Jim's mother's suggestion as "nonsense." For to June Ogden Havens was the embodiment in flesh and blood of all that was chivalrous, romantic and picturesque in the books she loved.

Not that he paid any more attention to her than to Miss Deborah; he was as scrupulously gallant to the one as to the other. It was not until he discovered June's fondness for reading that he talked more with the niece than with the aunt. Then he brought down from his room one or two of the newest novels and discussed their plots with June, to find out which she would prefer to read first.

June wished she dared ask him to read either one or both of them aloud. His voice seemed to possess a perennial charm for her. She had often wished, too, that he would tell more about himself—of his home, and whether he had any sisters or not. But of these matters he never spoke. His conversation was either about books or Brighthopes.

"Seems to me as if he had some worryment or other on his mind, June," Miss Deborah remarked once or twice.

He received very few letters and wrote none, and no one came to call on him after Mr. Sexton's visit that day. Miss Deborah had taken pains to circulate the report that their boarder was a lawyer from New York. The villagers received this announcement with distinct disappointment. They had hoped for something with more of a tinge of mystery or romance about it. Nevertheless they were all anxious to see him, and many of them made it in their way to pass the Wickstead cottage as often as possible in the hope of obtaining a glimpse of the boarder.

But there was no piazza and when Mr. Havens walked for exercise he generally strolled up and down beneath the trees in the orchard at the rear.

On the Sunday following Mrs. Dunstable's remark to Miss Deborah, however, he asked if he might accompany June to church.

"I haven't been for a good many months," he owned with a smile. "I think I should enjoy going here and hearing you play."

"You must sing then," she replied.

"How do you know I can sing?" he asked quickly.

"I think you can from the way you talk," she answered, flushing slightly.

"Why, how do I talk?" he persisted. "I never knew that you could test a person's musical abilities by his manner of speech."

June began to look a little frightened.

"Perhaps I am wrong," she said evasively. "Maybe you can't sing."

"Well, I shall let you decide for yourself this morning," he replied with a smile.

"You'll come up to the choir with me then?" June asked eagerly.

"Oh, I couldn't think of facing the whole congregation in this guise," and Mr. Havens glanced down at the silk sling in which his arm rested.

"It isn't a regular choir," June hastened to explain. "You can keep your back to the people just the same. Those that sing just stand up around the organ with me."

"On those conditions I shall be most happy to stand by you," and so that morning the villagers were treated to the sensation of beholding the interesting stranger enter the church with Miss Deborah and June, and then continue on up to the organ with the latter.

He was certainly very handsome, and his voice was a peculiarly sweet tenor. Afterwards Mr. Derrigby hurried down from the pulpit to thank him for his assistance in the service. Then Kitty Blaisdell, Bessie Scott, and Dora Ranney crowded about, and there was nothing for

June to do but introduce them, especially since Bessie and Dora sang in "the choir."

Jim Dunstable hovered on the outskirts, running the rim of his hat nervously through his fingers. June did not seem to see him at all. Indeed she did not see anybody but Mr. Havens. Not that she kept looking at him fixedly, but it was he that occupied all her thoughts. She forgot Mr. Sexton's speech that day about "Ida," refused to remember that six months hence the stranger would in all probability have forgotten her; she thought only of the joy of the present, a joy that was at its most intense point when Havens left Bessie Scott and stepped over to her side to take the book he had carried to church for her. So they two went off together, leaving Jim to follow behind with Miss Deborah.

But when they reached the churchyard gate, Havens paused.

"Haden't we better wait for your aunt?" he said. "She may not care about coming alone."

So from this point on all four returned in company. While they were getting dinner ready June told of that little remark at the gate, and in consequence the Havens stock rose still higher in the Wickstead market.

It was the Monday night following this Sunday that Jim, sitting in his usual position on the top step of the stoop, suddenly came out with the question:

"What makes you think Mr. Havens is a lawyer, June?"

"Why, Aunt Deb told me he was," and the niece related the course of reasoning which had led Miss Deborah to this conclusion.

"Well, I don't believe he's a lawyer at all," asserted Jim bluntly.

"Why don't you think so, Jim?" Miss Deborah wanted to know. "He's surely not a minister or a doctor."

"No, nor a lawyer either," persisted Jim.

"What do you think he is, then?" asked June in her quiet way. It was dark enough to hide the flashing of her eyes.

"I don't know. I'll ask him, shall I?"

"No, Jim, I wouldn't do that," said Miss Deborah. "He might take offense. If he isn't a lawyer, he's somethin' like it that makes men quiet an' studious, so it don't matter if we don't know everything down to the last jot."

And thus the summer went on. Mr. Havens's arm healed quickly, and presently he was able to dispense with Jim's services. The latter young man had quite a nest egg and talked of going to the city at once to make a start without waiting till fall. He came but seldom to the Wickstead cottage now that his duties did not call him there. And June never asked him why he did not come oftener. Mr. Havens always accompanied her to church now. Miss Deborah declared she had hopes of his "taking a stand," when members were admitted in September. She appeared to be the only one in Brighthopes who did not see how absorbed June had become in the handsome new boarder.

"I guess it's because he's right in the house with 'em," Mrs. Peck confided to her friend Mrs. Dunstable. "You see there is no way to count how many times he calls a week."

It was the third Wednesday in August that Jim Dunstable went to the city to see if he could find an "opening." His father drove him over to Colt's Foot early in the morning to catch the first train, and went for him again in the evening. He had not succeeded in his quest, but nevertheless he seemed excited. He was restless, too, and twitched uneasily in his seat in the buggy.

"If you'll stop here, father," he said finally, when they reached the cross roads by the big pine, "I'll get out an' take a walk over to the village. You needn't drive around that way. I'll be home presently."

"I can drive around just as well as not, Jim," said the old man, who was very proud of his eldest son.

"No, father, there's no need." Jim was already out of his seat with a foot on the step, and before the

buggy had come to a standstill he had leaped out and was striding with his long paces over the road that led straight to the Blaisdells' store in Brighthopes.

After watching him till his figure was blotted out in the night, Mr. Dunstable started up his horse again and drove slowly homeward by the short cut, thinking how natural it was for boys to want to gather on the store porch to chat. He had done it in his own youth.

But Jim did not stop at the store. He went directly past it, unseen in the darkness, and did not halt until he reached the Wickstead gate. Here he paused for an instant. He looked up at the room over the parlor. There was no light there. He could see no one in front of the house below stairs either. But while he stood there the strains of June's organ fell on his ear.

She was playing softly in the dark, one of the voluntaries she used in church. Jim wondered if she was alone. He went hastily on and put his head in at the sitting room window.

"June," he called softly.

"Why, Jim, is that you? How you scared me! I didn't hear the gate latch click." Miss Deborah was sitting close by the window. "Come in; we were just about practicing for Sunday. June, light the lamp."

But when June entered the room it was Mr. Havens who was doing this.

"Tell me, Jim," asked June as they shook hands, "did you get a place?"

"No, not yet," he answered.

He spoke cheerfully. He seemed to be elated over something.

June handed him a book and they began to sing, after waiting a discreet interval to give him an opportunity to relate any of his city experiences he might be disposed to tell. But Jim said nothing except in answer to questions, so they went on with the practicing.

At last June announced that she was tired of playing, and turned away from the organ. Mr. Havens

promptly rose and offered her his seat.

"I am going up stairs," he said. "See, it is my bedtime," and he showed her his watch, which pointed to half past nine. "Good night, Dunstable," and he shook hands with the caller.

"He's making a practice of what he calls early hours while he's here," Miss Deborah explained when he had gone.

"I should think he'd need to," responded Jim solemnly.

He rose, stepped over and carefully closed the door leading into the entry way, and then took a newspaper from his pocket.

"What do you mean by that, Jim?"

It was June who put the question, sharply and suddenly.

"You'll understand when you read this," he replied.

He had finished smoothing out the creases of the paper, and now pointed—a little triumphantly, it must be confessed—to the subjoined paragraph.

Ogden Havens, leading man of Spately's Comedians, is spending the summer quietly at Brighthopes, New Jersey. He is to start on the road with a new play in the latter part of September.

All three read these sentences, as Jim held the paper in the glare of the lamp on the organ. There was dead silence in the room. In through the open windows came the see saw song of "Katy did, Katy didn't," while a cricket that had found its way inside chirped cheerfully from the kitchen. So long did the silence in the sitting room last that at length Jim broke it himself.

"Well?" he said, crumpling the paper together in his hands.

"There can't be any mistake about it, can there, June? It says 'quietly at Brighthopes.' An' a play actor!"

Miss Deborah looked appealingly from June to Jim as if mutely imploring one or the other to say something that would disprove the assertion of the types. But June said nothing. She remained there, leaning against the organ, staring at the

spot where the paper had been held as if it were there still and she could not take her eyes away.

"I'll let him stay tonight," Miss Deborah finally resumed; "but he must go the first thing in the morning. A play actor!"

She dropped to a seat on the lounge on which Mr. Havens had been placed that night when she and June had helped him into the house, then, seeming to recollect this fact, she got up quickly and sat down on one of the high backed chairs on the other side of the room. The Wicksteads were of Puritan stock, and in their eyes the playhouse was as much the court of the Evil One as the church was the sanctuary of the Lord.

"I told you I thought he wasn't a lawyer." Jim was human; he couldn't resist saying this.

"And to think he should have imposed on us all these weeks!" muttered Miss Deborah, tapping her foot impatiently on the carpet.

"He didn't impose on us, Aunt Deb. He thought we knew it all the time. It was our—our stupidity."

June roused herself to make this response, and then sat down on the organ stool, resting her elbows on the keyboard.

"He thought we knew?" echoed Miss Deborah. "How could he think that, and then see that we let him stay on just the same?"

"But maybe he doesn't think it is wicked to be an actor," June suggested. "Of course he doesn't," she added, gaining courage as she realized whom she was defending, "or he wouldn't be one."

"And you stand up for him, June?" Miss Deborah stared at her niece with curiosity in her gaze, as if she saw the girl for the first time.

"You have stood up for him, too, Aunt Deb," returned June, beginning to run her fingers nervously back and forth across the noiseless keys. "He isn't made any worse *himself* by what we have found out about him, is he?"

Miss Deborah was speechless for a moment. She sat there looking at June steadily, so steadily that at last

her niece flinched beneath the pitiless gaze, a bright spot began to burn in either cheek, and she turned her face to Jim.

"Have you seen anything wrong about Mr. Havens, Jim?" she asked.

"No, I can't say that I have, June," was the reply. Young Dunstable was standing in the doorway, as if undecided whether to go or stay, the newspaper rolled up into a tight bundle in his hand. "But if Miss Deborah doesn't want him here any longer that's reason enough for sending him off, isn't it?" Jim added this after an instant's pause as if to gain courage to say what was in his mind.

"Yes, but to have him sent away because he is what he is—I'm sure he thought we knew what it was all the time." With the breaking off in her sentence June began to speak rapidly.

"Yes, so you told us once before, June." Miss Deborah spoke with withering calmness. Then, rising and turning to Jim, she added, "I'm much obliged to you, Jim, I'm sure, for the news you've brought us. You'd better step around in the morning. There'll likely be some carting to be done up to the Foot."

Taking this as a dismissal, Jim said, "Good night, I'll be around about nine, Miss Deborah. Good night, June."

But the girl made no response. She was closing the lid of the organ and did not look round. The next instant Jim was gone, and the gate latch clicked behind him. June turned away from the organ and faced her aunt.

"You made me positively ashamed, June, before Jim, to stand up for that man the way you did. And him a play-actor!" There was an indescribable ring of contempt in Miss Deborah's manner of pronouncing this compound word. "What possessed you?"

June darted a swift look of surprise at her relative. Was it possible the latter had not yet guessed the true state of affairs?

"It seems unjust, as I said, to con-

demn a man for what—for what his surroundings may have been, and not for what he is himself. Perhaps I shouldn't have spoken. Your judgment, of course, is better than mine, Aunt Deb. Maybe it is best to send him away in the morning."

As she spoke June stepped up to the lamp on the center table and turned it down, preparatory to blowing it out.

"Wait, June!" Miss Deborah spoke in a strange tone. Her niece's sudden change of opinion had started the suspicions which her frank, outspoken defense of Mr. Havens had failed to arouse. She came up close to the table, and, reaching over, turned up the light again. Then with a quick movement she seized June's hand and exclaimed: "June Heath, look me in the face and tell me that you are not—not bewitched by this man. That—the Lord help me—you are not *in love* with him?"

Miss Deborah dropped June's hand, and quickly catching the exquisitely molded chin in her shriveled fingers mercilessly held the girl's head up so that she could look straight into her eyes. For one instant these gazed steadily out steadily out before them; then they dropped to the carpet.

With a smothered cry of anguish the elder woman caught the younger in her arms and pressed her tightly to her breast.

"Oh, my dear, my pet," she whispered through her tears. "The misery has come—it's come. The Lord help us both!"

June, dry eyed, submitted to the embrace without a word. There was nothing that she could say. When she was released she went out mechanically into the entry to lock the front door, while Miss Deborah blew out the lamp. Then they both went up stairs.

VI.

SINCE Mr. Havens had been able to come down to breakfast, Miss Deborah had postponed that meal from seven o'clock until half an hour later. On the morning follow-

ing the revelation she stepped across the hall and knocked on the door of the spare room a good half hour before the usual time.

"I'm not going to have the whole house disarranged for a *play actor*!" she muttered to herself.

June, with the first streak of dawn, had fallen into a sleep produced by utter weariness of soul. Miss Deborah started to awaken her, and then paused. "No," she said to herself, "perhaps she will sleep on until after he is gone. That will be so much the better."

She trod softly and went down stairs to get the breakfast. Somehow the knowledge that June was sleeping gave her a little bit of comfort. She had wondered during those long waking hours of her own how she could take up the burden of life again with this awful weight on her heart.

It would have been hard enough to bear in any case—the feeling that June had given her deepest affection to another, but when this other was such a one as Mr. Havens the cross was doubly heavy. But now June slept, and Miss Deborah worked feverishly to prepare breakfast. If she could only get that man out of the house before the girl awoke!

Presently she heard his step on the stairs. She had just gone into the sitting room to place the radishes on the table. He was dressed in his white flannel suit, and this morning had tied a black and white sash around his waist. He had never worn one of these before.

"It's one o' them contraptions he wears in the theater, I suppose," she thought now, with a little shiver.

"Beautiful day, Miss Wickstead," he began, saluting her with the little bow with which he always favored them by way of greeting. "Aren't you a little earlier than usual this morning?"

"Yes, Mr. Havens, I am," Miss Deborah replied. She was glad now that he wore that thing about his waist. It helped to inspire her with the contempt which she felt his vocation deserved. "And I am early

with a purpose, too. I want to give you plenty time to pack up so's you can catch the ten o'clock train from the Foot."

"Why, Miss Wickstead, I wasn't proposing to take that train." As he spoke the boarder's eyes were fixed on June's vacant chair, as though he connected her in some way with the misunderstanding.

"But I propose that you shall take that train, Mr. Havens."

Miss Deborah's tone was hard, but the hand with which she passed his cup of coffee shook a little.

Mr. Havens opened his handsome gray eyes to their widest, and was speechless from surprise for the instant.

"I don't understand, Miss Wickstead," he said finally. "Is it that you—that you want to get rid of me?"

"I have been deceived, Mr. Havens," Miss Deborah responded. She was feeling in her pocket for something, and presently drew forth her hand clutching a roll of bills. "Here," she added, with a sudden movement reaching across the table and placing the money beside his plate, "here is all you have paid me for board since you have been here. Take it; it seems to have the taint of sin to me. Jim will be around at nine and will see to your trunk."

Miss Deborah's emotions were getting the mastery of her. She feared her voice was going to break. She rose hastily, and catching up the coffee pot swept with it out into the kitchen.

Havens was in the doorway the next minute.

"What do you mean by having been deceived, Miss Wickstead?" he said. "I did not stay on here under pretense of *having* to stay until my arm was entirely well. I was particular about that; I took pains, too, to let you know that I was a member of the profession, so——"

She broke in on him hastily.

"That's what that Mr. Sexton said you both were. Does that mean a play actor?"

There was an instant's pause,

while the two looked at each other, a wave of comprehension rolling in on the minds of both. Then,

"I understand," said Mr. Havens, with a slight inclination of the head. "It was all a mistake. I shall go at once."

He turned away and went up stairs. In the upper hall he met June. She read in his face that her aunt had told him.

"Good by," she said, and put out her hand.

An irresistible impulse impelled her to this, a feeling that there would be no other opportunity of parting with this man who had come into her life like a charm. June was not a city society girl, trained to subdue all her natural desires, compelled by conventionality continually to wear the mask. Now it was impossible for her to keep out of her face the sorrow she felt at what had happened. Havens read it at a glance, and he, too, acted on the impulse of the moment.

He took her hand in both of his.

"Miss Heath—June," he said softly, "you have been a good angel to me this summer. I have been a better man for knowing you. Perhaps we may meet again. Good by." He bent down, pressed his lips twice to the hand he held, and then went hastily into his own room, as June fled back into hers. She closed the door softly behind her, and then stood with her forehead pressed against it, a dumb look of agony on her face.

The sound of the pump down stairs aroused her. She feared that her aunt would come up and find her dressed. She felt that she could not see Mr. Havens before witnesses.

With feverishly impatient fingers she began to unbutton her gown, and soon crept back into bed again. Here she lay while the sun streaks grew shorter and shorter on the carpet, listening to the creaking of the boards in the room across the hall.

He was going. She would never see him again. The one romance of her life was to be snuffed out ere it had fairly begun to burn. She closed

her eyes and tried to imagine what her feelings would be if it were otherwise—if it was her wedding morning, and he was to go away not alone, but with her. So many girls were made happy in this way; why was she left out?

Then came the recollection of that "Ida" she had heard Mr. Sexton mention. It was some actress, doubtless, she decided now, who had played with Mr. Havens and taken a fancy to him. How could she blame her?

How she would like to see him act! Of course she had never been in a theater in her life, but she had read about them. She did not see how they could be such wicked places. Mr. Havens was certainly not a bad man. How blindly prejudiced her aunt was! If it had not been for this, he would have stayed on perhaps for a month longer and—beyond that June did not think.

Now she heard Jim's voice in the hall. He had come up for Mr. Havens's trunk. Jim was glad, she supposed, that things had turned out as they had. He would expect to walk home from church with her again now. But she was not going to church—not the next Sunday, at any rate.

At this moment she was conscious that the door was opening softly. Her aunt was coming in to see if she was still asleep. June closed her eyes hastily and lay perfectly still. She heard the boards creak as Miss Deborah came over to the bedside. Without seeing her, the girl knew that she was standing there, looking down pityingly into her face. For a full minute she stood there, then went out, closing the door behind her. June heard Mr. Havens's step in the hall.

"I shall never see him again." The words seemed to burn like fire into June's brain. She got up and tiptoed across the room to the front window. Here she knelt down and looked out between the slats of the shutters. The Dunstables' two seated wagon was standing by the hitching post. Jim had just caught up the lines, and Mr. Havens was stepping

in beside him. The second seat had been taken out, and the trunk was in its place.

June's breath came quickly. She felt the tears welling up to blur her sight. She fought them back. She must see the last of him.

Now he was taking off his hat gravely to some one—Aunt Deb, probably, in the doorway. Jim had started Bess—the carriage was moving off. Mr. Havens turned his head quickly and glanced for an instant up at the room that held the watcher at the window.

June dropped her head forward, till it rested on her hand, the one clutching the window sill, the one his lips had touched.

Then she rose hastily and began to dress herself again. In twenty minutes she was down stairs.

"You've had a nice long sleep, haven't you, child?"

This was Miss Deborah's greeting as she kissed her niece lightly on the forehead. June did not make a direct reply.

"You need not have saved any breakfast for me, Aunt Deb," she said, seeing the coffee still standing on the stove. "I can wait till dinner now."

"No, child, you mustn't do that," and her aunt insisted on her eating what she had set aside.

Neither spoke of the matter that was uppermost in the thoughts of each, till late in the forenoon, when they were both cleaning the spare chamber, Miss Deborah suddenly remarked: "That Jim Dunstable is one out of a thousand. He never told nobody about what he saw in the paper. Folks won't suppose but what Mr. Havens was called away on his own account."

June made no reply to this; the remark did not call for any answer, but Miss Deborah waited a little anxiously to hear one; then, as none came, she heaved a little sigh, and went down stairs with a collection of scraps she had gathered from the bureau drawers.

"She's standin' it better than I was afraid she would," was her

thoughts. "Maybe she was took just in time after all."

June was surprised herself at the way she "stood it." And yet it was not resignation altogether; there seemed to be expectancy in it as well. Just why this was so, June could not explain. It seemed to be a conviction born of that parting in the upper hall and of that backward glance at her window. She had a feeling that all was not over yet and that she could afford to be resigned. As the days went by and the girl gave no outward manifestations of a broken heart, Miss Deborah began to hope that the old times, just as they had been before that eventful night of the birthday party, would come back again. No one outside, except Jim, knew of what had occurred, and even he did not know what Miss Deborah herself had found out about June's attitude toward the actor.

When Sunday came round June changed her mind and went to church. Jim was there, but he did not offer to walk home with her. The girls in the choir expressed their regret at losing such a good singer as Mr. Havens, but they added that they supposed a man like him would not want to bury himself in Bright-hopes longer than two or three months, any way. June could not take offense at this. Nobody ever thought of standing up for the village nowadays.

Jim did not come near the house all that day, though he had always been accustomed to call some time on Sunday. June felt grateful to him for staying away. She had not hitherto given him credit for possessing so much tact and thoughtfulness.

Mr. Havens had left on Thursday, and on Tuesday night of the week following June's spirits began to droop. Just what she had been expecting she could not have put into words herself, but after the first outburst of regret that inward buoyancy of spirit already mentioned had come to her and had given her strength to go about her daily tasks

with an apparently cheerful resignation to the force of circumstances. Now that almost a week had passed, her heart began to sink within her.

At night when she went to bed, and long after Miss Deborah was slumbering peacefully by her side, she lay thinking of all that might have been.

"If he was bad, wicked, I could stand it," she murmured. "I would know then that it was wrong in me to think of him. But he was so different from other actors I have read about. I wonder whether, if he had told Aunt Deb about it himself, it would have made any difference. Still, if he had stayed, it would have been only for a few weeks longer at most, and then he would have gone away just the same, and forgotten me as quickly as he has now. But I must keep Aunt Deb from knowing. I can't forget that night."

It was June's custom to walk daily to the post office. Not that she or Deborah received many letters; but then there was no telling when old Mr. Heath would write, and they would have felt badly to think that his letter had lain in the office over a day. The mail came in at half past ten, but on this Wednesday morning it was nearly twelve before June presented herself at the little window in the center of the block of glass faced pigeon holes. Miss Wickstead had no box; for four or five letters a year it was not worth while to hire one, so young Gus Blaisdell always had to run over the pile of miscellaneous mail when June appeared. But there was not much mail matter of any sort in the Brighthopes post office, and the postmaster and his assistants usually remembered who were the favored ones each day. So on this occasion Gus remarked cheerfully, as soon as he saw June: "There's a letter for Miss Heath!"

"For me!" exclaimed June. She had heard from her grandfather only three days before. It was not probable that he would write so soon again. Her breath began to come and go quickly. How long Gus was in sorting over that pile!

He glanced with lingering curiosity at the superscription on the envelope which he finally handed over to her. It was a square one, of better paper than usually found its way into the Brighthopes mail bag. The handwriting June did not know, but she had no manner of doubt as to whose it was. She hoped her face did not light up.

With the precious square of paper held firmly between her fingers, she turned quickly away, quite forgetting the call she had planned to pay Kitty Blaisdell up stairs.

VII.

JUNE did not go directly home. Holding the letter crushed tightly together in her hand, so that passers by might not see it, she kept on along the main street in the direction of Colt's Foot. She did not dare to read it yet. She thought that if she kept on beyond the village boundaries she could walk along the road and read as she walked without exciting comment.

When she had left the last house behind her, she took a hairpin from her head and slit open the envelope. Although she knew beforehand perfectly well from whom the letter was, when she drew it out she looked first at the signature on an inside page. Yes, there it was—"Ogden Havens," in such a clear cut hand, perfectly emblematic of the man himself. Then, with a long breath of exquisite happiness, she turned back to the first page and began to read. She knew the path so well that she did not need to look ahead of her.

Here is what she read:

DEAR JUNE:

I can't put out of my mind the way you looked at me that last morning. I have thought of you every hour of the day since. It is not often that two souls seem to speak to each other as ours have done. I want to see you again. Are we to allow the prejudice of one who is no closer kin to you than aunt to stand between us and our happiness?

I cannot expect you to answer this by letter. I know how it would be talked over at the post office. I shall have to take an

affirmative reply for granted. You will receive this in the ten thirty mail Wednesday morning. I shall be at Colt's Foot that day, and at noon will come to the big pine at the cross roads. May I not hope to find you there waiting for me? If you do not come by one o'clock I shall give you up.

Devotedly yours,
OGDEN HAVENS.

June seemed to be scarcely breathing when she finished reading. The finger of fate seemed to be beckoning her on. Before leaving the house she had told her aunt about her plan to stop in and see Kitty Blaisdell, and now here she was, walking on the Colt's Foot road and almost at the big pine, and it must be nearly noon now. It was twenty minutes to twelve when she left the post office.

Oh, what should she do? There was so little time in which to consider. She looked at that last sentence again—"If you do not come by one o'clock I shall give you up." It was her last chance for happiness. This is what she must have been expecting during the past six days. Now that it had come, was she going to put it aside and go back and live out the old life, regretting all her days that she had not taken the cup of joy when it was at her lips?

She tried to reason the thing out logically. Where was the wrong in her going? She had perfect confidence in this man. Her aunt had more than once declared that he was a perfect gentleman; the only thing she had against him was that he made his living by following a calling against which she had inherited a prejudice. And after all as "Ogden" said—June thought of him this way for the first time with a thrill of rapture—she was not her mother. There was nothing said in Scripture about the honoring other relatives than parents. To be sure her Aunt Deb had been very good to her and would be almost heart broken at losing her, but then would not she, June, be heart broken if she did not go? And what of *him*? He must love her very deeply indeed, and might not losing her make a different and much worse man of him?

Thus June reasoned, while the color flared in her cheeks and her heart beat as if it were a bird confined within her breast struggling to be free. And all the while she was walking on in the direction of the cross roads and the big pine.

The rumble of a wagon behind her suddenly broke in on her thoughts.

"Why, June, where be ye goin', over to the Foot? Get in an' I'll give you a lift."

It was farmer Peck, and he had pulled up his team beside her.

"No, thank you," she replied, wondering if he could hear her, for her voice sounded to herself like a whisper. "I've only come out for a walk. I'm going back now. A nice cool day, isn't it?"

She had turned around, and as with a nod Mr. Peck drove on, she began walking in the direction of the village.

It came to her that this was a warning. But she moved very slowly. She wished she had asked Mr. Peck what time it was.

Then the thought came over her that he would meet Mr. Havens. What would he think? Perhaps he might even tell that he had seen her walking out on the Colt's Foot road. In that case Ogden might come driving into the village to find out why she had changed her mind. She felt that she could not see him in her aunt's presence. She must turn around and meet him and tell him not to come.

She glanced back over her shoulder. Mr. Peck's farm wagon had vanished in a cloud of dust. She turned and began to walk rapidly in the direction of the cross roads again. She would see Mr. Havens and explain to him that he must not come again in this way. It would make talk in the village, even though to her own thinking it might be all right.

As she had now fully made up her mind what she was going to do, she could move faster, and in a little while the big pine came in sight. And just as June saw it, she saw a

buggy drive up from the road that ran to Blakeman's Mills. The occupant must have seen her at the same moment, for the next instant she noticed that the carriage was coming toward her.

And now a sudden cowardice took possession of her. She wished that she could turn and flee, but she knew that the horse would be certain to overtake her. But she might get over the fence and strike across the fields to the woods beyond.

"June, bless you for this!"

It was too late. The buggy had come to a standstill by her side, Havens had leaped out and now was close beside her, taking both her hands—in one of which she still held his letter.

The sight of his face, the touch of his fingers, the fascination exerted over her by his entire personality, put to flight all her vacillating.

"I came to show you how fully I trust you," she said. "But I must not stay."

"Not stay?" he repeated. "Why, I have quantities to talk to you about. Come, get into the carriage. We will drive over the road to the mill ruins; no one goes that way, I take it; I see it is all grass grown. Come."

He made a motion to assist her into the buggy. She drew back for an instant; then with sudden decision placed her foot on the step.

"I am doing nothing that I am ashamed of," she reflected. "And I can take the short cut across the Durkins' meadow home."

He sprang in quickly after her, turned the horse, and started the animal off at a walk.

"You didn't meet Mr. Peck, did you?" June asked, with a sudden recollection. "A man in his shirt sleeves, with a reddish beard, and driving a farm wagon."

"No. Was he on this road?"

"He was going toward the Foot. He must have passed before you turned the corner. I didn't think you knew so much about the roads here."

"I studied them for your sake."

Ogden bent his head down close to hers to say this. June kept her eyes fastened on the dashboard. She was afraid to raise them lest he might read that in them which it seemed unmaidenly to express so openly.

"How is your arm?" she asked in a low voice.

"Getting along famously," he replied. "But we don't want to talk of myself. I want to talk of you—to look at you. Come, let me see you as I did that morning when I went away."

June raised her eyes timidly. Havens took one swift glance ahead, then suddenly bent down and kissed her.

"We are engaged, you know," he said quickly in response to the surging color in her cheeks.

"No, no," she exclaimed, half rising. "Please let me out, Mr. Havens. I ought not to have come."

He halted the horse immediately.

"Forgive me if I presumed," he whispered in her ear. "It was only my deep love for you that overpowered me. Here, wait, I will get out and help you."

In a moment she was on the ground and had started along the road toward the big pine.

"June," he called after her, "aren't you going to say good by?"

She turned around and put out her hand.

"If it is clear I shall be at the pine again on Monday," he said. He pressed her hand tightly for an instant, then went back to the buggy and drove off.

June heard the horse's hoof beats on the road. They had been together surely not more than ten minutes, and he had come all the way from New York to see her.

How thoughtful he was not to tease her to stay after he had surprised her with that kiss! What was that he had said about their being engaged? That meant that they were to be married some time.

She stopped for an instant and placed her hand over her heart. What if that day dream she had had

that morning when Mr. Havens went away should come true!

She went on again rapidly, as if thus Monday would be brought around the more quickly. She reached the cross roads and started back towards the village. As the first house came into view she recollected the letter she still carried in her hand. She thrust it into the bosom of her dress and then went on to the post office.

Arrived here, she went around to the doorway that led to the stairs and mounted to the Blaisdells' apartment. Kitty was just sitting down to the dinner table.

"You must stay, June," she said as she kissed her.

And June stayed. She did not dare go home to her aunt without explaining that she had been prevailed upon to remain with Kitty.

What to do with that letter was a problem to her.

"I must burn it," she finally decided, and that night, while her aunt was in next door talking with Patience Yerks, she lifted the lid of the kitchen stove and dropped it in on the glowing coals.

For the rest of the week she lived in a state of constant inward excitement. Over and over again in her mind she went through that interview at noontime. So vividly did all its details come up before her that it seemed as if she could almost feel his breath upon her cheek again.

Two or three times she put to herself the question: "What would Aunt Deb say if she knew?" And then would come up the query again: Had she herself done wrong in meeting Mr. Havens?

At times she would decide this in the affirmative, and look upon herself as the most depraved of mortals. At others the recollection of that sentence in his letter about Miss Deborah's kinship to her would assert itself to proclaim that there was no sin in her act.

It was on Sunday that the former feeling predominated. Mr. Derringer preached on covetousness, and June felt that because she longed so

ardently for Ogden Havens's society, that was just the reason she ought not to have it. She resolved to put him out of her mind, and as a means of doing so was very gracious to Jim Dunstable when he came up after service. Jim walked home with her, and they had a talk quite in the old style about the way Deacon Jarvis always fell asleep just as soon as the text was given out, how nicely the newest calf up at the farm was growing, and other matters of local interest.

Before he went off Jim asked if he might take June to church in Colt's Foot that evening. There was going to be an extra meeting in the Methodist church there, with a minister from the city to preside. June said she would be glad to go, so at seven o'clock Jim drove round with the new buggy and they set out, over the very road June had covered on foot that Wednesday noon.

She wondered now how she could ever have done what she did. Here was the spot where Mr. Peck had hailed her. What if after all he had looked down that branching road, and recognized the actor? What if Jim knew about her doings that day?

If he did he would certainly not have asked her to go to church with him tonight. But she must not let her thoughts wander in this way; she must pay attention to what he was saying. He was talking very seriously of his prospects. He had not yet secured a position in the city.

"Father is getting very feeble nowadays," he went on. "I am wondering if I ought not to stay on the farm. What do you think about it, June?"

"If you see that your father needs you, I think, Jim, that you certainly ought to stay." As she spoke she thought how well the words would apply to herself and her aunt in case Ogden Havens wanted her to go away with him as his wife.

"Well, I'll stay for a while longer at any rate," Jim replied. "There was a gentleman from the Foot yesterday looking the farm over. You know that south lot on the

ridge, where you can get a glimpse of the ocean? Well, he says there is a man in New York who might want to buy that of us and put up a house."

"Then Brighthopes might boom after all!" exclaimed June, and for a little while she forgot herself.

But when she bid Jim good by later that night at the gate, and went inside to find the lamp burning low and her aunt asleep in her chair, she recollected with a sudden pang that the next day would be Monday.

"But I won't go," she told herself, and she woke Miss Deborah with a kiss.

When the next day came, however, it did not rain, as June hoped it might, and thus put temptation out of her way. The weather was as fine as it had been on the previous Wednesday, and poor June found that she had the whole battle to fight over again.

"There's no harm in seeing him," desire argued with her. "Recollect how gentle and considerate he was that last time."

At twenty minutes past eleven June put on her hat and announced that she was going to the post office. Miss Deborah was pumping at the time, and only nodded her head.

"Maybe there'll be a letter for me saying he can't come," she reflected as she hurried along.

But there was nothing at all for them in the mail. As June stepped out of the store she met Bessie Scott going in.

"Oh, June," Bessie exclaimed, "I want to see you about the Fair. You'll take charge of the grab bag, won't you? Wait a minute till I get my mail and I'll walk home with you. There are lots of things we must talk over."

"I'm not going home just now, Bessie," June responded, surprised herself at the calmness with which she spoke. "I'll stop at your house in a little while, though. I've—I've got an errand first and I must hurry."

She went on before Bessie could respond.

"I shall be telling outright lies presently," June reflected. "But I

will see him this once and tell him that he mustn't come again, that—that it makes me unhappy."

This time she met no one on the road. She had walked so rapidly that it was not yet noon when she reached the big pine. A sense of humiliation overwhelmed her when she saw that there was no one there.

"What if he should not come!" she thought.

She half turned to go back, but halted to glance again down the grass grown road in the direction of the mill. Yes, a carriage was coming swiftly toward her. He had kept his tryst.

He drove his horse to the side of the road and leaped out before the wheels ceased to turn. He came toward her almost at a run.

"Have you been waiting long?" he gasped out, his watch in his hand. "It isn't quite twelve yet."

He stopped when he was within a foot of her, devouring her face with his eyes. She put out her hand, which he seized eagerly and carried to his lips.

"This is the last time," she said. "You must not come again. It is not right for me to meet you in this way."

"Yes, it will have to be the last time, June," he replied gravely. "I must go away—out West—very soon now. You know my season begins next week. I came to ask you—can you guess what, June?"

He took a step nearer to her, but still he did not touch her. He had relinquished her hands; she was taking a fold of her dress within her fingers and crumpling it nervously.

"I want you to go away with me as my wife," he went on, as she did not speak. "You know it will be of no use to wait. Your aunt will never feel differently towards me. And what is to become of you when she is gone? And oh, June, I have such need of you! You are so different from those I meet every day; there is something about you that—ah June, I love you. Is not that enough?"

He was looking at her steadily, tenderly, and this time she did not

avert her eyes. Hers met his for one instant; the next she gave a little sigh, half of protest, half of exquisite happiness. Then he clasped her in his arms.

VIII.

NONE of the rooms in the Alexis House, Dukesboro, Ohio, were particularly cheerful or comfortable. Those opening on the so called court, whence the smells and sounds from the kitchen came up in mingled unpleasantness, were especially uninviting, even on sunny days, and on those of cold, blustering November, such as the present, were not conducive to pleasurable emotions on the part of the occupants. There was only one person in Number 136. She was sitting by the window to catch as much as possible of the afternoon light for the sewing she was doing.

A soldier's coat of brilliant red lay in her lap. She was darning a rent in one of the sleeves. A keen eyed observer might have noted the tenderness with which she handled the garment, and as she bent closer over it the reflection of its deep coloring seemed apparent on her pale cheeks.

A knock at the door startled her.

"Come in," she called, looking up expectantly.

"Oh, Mrs. Havens, you've got your work basket out!" exclaimed the new comer. "The very thing I wanted. Can't find mine. Always dump things into my trunk with such a rush that the little fellows get snowed under when we first start out, and never turn up till the big thaw in the spring. I've got some socks to darn. I've brought 'em along, see? You don't mind if I sit down and do them right here, do you?"

The speaker was short, and rather pretty when her face was animated as at present.

"Yes, sit down there. We can use the basket between us."

June smiled, and tried to make the smile a natural one, but it was very hard for her to be friends with Natalie March. She could never

put out of her mind the fact that it was this woman who every night put her arms about her (June's) husband's neck, laid her cheek against his, and lavished on him all the caresses that a man's promised wife is entitled to bestow. Constantly during the past six weeks June had fought with herself about this thing; had told herself over and over again that it was only acting, that she ought to have expected this when she married a player, and that she was wronging an unoffending fellow being to feel as she did. But nevertheless she still felt an inward shiver creep over her whenever Miss March came near; she was glad that they were in the same party, because now they need not shake hands.

"B-r-r!" the leading lady of Spately's Comedians shuddered out the expression somewhat as she would have done in the "Two Orphans" snow scene. "This is a little worse than Ten Brooks, isn't it? Why Spately should ever have booked such one horse towns passes my comprehension. I don't believe Gertie will be able to appear tonight. She took a fearful cold in that dressing room. Why, the snow blew right in at the windows, and when she went in after the last curtain, there was a drift clear across the floor."

"I'm awfully sorry," June replied. "Can't we do anything for her, Miss March?"

Gertrude Rogers, the soubrette of the troupe, was the only member of the organization, outside of her husband, with whom she felt that she could ever be on terms of anything like intimacy.

"I guess not," responded Miss March. "She's in bed now, and Mrs. Trim is with her. The best thing we could do for her is to fix it so she needn't play tonight. But how we're going to do that when Spately has shipped all his understudies, is beyond me. I have heard a rumor, though."

The little leading lady lifted her thread to her teeth, bit it in two, and

darted a keen glance at June as she made this remark.

"What is it?" June did not speak with much show of eagerness. She had never brought herself to feel any interest in the gossip of the "green room."

"Oh, you pretend you don't know," and Miss March's archness would have been positively captivating if displayed for the benefit of any other companion than her present one.

"I certainly don't know." There was a note of sharpness in June's voice. She dropped the showy military coat in her lap and looked directly at her companion.

"Oh, you know, of course, but you don't comprehend what I mean yet. You can't understand how these things leak out in an organization like this."

Miss March took up her work again. June imagined that she was not going to say any more on the subject; but she was determined that she should.

"I haven't the faintest idea of what you are talking about," she replied. "And I want to know—that is, if it is anything I am concerned in."

"Oh dear, the idea of whether you are concerned in it or not! Of course you are, very much so. Now don't you understand?"

"No, I don't. It has something to do with Miss Rogers, I suppose. I can't imagine how that would affect me, except to make me feel very sorry for her—in one way."

"Then you don't know!" Miss March dropped her hands and opened her eyes in genuine surprise. "I thought surely that Ogden——"

"That Mr. Havens would do what?" June struck in with this in a way very unlike herself of the old days in Brighthopes. But she could never endure hearing this woman call her husband by his first name, although fully realizing that the two had known each other for years.

"Why, that he would have told you about the new arrangement. I thought it was a fixed fact, but perhaps I am all wrong. It may be only

gossip." Miss March resumed her work again and had just got as far as "By the way" in the introduction of a new subject, when June inquired:

"Did he tell you about it?"

"Well no, not exactly. He—that is, I just heard——"

"Ah, Natalie, you here? What a picture of domestic industry you two make with your flying needles!"

The door had opened to admit Ogden Havens. He went over to take his place behind June's chair, whence he bent down to kiss her on the forehead.

"What a good little wife I have!" he went on, holding up the sleeve of the gaudy coat that lay in her lap. "Her sharp eyes note every little rip and her faithful fingers make it whole again."

"Hear, hear!" cried Miss March in her boisterous way. Then, rising, she added: "But if you are going to rhapsodize over your marital happiness, I will withdraw. I must be going, any way. I promised to relieve Mrs. Trim with Gertie. Thanks ever so much, Mrs. Havens, for the use of your basket. Good by till to-night," and she was gone.

The instant the door closed behind her, June put up both hands and drew her husband's face down close to hers.

"Ogden," she whispered, "what is it you are keeping from me? That woman knows. I felt—I felt humiliated when she saw that I didn't."

"June, love, you are over sensitive. You remember I have always told you so. She is nothing but a flighty little thing, with a good heart and some ability."

"But she knows something about me that I don't know myself, and which you have told her. It has something to do with Gertie Rogers." June had now faced about, and, with her arms around her husband's neck, was looking him directly in the eyes.

"Oh, that!" Havens pursed up his lips as if about to give a long whistle, kissed June instead, and broke into a light laugh. "Why, my dear girl, one would think from your

manner that I had privately confided to Natalie that you were a regular termagant of a wife and that I was thinking of proposing that we take up a residence in South Dakota."

"Well, but you haven't told me what it is yet," June persisted after an interruption to speech the nature of which the reader will readily understand.

"Oh, haven't I? Well, I will do it now. You know that Gertie has broken down; she'll have to keep up and go through with her part some way for a week; then we'll get whom do you suppose to take it?"

"I can't imagine," replied June, in utter simplicity.

"Why, yourself, to be sure! Such a charming soubrette the stage will not have seen in years."

"Me!" June recoiled from her husband's attempted caress in a sort of horror.

"Why, certainly. Why not! You can do it easily enough. You know her part is a short one; only three appearances. You can learn the lines in an afternoon. Wait, I'll go round to Gertie's room and get them for you now." Havens rose as he spoke, and with his hands in the pockets of his Norfolk jacket started toward the door.

"Stop!" June's voice had a commanding ring that her husband had never heard there before. He turned quickly, the cigarette he had taken from his pocket in his hand.

"At madam's service," he said with a little bow.

"Ogden, come back here and sit down. You know I could never act. I hate it for one thing; it all seems childish to me. Then I've heard you all say many times that the talent must be born in one. I'm sure it wasn't born in me. I don't see how it could have been. Oh no, I could never go out and do before all those people what poor Gertie does." June shivered, and catching Havens's hand looked up in his face pleadingly.

He was serious too, now. He dropped the cigarette back into his pocket and took the seat Natalie March had vacated.

"June," he began, "I am sorry that you look at the thing in this way. I thought that first prejudice of yours, imbibed of course from your aunt, would have worn away by this time. But that aside, it is not my wish that you go on the stage; it is—well, it is Mr. Spately's command."

"Command! Ogden, what do you mean?" The coat dropped from June's lap as she leaned suddenly forward. Before replying, Havens stooped over, picked it up, and placed it across his knee.

"Well, perhaps that is too sweeping, but I'll tell you just how the matter stands. You know we haven't been playing to very good receipts of late. I can see that my salary is pretty steep for Spately to stand up under just at present, but you know that we can't live on less, and I can't get anything else at this time of year. Two or three days ago Spately hinted to me that something would have to be done. I can be dismissed with two weeks' notice. Gertie's illness presents a way out of the difficulty. You take her place and Spately will be spared keeping one member of the company, and my salary will remain the same."

"Then I shan't be paid at all for what I do?" said June. "It will be an act of—of charity for Mr. Spately."

"No, no; you mustn't look at it that way, my dear. It's an act of necessity on our part. Of course I hate to ask you to do it. But you know just how we stand financially."

"Yes, I know." June took the coat up from Havens's knee and began to ply her needle again.

"Then I'll go and get the book for you at once. I'll be back in a moment, and then we'll have a little private rehearsal all by ourselves." Havens rose quickly and left the room.

When she was alone June covered her face with her hands and breathed out two words: "Aunt Deb!" Her eyes hid from her present surroundings, she saw again the little two story cottage, her organ in the corner of the sitting room, Luke, the

cat, basking in the sun on the window sill, the tea kettle singing softly from its place on the kitchen stove, the clock on the mantelpiece quietly ticking off the minutes of the days that were always days of peace.

It was very seldom she permitted herself to recall these things, but now she felt as if she had come to another crisis in her life. With a tumultuous rush all those fateful happenings of six weeks previous came trooping on the heels of those other memories. She saw herself again going to keep a third appointment at the big pine, a meeting after which there had been no parting. Then swiftly on the canvas of her mind were painted the scenes that followed—the hasty marriage in the minister's parlor in New York, her ecstatic happiness in possessing the one who held all her heart, the pleading note for forgiveness to Aunt Deb, then the beginning of those weary days of travel of which the end was not yet.

And Ogden! Had he proved to her all she hoped he would? But perhaps she had hoped for too much. She was so inexperienced. Of his love she had no reason to doubt; he seemed as devotedly fond of her as ever. But then he had so many things to occupy his mind. He was a favorite in the company, with the men as well as with the women. He could not give all his spare time to his wife; she ought not to expect that. But some way she had planned things out so differently in her mind.

And now here was this matter of going on the stage. It hurt her that Natalie March should have known about the thing before she herself. She could imagine how they had all talked her over with regard to her being able to fill the role, Ogden among them. It reminded her of the way Jim Dunstable used to discuss the good and bad points of the horses on the farm. It was not the product of a person's skill of hand or brain that was under the microscope, so to speak, but the person himself.

How could she undergo the ordeal?

She felt that it would be utterly beyond her power to speak a word in that glare of light and before that sea of faces. And then to feel that opera glasses were leveled at her from all quarters of the house! Then Gertie's part was one so foreign to June's nature—a sort of daughter of the regiment, who was hail fellow well met with the troops. No, no, she could not do it! When the curtain rose she would stand there like a statue from simple physical inability to move or speak.

But what then? Suppose she failed? Ogden's salary would be cut down or else he would be dismissed, and she knew that with a cessation of income there would be nothing for them to live upon. Ogden was frightfully extravagant. He never saved anything. She wondered how he ever managed to get through the summer vacation. She must try to do her best. Here was Ogden back with the book now.

She listened very meekly and attentively to his reading of her lines.

"But you've seen Gertie do it fifty times," he added. "Here, take the book and let me see what you can make of your entrance scene."

"Do you want me to act it out here?" poor June said faintly.

"Of course. That ought to be easier than on the stage. Go in the closet yonder and imagine that to be the wings. Now when I give you your cue come bounding in, with that hop and skip Gertie uses."

June obediently stationed herself in the desired position, but it was utterly impossible for her to throw herself into the part. She could only think what foolishness it all seemed, and at the given signal stepped over the sill with such a palpably made to order smile and languid voice that Ogden wrung his hands and then put them up in front of his face to shut out the travesty.

"You surely can do better than that, my dear," he said. "Come, try again."

June did try again, and many times, until it grew too dark for her

to read the lines, although by this she knew those first ones by heart from constant repetition.

"Try it once more now without the book," Ogden said then. "Just forget that you are June Havens; put yourself in the place of *Matey Spry*, and live it."

June made one more effort and did improve a little this time. Her husband praised her liberally and they had a half hour of chat in the twilight that atoned to the girl for all that had gone before.

When they went down to dinner Natalie March announced that it would be quite impossible for Gertie to appear that evening. There was some discussion about what would be done in the premises, a discussion promptly ended by Mr. Spately's appearing and announcing that Mrs. Havens must take the part and go through with it even if she was obliged to read the lines. He added that he would go before the curtain and ask the indulgence of the audience. Havens attempted some protest, but the manager shut him up with "you know what you can do, then."

"I can't eat any more, Ogden," June whispered, and together they left the table.

"I must wear Gertie's costumes, I suppose," she said, as they mounted the stairs.

"Yes," he replied. "You two are about the same figure. I presume Spately had this in mind when he thought of you."

"Ogden, I want you to know," June said softly, when they entered the room and he took up the book again, "that it is for your sake I am doing this."

His response satisfied her—for the time—and with firm determination she set about acquiring as clear a knowledge of her part as she could in the limited time at her command.

But there were only two hours left before she was to step out upon the scene, and at the end of them she stood in the wings, the book in her hand for a last look, despair almost at her heart, for even the presence of

her husband by her side at this, the supreme moment, was denied her. He was on the stage.

At last came the signal, and with a desperate resolve to forget for the time that she had ever been June Heath, the poor girl threw down the book and went on.

She got through somehow, with the assistance of the prompter, but there was no recall for her, as there had frequently been for Gertie. But the others tried to encourage her as best they could—for, with all their strange ways, June could not but admit that they were all kind hearted—and she applied herself diligently to the study of the lines she had to say in the next act.

When it was all over Mr. Spately came up to take her cold hand in his and say, "Tomorrow night's bills shall bear the name June Heath."

"Oh, no, no!" June snatched her hand away quickly, a look of horror on her face.

"Why, what is wrong?" exclaimed the manager. "I was talking the matter over with Ogden and we both agreed that it was better not to have you put down as 'Mrs.,' and we imagined that your maiden name—"

"Anything but that, anything but that," June repeated the words slowly, and tried to smile.

"Very well, then, we will put down anything—a *nom de guerre*, eh?" and thus it came about that the part of *Matey Spry* was played thenceforth by "Miss Florence Ray."

IX.

THE weeks that followed that first appearance of June's were memorable ones. That she lived through them was a standing matter of wonder to her.

Gertie Rogers was too ill to be moved when the company departed from Dukesboro. So she was left behind with no one to care for her but the chambermaid of the hotel. To be sure her sister had been telegraphed for, but she was in New York, and it was not yet certain

whether she would be able to come to her or not. June's heart bled for the girl, whose identity she sometimes felt as if she had stolen. It was cruel, she declared to herself, for them all to go off and leave her behind in this way, but there were the relentless dates booked ahead away back in the previous spring. The next night they were to play in Xenia, two hundred miles away, and nobody could be spared.

"That's the way it would be if I were to fall ill," June told herself. "Even Ogden couldn't stay with me. Oh, it is a fearful life!"

She recalled the time when she had longed so ardently to see "her flesh and blood hero" on the stage. The first night had quenched all her desires in this direction. Now, since she had become a member of the company herself, saying the same words, going through the same motions at the same hour every night, she conceived a positive loathing for everything connected with the theater.

Sometimes she tried to imagine what life would be for her with her husband under different conditions. A house of their own, to which he would return every night with an evening before them for quiet enjoyment of each other's society. Now of this there was none. Every week day night was occupied in playing, and on Sunday they almost always made a big "jump" to a town several hundred miles distant, involving a long railroad ride. June had not entered a church since leaving Brighthopes.

Of this early home of hers she had thought more than ever of late. Paradoxical as it may seem, since she had begun to act she had more time to think. She was not so constantly with her husband. There was for instance a certain period in the play when she was on the stage for twenty minutes with nothing particular to do but recline on a mossy rock, so called, and watch the evolutions of the troops. At such times she forgot the glitter of tinsel by which she was surrounded,

seemed not to hear the blare of trumpet and beat of drum; her mind was filled with the peace that had been hers when she and her aunt had lived their uneventful existence in the little white cottage by the bend in the road.

Ah, that bend in the road! For how much was it responsible! If it had not been there how many things there were that might not have happened! June caught her breath sometimes in a little gasp as she put to herself the question whether she wished that the road was straight just there. Was it true that she wished she had never met the man who was now her husband?

But when the curtain fell and he came back, pushing his way through the troopers, to give her his hand and assist her to rise, she looked back on such a question with a kind of terror, and clung closely to his arm as they hurried out through the dingy wings. Yes, she still loved him deeply, but how much she had given up for his sake!

And what had he given up for her? This query came into her mind one Sunday afternoon as she stood by a window of their hotel in Cincinnati. They had arrived in time for dinner and would have a day and a half in which to rest. Havens had gone out when they left the dining room, saying that he had several friends in the city whom he wanted to call upon.

"I'll be back by four, June," he added; "then we'll go for a walk."

And the wife had been looking forward to this. It would seem to put them more on a plane with the rest of the world. And now it was almost half past four and he had not come yet.

Yes, what had Ogden Havens given up for her sake? Certainly not much of his money, for was she not now contributing her share to their support? Nor had he ceased to spend a good deal of his time around the hotel corridors with Mr. Spately and some of the male members of the company, with whom June had as little to do as possible.

He was selfish; perhaps he was tired of her already. Very likely—June's heart stood still for one instant as she recalled the squibs in the papers about the selfishness of members of the profession. She had never heard of this when she consented to go away with this man that day under the big pine. She knew nothing of theatrical life then—nothing but what she read in books and had heard her aunt say. Her entire judgment had been formed from the bearing of Ogden Havens during those two months and a half in which they had lived in the same house. Was it possible that she had made a mistake?

She leaned her head against the cool pane and looked down on the passers by without seeing any of them; seeing only her Aunt Deb, many new wrinkles in her face now, sitting quite alone this Sunday afternoon, with nothing but hard lines about her mouth—lines which she, June, had put there and which might never be erased. And what would this woman, who had acted the part of a mother to her, think if she knew that one related to her by ties of blood had become "one of the profession"?

June shuddered and turned away from the window. She walked across the room—she had come down to one of the parlors to wait, whence she might have a view of the street—and halted in front of the mantelpiece, on which stood a clock. Twenty minutes to five it was now.

Ogden did not mean to come back. He had forgotten all about her for the time being. She was a doll with whom he amused himself in his idle moments.

With these thoughts in her mind, June lifted her eyes and gazed into the mirror behind the clock. Yes, her face was beginning to show traces of care and anxiety. At this rate she would soon be plain, and then—was it possible that her face was all that had drawn Ogden to her?

A lady and gentleman entered the parlor to wait for friends to whom they had sent up their cards. June

hastily quitted the apartment and went up to her own room. It had now grown almost dark, and when she unlocked the door it looked cold and cheerless inside.

The room was a small one, near the top of the house. There was no sofa in it and not a single easy chair. June shivered, but she knew they could not afford to ring for a fire. She went to the trunk and got out a heavy shawl, and, putting it around her, lay down on the bed.

Swiftly the darkness deepened and one by one lights blazed forth from the rooms across the court. But June did not need any light. She was only thinking.

On what little things destiny turned! There was that bend in the road, for instance, and the mistake Aunt Deb had made in understanding what Mr. Philip Sexton had meant by "one of the profession." If this had been made plain at the time, Ogden would probably have been sent away at once and she—well, she would still have been in Brighthopes. It was strange, by the way, she reflected, that she had seen nothing of Mr. Sexton since she was married, and never heard Ogden mention him. And there was that Ida, of whom they had spoken that afternoon. Who was she? Evidently some very intimate friend of Ogden's.

June raised herself and sat on the edge of the bed. It seemed strange that her husband had never alluded to his friend Sexton. He knew about this Ida. Was there a mystery of some sort here?

Wearily June passed her hand across her forehead. It was damp with perspiration, in spite of the chill of the room. And at this moment the door opened and her husband came in.

"I thought you were going to wait in the parlor for me," he said, taking a match from his pocket and lighting the gas.

"So I did," answered June, "till nearly five. Then I decided that you weren't coming back and came up here."

"Well, are you ready to take that

walk?" he went on. "I got away as quick as I could."

He flung himself into a chair as he spoke, his hat still on his head, his stick tapping the floor impatiently.

June rose from the bed, and going over to the bureau began to arrange her hair.

"It is too late to go for a walk now, Ogden," she said. "Wait till after tea and then we can go to church somewhere."

"Church!" he ejaculated. "What do I want to go to church for?"

"To please me, for one thing," June replied quietly. She turned and looked down at him. "You'll go this once for my sake, won't you, dear? Remember we don't often have a chance."

"Ask me to do something easier." He took off his hat and dropped it in his lap. "I've got a headache to-night."

"I'm so sorry, but you have a chance to go to bed early and get a good rest." With a sigh that no one heard but herself, June turned to the mirror again and went on with her task. Suddenly, with a quick recollection, she said: "By the way, Ogden, you remember that Mr. Sexton who came to see you the day after you broke your arm? What has become of him? I never hear you speak of him. I had an idea he was in the same company with you. Wasn't he?"

"Yes, last season."

"And didn't he have a wife named Ida?"

"Who told you about her?"

Havens almost snapped the words out. He lost his listless air in an instant, and looked at her steadily, waiting for his answer.

June grew red as she remembered how she had heard the name. But she made up her mind to find out all she could at this opportunity.

"I heard Mr. Sexton speak of her that day," she answered. "Your door was open, you remember, and he talked pretty loud, so one or two things he said came to my ears down in the sitting room."

"What things? What did he say about her?"

Havens rose and began to pace up and down the room, his hands in his pockets.

"He asked what he was to tell her—this Ida," June responded, her heart sinking as she noted her husband's disturbed equanimity.

"And what did I say? Tell me quickly, what did I say?"

Ogden came to a halt in front of his wife and towered over her, threateningly almost. She caught his breath and knew that he had been drinking.

"I didn't hear. I don't know. I couldn't hear you speak at all," she replied, recoiling a step or two.

"What else *did* you hear?" he went on. "What else that Sexton said?"

"Nothing, only that he seemed surprised you should want to stay in a little place like Bright hopes. But you haven't told me yet whether this Ida is Mr. Sexton's wife or not."

"No, she isn't." Havens dropped on the chair again and allowed his chin to sink on his chest in deep meditation.

"Who is she, then?" June persisted.

There was no response. Havens seemed not to have heard the question. June repeated it.

"Oh, a friend of ours. Come, let's go down and get our supper now."

"I don't want any supper." June spoke quietly, but Havens detected a difference in her tones.

"What's the matter?" he exclaimed. "Have you a headache too?"

"No, a heart ache." June said this on the impulse of the moment.

Her husband stood there and looked at her silently for an instant.

"A heart ache?" he repeated, as if the term puzzled him. "Why, how did that come about?"

"Oh, Ogden," she exclaimed, throwing herself into his arms, "don't you understand, don't you see that you are hurting me by your coldness, your neglect? Don't you love me any more?"

"What nonsense is this you are talking, June?" He bent down and

kissed her on the forehead, but again she detected the odor of brandy on his breath and shivered. "Come, you are cold," he went on. "We will go down stairs where it is warm and bright, and you will soon be yourself again."

"No, I want you to answer my question first. What made you seem so cross when I asked you about Mr. Sexton and that woman? There wasn't anything wrong in my doing that, was there? A husband shouldn't have any secrets from his wife, you know."

"Secrets! Who said anything about secrets? How silly you are, June!"

She drew herself away from him with sudden vigor.

"You are evading my question, Ogden," she replied. "You do nothing for me any more. Don't you see I am miserable half the time just for the want of a kind word from you? I gave up everything for your sake. You know that."

"Well, do you regret it?" he replied. "Haven't you had as good a time as you expected?"

"No, Ogden, I have not, and it is because you are so different. What has made the change in you?"

"Why, you mustn't expect to find a man the same during the working half of the year that he is in vacation. Do you suppose I can play the same part night after night and not feel the strain? You are demanding perfection, my dear. Come, we'll go down to the dining room." Havens stepped to the door and held it open. But June shook her head.

"I could not possibly eat a morsel," she said. "You go down."

She turned toward the bed and threw herself upon it. She thought he might come to inquire if he could bring her a cup of tea, but the only sound she could hear was the closing of the door behind him.

She shuddered and drew the shawl more closely around her. But there was no warmth in that to take the chill from her heart.

Her husband was tired of her. She could see that as plainly as if he had confessed it with his own lips. And she? For all she was so cold, the perspiration stood out in beads upon her forehead as she realized that her love for him did not glow with the old time fervor. There were times indeed when she felt that she could hate him for his selfishness.

Was it possible that all men would turn out this way on closer acquaintance? She tried to imagine herself the wife of some other man she knew. Her circle was not a wide one. There was Jim Dunstable. He had thought a good deal of her in the old days. And as she looked back upon things now it seemed to her that he had distrusted Ogden Havens from the first; just as she had been fascinated by him from the first.

Yes, that was it—fascination. He was a man out of her sphere, belonging to one of which she had read too much for her own good. And fascination is not as enduring as love.

What was to be the end? June looked forward through the vista of years, and again she shivered and cowered beneath the shawl.

And no one to blame but herself. The happiness of two lives wrecked—her own and Aunt Deb's! And for what?

A week or two of fancied happiness and then a lifetime of misery! And June was not yet twenty.

X.

MID spring in Brighthopes. The robins were back, mating and thrilling out their joy at the coming miracle of nature's awakening. Active preparations for nest building were being made throughout the bird world. And there was busy work being carried on among men too. From seven in the morning till five at night the sound of hammer and saw and workmen's voices might be heard coming from the high ground on the Dunstable farm. No less than three cottages were being put up on that property which the

gentleman from the city had come to look at the fall previous, as Jim had described to June. But Jim had been wary, for he was at the head of the family now, his father having died early in September. The price offered had been large and Mrs. Dunstable wanted to take it.

"Wait, mother," Jim said. "I think we can do better."

He brought a surveyor to the place, divided the table land into lots, and then offered it for sale as restricted property.

The site was easily the most advantageous in the village. It was high, with a view of the sea, and there were enough well grown trees on it to give that shade which so many newly planted summer colonies lack. One of the lots was taken by a New York family of high standing and rich connections. Friends of these took two others and all proceeded to build at once. They came down frequently to see how work was progressing; sometimes they brought other men of wealth with them. Brighthopes as a summer resort for cottagers who desired exclusiveness soon began to be talked of in more than one circle of the fashionable set in the metropolis, and thus Jim found that his lots advertised themselves.

He built a little office near the entrance to the lane leading from the highway, and was busy from morning till night. Brighthopes had begun to boom at last, but as yet the boom affected only the Dunstable estate, which was somewhat removed from the village proper. Jim got stiff prices for the lots he sold. He was astute enough to see that the class of people who had come there were the sort that low figures would frighten away. Naturally he had long since given up the idea of going to town to find a position.

Mrs. Dunstable was quite bewildered at the wave of prosperity which had struck them. Now that there was money in plenty, with prospects of much more being added to it, she seemingly could not think of anything she especially wanted, and

would still go on practicing the same small economies from mere force of habit. One of Jim's first "extravagances" was the purchase of a new carriage, a T cart, in which he frequently drove to the Colt's Foot station to meet the gentlemen from the city who came down to look over the property. It was a long while before he could induce his mother to ride out with him in this.

"The buggy or the carryall's good enough for me," she declared. "Take some of the girls out with you in your fancy cart."

But Jim seemed loath to act on this suggestion. In fact, since June Heath went away, he had had very little to say to the young ladies of Brighthopes. He seldom made any calls with the exception of the weekly visit he paid to Miss Deborah. Regularly each Sunday afternoon, dressed in his best, which in these days was quite ahead of anything worn by any of his fellow townsmen, he walked down to the little white cottage by the bend in the road and spent an hour or more with its now lonely inmate.

You would have seen no outward change in Miss Deborah had you gone in there with him on this spring Sabbath. There were no new wrinkles on her brow, no fresh gray hairs in her head. Not a murmur had passed her lips. Her sorrow, her loneliness she kept rigidly to herself. Her outward life she made to conform so far as possible in every particular to what it had been before June left her. She never once remained away from church, not even that first Sunday when she must have known that every soul in the building, including even the minister himself, was watching to see the change in her.

Once, the day after the flight, Patience Yerks had essayed to offer sympathy.

"June wasn't worthy of your love, Deborah," she began. "I'd put her straight out of——"

"There ain't no call for anybody to tell me what to do, Patience," had been Miss Deborah's response, and

after that the caution went round that no one must mention June's name to the stricken aunt. And no one did but Jim; and he always spoke of her in relation to something in the past. It was just as though the girl had died on that day in September and there was nothing that had happened afterwards of which to speak.

This recalling of the old days seemed to comfort Miss Deborah. She would sit there in the big rocker by the stove, the cat in her lap, and watch Jim as he sat opposite, and listen to his account of some childish experience that he and her niece had lived through together, and feel her heart lightened for the time by his very presence. These two understood each other. There was no need for Jim to say that he loved June as he never expected to love any other woman. And he knew perfectly well that Miss Deborah's heart was bound up in the girl who had broken it.

On the afternoon of which we speak Jim made his appearance at the cottage a little earlier than usual. He did not seem to be as self-possessed as ordinarily, either, when he shook Miss Deborah by the hand and took his seat in the accustomed place.

"There's some news I think I ought to tell you," he began abruptly, putting down his hand to stroke Luke, who was rubbing against his leg.

A swift change passed over his companion's face. It was not an expression of joy; rather a tightening of the muscles to express indifference to any matter of present occurrence that could affect that one of whom she always thought in the past tense. Jim was quick to interpret this expression, but he knew that what he would have to tell would carry its own excuse for being told.

"I heard it when I was in New York the other night, staying with the Falconers," he went on. "Young Bert Falconer took me to a chop house. There were two or three men at the next table. I could not help

listening to some of their talk, especially after I heard the name Havens. He is—God forgive him, Miss Deborah—a worse villain than we thought him. He was married to another woman, and she was still living when he went off with June!"

Jim's voice almost broke on that last word. He had leaned forward nearer to Miss Deborah so that he might utter it softly, and remained in that attitude, watching the anguish which now at last found its way to the surface on the face of his companion. Finally she put up her wrinkled hands to cover it, and sat thus for a minute or two, rocking her body the least bit backward and forward with quick vibrations. But no sound broke from her tightly closed lips.

A little while longer Jim stayed with the lonely one and when he left the cottage there was a look of settled determination on his face. He had a long talk with his younger brother George on reaching home, and the next morning was driven to Colt's Foot station, taking a large valise with him.

This sudden departure of Jim's from Brighthopes was of course the occasion of much comment in the village.

"He gone West on something important," his mother told inquirers. "He'd didn't know himself just when he'd be back."

Mrs. Dunstable was equally ignorant with all the rest of the villagers regarding the exact nature of Jim's business. She imagined it was something to do with the mines, because two or three of his letters were from Nevada. And one had to be very secret about mines, she confided to George. If you found a good one and couldn't keep other people from knowing where it was, you might lose it. Yes, on thinking it over, she decided that Jim must have taken some of the money he had made that spring and gone West to put it into machinery for working silver mines. In her letters to Jim she spoke of this conclusion to which she had come, and he did not deny that she

was right. In fact he said nothing on the subject one way or another; merely wrote that he was well and very busy and did not know yet just when he would be able to turn his face eastward, closing by giving her directions where to address him next.

And in truth he was busy—very, rushing from one point to another, wherever he could obtain a hint as to the whereabouts of any member of the organization once known as Spately's Comedians. The company had become stranded in a Colorado town and the members of it had separated in various directions, some few securing positions with other troupes. Two or three of these Jim found and interviewed. But not one of them could tell him the present whereabouts of Havens—for it was Havens for whom he always inquired.

He had done for himself, the general tenor of the report seemed to run. Had taken to drink so that no manager could rely on him. A shame, too, for he was a mighty clever player.

His wife? Oh, yes, she had gone on the stage, too, and they gave him the name, "Florence Ray," under which she played. Perhaps he might trace his man by this means. If Havens secured an engagement it would be under a *nom* of some sort. He could get nothing under his own.

When Jim heard that June had become an actress, he experienced a sinking of the heart such as had not come to him since he had started on his search. What sort of a woman might he not find her in the end, he asked himself? But it seemed as if this must ever be a matter of conjecture. The new clew did him no material good, and he finally came to the conclusion that if June was still acting, she must have taken a new name.

He had already had the forethought to put a card in three or four of the most prominent dramatic papers, asking for information regarding Ogden Havens, but as he was moving about so much, he was enabled to hear from these sources

only at uncertain intervals. And each time he heard nothing that he did not already know.

Once he found the hotel in a small town where they had stopped one night. It was kept by a woman who seemed to have taken a great interest in June. She and her husband were playing with a company of "barnstormers," which had gone to pieces in the place. June had done some sewing for the landlady to pay for their board and enable them to get away to San Francisco, where Havens hoped to get an engagement, she said.

"She was awfully young, and so sad looking," the landlady repeated.

Jim wanted to ask if her husband treated her badly but the words stuck in his throat. He took the first train for San Francisco.

He was now more determined than ever to find this woman—the companion of his childhood, the closest friend of his youth. From the moment he heard of Havens's previous marriage he felt that she could not be happy, and determined to find and bring her back if he could induce her to come. Each added bit of information he gained about them both caused him to feel more grateful than ever for that chance conversation overheard in the New York chop house. How she must be suffering!

How would she receive him? This was a question he often put to himself. He wondered if she knew about that former wife of Havens's. Could he tell her about it if she did not?

Arrived in San Francisco he found out at the office of a dramatic agency that Ogden Havens had played a short engagement there, been dismissed on account of his bad habits, and then taken up with a second class organization which was to tour the towns on the Pacific coast. Jim followed this company to its third stopping place, where it had come to grief, and the men and women composing it had scattered to the four winds, leaving not a trace behind—there being, alas, good rea-

son for their mysterious disappearance in the shape of several unpaid board bills at the hotel.

Jim returned to San Francisco and found there a peremptory message from his brother George, calling for his immediate return to Brighthopes. There were some important negotiations pending for the sale of lots, and nothing could be done without him.

"And it seems that nothing can be done with me here," he said to himself, as he bought his ticket.

He had spent almost a month in his investigations, and what had come of them? Only the deepened conviction that June was miserably unhappy.

He dared not tell all he had found out to Miss Deborah when he got back. The fact of June's having gone on the stage herself he was particular to keep from her.

His trip had done him good in some ways. The worry and fatigue of it had to be sure pulled him down a little in flesh, but the sight of new places, the mingling with many kinds of people, had broadened his views and made him better able to do business with men of the metropolitan world.

And the business that he did that summer was both a large and profitable one. Jim worked from early morning till far into the night—all kinds of work, and when he was through, he would not go to bed, but throw himself down on the lounge he had bought for his room and look through paper after paper—dailies, and the dramatic journals, in the hope of finding some hint of the whereabouts of her who was never long out of his mind.

George reported that Jim must be getting mighty fond of the theater, and Jim allowed him to hold this opinion.

So the summer passed, and when the first of October came, the cottagers began to return to their city homes. The papers contained more dramatic news and Jim spent more time in looking through it. And at last one night his eye was caught by

the following paragraph in the *Herald*:

Ogden Havens, who will be remembered as leading man for Spately's Comedians, has gone all to pieces. An Australian correspondent writes that he was dismissed from Davenport's company during its stay in Melbourne. It is probable he will never appear again. It's a great pity, for Havens was certainly a promising member of the profession.

Two days later all Brighthopes was electrified by the announcement that Jim Dunstable had started for Australia.

XI.

"I HOPE you feel better, Ogden."

The woman leaned over the couch as she spoke, addressing the man who lay on it. He had just opened his eyes after a long sleep—a sleep that had evidently done but little for his spirits, for he snapped out:

"You know you don't hope it, June. What's the good of pretending to something you haven't got? Do you think I need that you tell me in words that you no longer love me? I can see it in the glance of your eye, feel it in your hand when it chances to touch mine. You hate and despise me for that to which I have brought you. You know you do, and now you know that I know it. So where's the use of the mask?"

To this there was no response. June had left the bedside and gone over to the stove that stood in the opposite corner. She poured a cup of tea from the pot and returned with this to the patient.

"Drink this," she said. "It will strengthen you."

He took it from her hand and swallowed a few mouthfuls.

"Bah!" he exclaimed, pushing it impatiently away from him. "That's women's drink. You know what I want."

He sat up in the bed, looking at her steadily. She returned the look without flinching and for an instant there was no sound in the room but the simmering of the kettle on the stove.

"I must go now," she said then,

adding, "I will place the tea on a chair here by the bed so that if you change your mind you can reach it. If you can get to sleep again it would be a good thing."

"How can I sleep with that going on?" Havens inclined his head toward the window, against which a fierce wind was driving the rain in pelting torrents.

To this June vouchsafed no reply. She went to the closet and took down her hat and well worn cloak. Then she stepped over to the trunk which stood against the wall, and after a short search through its contents drew forth a pair of rubbers. She held them, first one then the other, up between her eye and the lamp on the table, then with a little sigh dropped them back into the trunk again. She had seen the light through the worn spots in the sole of each.

Taking a small umbrella that stood by the door she went hastily out and down the narrow, ill kept stairs to the street, and so into the storm. She was bound for one of the Melbourne theaters, where she had secured a position. She was one of the ladies in waiting to Queen Elizabeth in the play "Mary Stuart," which was up for a run. What she made out of this was a mere pittance, but it was for the time being their only means of support.

They had come to Australia with bright prospects ahead of them. In San Francisco Havens had fallen in with an old friend who decided he was just the man to play lead in a company he was about sending to the Antipodes.

"That is provided you will agree that I may depend on you," added Davenport, for of course he, too, had heard the reports.

Havens readily made the required agreement and they set sail. For a while happier days appeared to have dawned for June. But in a short month dusk descended again. One night Ogden was not able to go through with his part. A disgraceful dismissal was the result, and it was impossible for him to secure

another engagement in the colonies, and of course they had no money with which to get away. Davenport went off to Calcutta, first obtaining for June that position with the "Mary Stuart" company.

Given over completely to despair, and grown utterly reckless in a country where nobody knew him but his wife, Havens went on a wild debauch which resulted in an illness that almost finished him. From this he was now slowly recovering.

They had one room in a lodging house, where they were obliged to both cook and sleep. June had been forced to pawn some of her clothes to pay the doctor's bill. It seemed that there were no lower depths of poverty to which they could sink. She almost dreaded Ogden's restoration to health. She knew he would take to drink again.

Sometimes she felt as though she ought to be glad that he had this failing. It seemed to excuse and cover all his faults and make her less culpable for being so deceived in him. At other times she prayed that the taste for liquor might be taken from him and any other evil substituted in its place. The worst of them could not inflict greater torture on her.

Not that he struck her when he was not himself. He had never done that. But it brought him so low, so far beneath the level of the past, that when he came into her presence she felt as though she must rend herself in pieces to think what she had done for this man.

Now, as she hurried along, the beating of the rain against the hand that held the umbrella carried her memory back—back through all the intervening months to that other time when she had hurried through the storm to the Dunstables'.

Ah, if one could but look forward as one can look back! She closed her eyes for an instant and imagined herself in Brighthopes, all excitement over the stranger who had been injured at their door. Oh, if Heaven had only sent some one to warn her then!

Heaven had. She had known that

Jim Dunstable distrusted Havens, and she had snubbed Jim—treated him as if he had still been a boy. What would he think if he could see her now?

Sometimes it seemed to her as if she could not be the June Heath of a year before, as if her very identity must be sunk in the depths of misery to which she had descended.

Did they still think of her at the old home, she sometimes asked herself? Or had they put her out of their minds as one unworthy a thought? And yet she had done nothing sinful. She had been foolish, and bitter indeed were the fruits of her folly. If they could know this she felt that perhaps they might judge her less harshly. Once or twice she had thought of writing to her aunt, simply to tell that one who had been so good to her that she now saw her mistake and was atoning for it in the unhappiness which was her daily portion.

But even while the desire to do this was strongest in her, June knew that she would never carry it into effect. No, she had cut her life loose from all the old ties; she must accept the new ones, and not seek to drag their horrors back into other lives that but for her would have been lived out in peace to the end.

It was a long distance to the theater, and June could not afford to ride. Now and then a man accosted her, but she pressed straight on, only a clinching of the lips together showing that this now common episode of her present manner of life had its never departing sting for her. At last she reached the stage door and made her way down stairs to the barrack-like apartment where the super women dressed. She found a knot of them gathered there now, talking excitedly.

"They're going to take it off to-night," she heard one of them say. "And we can all get something else. They're all principals in the new piece."

June's heart stood still for a second. Even this scanty support was to be taken from her. While she

was on the stage a few moments later, clad in her tinsel gown, her mind was far from her surroundings, groping among the possibilities of the future.

They had nothing ahead. The room rent would be due on Monday. She had only a few shillings coming to her. What was to become of them?

When she had got through her share of the performance she changed her clothes and sought to obtain an interview with the stage manager.

"Yes, very sorry, Mrs. Havens," he said, when she finally succeeded in gaining his ear for an instant. "I wish we could keep you on, but there is really nothing at present I can give you. Next season we are thinking of putting on 'Henry V,' and then I shall probably have an opening for you. I think I have your address on the books."

Next season! It was now only the middle of the present one. June went back to the place she must call home, wondering how long even this poor shelter would be left them.

Havens was up, sitting by the stove, when she got back. He had dressed himself completely.

"I got tired staying in bed," he exclaimed. "How was the house tonight?"

"Poor," answered June, and then she told of the change of play and what it meant for her.

"Never mind, June," said Havens. "I am all right now. I'll go out to-morrow and get some work."

June looked around at him in amazement.

"Yes, June," he went on, coming over to take her hand and draw her close to him, "while you were out I got to thinking over old times. I remembered how good you were to me in Brighthopes that time I was laid up there with my broken arm, and what a different fellow I seemed then. But I'm going to change again, June. You see what I'll do tomorrow."

He bent down to kiss her, but she shrank away. She had steeled herself to endure his touch, but when he attempted the embrace, her whole soul rebelled in loathing. She felt that

she now hated this man as deeply as she had once loved him.

"Oh, very well, you are unforgiving, are you?" He accompanied the words with a slight push, and turning quickly went out into the hall.

"I've sent him from me and he's gone for drink," was June's terrified thought.

She rushed out into the entry and called down the stairs, "Ogden, oh Ogden!"

But there was no answer save the bang of the street door. She came back and began to pace up and down the room in an agony of remorse. She had thought there was no new woe for her, yet here behold was one ready to her hand.

She paused by the bed. She fell on her knees and prayed that she might be forgiven, and yet when she rose again and mentally went over the scene once more she shuddered at the thought of having his face close to hers.

And yet in appearance Ogden Havens was not so greatly changed, in spite of his dissipated habits. To be sure, his beard had been allowed to grow and his eyes were in the slightest degree bleared, but he would still be called a good looking man. But June no longer saw the surface of things; she knew the man for what he was and despised herself for ever respecting him.

And yet she recognized the fact that he was her husband, her own free choice. It was her duty to stay with him "for better, for worse," and try by every means in her power to win him from his evil ways. And now, just when it seemed he was making an effort, she had pushed him downwards again instead of aiding him to climb up.

For the time she forgot the critical condition of their fortunes. The conscience that had been such a mighty factor in the make up of her ancestors on both sides, was stirred deeply within her.

Suddenly the thought that Ogden had no money caused her face to light up for an instant. Quickly on its heels, however, came the recol-

lection that he still had his watch, a scarf pin and some rings that he could pawn. The articles that had thus far found their way to the shop of the three balls were all hers.

Hark, there were steps on the stairs now. Unsteady ones, too. He was coming back. A shiver ran through her. She remembered how she had once seen a drunken man when she was a little girl and had thought of the sight with shudders of dread for days afterward. She had never recalled this before, often as she had seen her husband under the influence of liquor. But now a fresh horror was added to the spectacle; she felt that she was to blame for it. She sank down upon a chair, and covering her face with her hands, awaited the entrance of the man whom she could not now conceive of ever having loved.

XII.

MELBOURNE, CHRISTMAS DAY.

DEAR MISS DEBORAH—I have just missed her. I had an interview with the manager of a theater who knew her and he gave me her address. I went to the place—it was a sort of tenement house in the poorer part of the city and found that they had been gone two days. "Couldn't pay the rent," the woman who kept it told me. I asked her if she had any idea of where they had gone. She said she hadn't except that they couldn't have gone far, on account of lack of money. I put an advertisement in all the papers asking for information of either of them and walked the streets night and day in the hope of seeing her.

At last one morning a woman came to my hotel with my newspaper notice in her hand. She said she had known June at the theater and she and her husband had stayed at her house for a little while. They were almost penniless. Havens went on a spree one night and they would not let him in the house. He had not been seen since.

June answered an advertisement for maid to a family of English people traveling through the colonies and got it. She had gone with these people, whose name was Gannington, to Sydney. I start for Sydney at once.

Yours,

JIM.

SYDNEY, NEW YEAR'S DAY.

DEAR MISS DEBORAH—Not quite yet. As soon as I arrived here I made a tour of all the hotels, hunting up the Ganningtons. I could find them in none. Then in look-

ing through the paper one day I noticed that among those who would receive at a reception given by Lord and Lady MacDuffy, was Mrs. Lionel Gannington of Birmingham. I at once wrote a note to her, care of Lady MacDuffy. In it I told her that I was very anxious to find her maid, Mrs. Havens. To this there was no reply, and after waiting a day I determined to go to the MacDuffys' myself and investigate. I did so, and discovered, after bribing the butler to exchange a few words with me, that the Ganningtons had been the guests of the MacDuffys, but had started that very morning for Calcutta, taking their maid with them.

I knew it would do no good to write to Mrs. Gannington again. The butler had told me that the maid's name was Jane. I suppose she has taken an entirely new one, so I cannot write to her. Nothing therefore remains to me but to go to Calcutta myself, which I shall do by the next steamer.

As ever yours,

JIM.

CALCUTTA, FEB. 2.

DEAR MISS DEBORAH—I have seen her. She was in a carriage on the Esplanade day before yesterday. She did not see me, but I ran after the carriage till a policeman stopped me and made me explain. Then he thought I was crazy, and I had a narrow escape from being sent off to the lunatic asylum. But of course when I got away the carriage had disappeared, so I lost track of her again.

I went to all the hotels, as I did in Sydney, but nobody knew of the Ganningtons. I watched the society notes in the papers and at last saw mention of the fact that the Hon. Lionel Gannington and wife had sailed for England on Jan. 25th. So June can't be with them any more.

I have put a notice in the papers here asking for information about "Mrs. Ogden Havens," "June Heath," or "Jane Heath," and meantime I am constantly on the streets hoping that I may see her again. The carriage was a handsome one, and June's companion was a fine looking woman, belonging to some other English family, I imagine, with whom she has found service. What did she look like, you will want to know? It was only a brief glimpse I had of her, so if she had not looked a good deal as she used to, I suppose I should not have recognized her. I am sure she did not see me.

I hope to send you better news yet within a day or two.

Hopefully yours,

JIM.

When Jim went down to the hotel office to mail this letter, the clerk called out to him: "Mr. Dunstable, there is a woman here inquiring for you."

Jim turned quickly, his heart in

his throat, but it was not June whom he saw standing near him. A tall woman, with a heavy cast of features and dressed with severe simplicity, stepped forward in response to the clerk's nod.

"Are you the gentleman that put this in the paper?" She held out his clipped advertisement. Her accent was very English.

"Yes, have you news for me?" answered Jim with an eagerness that he did not seek to repress.

The woman drew back a step or two.

"Perhaps I have," she replied. "That depends on who you are."

"Come into the reception room, where we can talk quietly," and Jim led the way. "Now then," he resumed when they were seated, "do you come from Mrs. Havens?"

"I come from no one," was the woman's response. "I saw your notice and I called to inquire what you mean by it."

"I mean just what it says there—that I want to find this woman." Jim was growing excited. But the other remained as cool as before. "Do you know her? Can you tell me where she is?"

"Perhaps I do; perhaps I can. That depends on what you want with her. I am her friend."

"Where is she? Will you take me to her? I have come to take her home to her aunt in America. If you—" Jim stopped short here, the look on the woman's face arresting him.

It was a piercing look, one that seemed to read him through and through. He realized now why she hesitated, comprehended that she was a good friend of June's. Evidently June knew nothing of this visit.

"If you will tell me your true name and give me some particulars I will see if Mrs. Havens will receive you."

Jim began to be nettled now. He had signed the notice "James H. Dunstable," he had already told the woman that he wanted to take June home, he knew nothing of her, and

here she was wanting to know still more about him.

"My name is the same that you have there," he answered, pointing to the clipping, which she still held in her hand. "I am an old friend of June's. Tell her that I am here and want to see her, and she will say 'Come,' at once."

The woman rose.

"I will do that," she said. "You will be here—for how long?"

"Till I see June."

The woman went out without another word.

As soon as she had disappeared Jim called himself a fool for not having detained her and insisted that she should tell him where June was. He hurried out after her, but when he reached the street he came to a standstill. He had not the slightest idea where she had gone.

He returned to his room, put on his hat, and went out to do some sightseeing, coming back to the hotel every little while to find out if there was any message for him. But the day went by and none came.

By the next morning he had grown exceedingly nervous. He decided he would not leave the hotel at all that day, lest a summons should come while he was out. He had just arrived at this conclusion when a note was handed to him. It was from June.

"Dear Jim," she wrote, "you can come this evening at eight and see me for an hour." Then followed the address; that was all.

The house where she was staying was not far off. Jim walked by it twice that afternoon. It was occupied evidently by an aristocratic English family. It was not a second after eight that night when he presented himself at the door, which was opened by the tall woman who had come to the hotel.

"This way," she said in a mysterious undertone and motioning him to follow her down the corridor. At the end of this stood June, her hat on, ready to go out.

"Oh, Jim, I am so glad to see you."

She put out her hand and he

pressed it with both of his. The tall woman had disappeared. June began walking toward the door.

"Come," she said, "I will have to ask you to go out with me. There is no place where we can stay here. You don't mind, do you?"

There was the feeble flicker of a smile on her face as she said this. Then, when they were outside, walking along the Esplanade, she went on: "What are you doing away off here, Jim? How are Aunt Deb and your mother?"

Jim's heart sank when he heard these conventional queries.

"Don't you understand, June?" he said. "I came after you. I heard of you in Melbourne and followed you here."

"What for?" There was a slight suspicion of a break in her tones as she asked the question. It was evident to him now that she was trying to mask her real feelings. She seemed to have grown five years older in this year and a half.

"To take you home," he answered. "Oh, June, can't you imagine how your aunt misses you? I knew—knew that you could not be happy. I felt that you wanted a friend. And so I followed you. Did I do wrong, June?"

There was no answer for the moment. Jim felt a shiver run through the arm that was resting on his.

"Won't you go back with me, June?" he went on. "Perhaps you don't know that Brighthopes has boomed at last. Miss Deborah has been offered a big price for her piece of land. If you will say the word she will sell it and move somewhere where you and she can live happily together as in the old days, with no reminders of anything that went between to disturb. Say yes. We can be in New York in two months."

"Jim, I can't say all that I think of you for what you have done. Somehow I can't even seem to realize it—that you have come clear to the other side of the earth after me because you thought that I was unhappy. I ought to be grateful. I am; but I do not see how I can do

what you want. I went off, not caring whether I broke Aunt Deb's heart or not. The sight of me would only keep the wounds fresh. Don't you see how it is—how I can't go back?"

There was a pause. A military band near by was playing a familiar air from one of Sullivan's operas, one which Jim had heard in New York. It seemed to bridge the great distance that lay between him and home, to make it seem a very little matter for his companion to say she would at least let Miss Deborah see her once again.

"No, June, I don't see why you should hesitate," he replied. "Your aunt is all alone—waiting for you—expecting you——"

"Expecting me?" June broke in. "How did she know—why did you think that I wasn't happy?"

Jim drew a long breath. Must he tell what he had heard that night in the café? And Havens's name had not yet been mentioned by either of them.

"I never thought you would be happy, June," he said evasively.

"Then why did you not come after me before—when I was not so far away?"

There was no help for it; he must tell.

"I didn't think I had the right, June," he said softly. "Not till I happened to hear that your husband had been—had been married before. I was afraid for you then. I made up my mind I would see for myself if you were happy."

Jim paused here. June said not a word. They had walked on till the music of the band was softened to a pianissimo by distance. For fully half a minute the silence between the two lasted, then June murmured something which Jim was obliged to bend his head to catch, and even then he heard it but imperfectly. "Faithful friend," it sounded like. He was about to speak again, to ask some question about Havens, when June halted.

"I must go in now," she said. "Goodby."

They had come back to their starting point before Jim realized it.

"Then you will come back with me, June?" he asked. He had taken her hand. He was looking anxiously down at her, but her eyes were cast down too, so that he could not see them.

"No, Jim, I can't," she said. "I wish I—but there, I must not stay. Good night."

She had a key with her and the next instant had opened the door and was gone.

XIII.

IT was in Melbourne, that night after she feared she had driven him to drink, that June found out the full particulars about Ida Havens. Ogden had told her himself, in half drunken rage at her coldness. His other wife would not have treated him so, he kept declaring. Then he went on to tell how he had married Ida Vance, an actress in the company with which he had made his first appearance, how a childish quarrel had separated them and led to a divorce, how Sexton tried to bring them together again and failed, "because I met you," he added bitterly.

It was just after this that June's friends refused to let Havens into the house one night when he was on a spree. June had not seen him since, and in consequence had known the first peace of mind she had experienced in weeks—peace of mind, that is, so far as outward tranquillity of her life was concerned.

Within there was a seething volcano of disturbance. She had married a man who already had a wife. To a girl brought up as June had been, the fact of the divorce counted as nothing. Perhaps, too, if it had not been for her, the two might now be living together again happily. How did she know but it was remorse for having cast off his first love that had changed Havens into the man he had become?

It was well that she obtained work to do when she did. Left to herself,

there is no knowing to what lengths the strain on her mind would have taken her. And then, when she transferred her services to the Bannisters', she had found a firm friend in Mrs. King, the housekeeper. To her she told some of her story—not all—and it was she who had gone to see Jim when she chanced upon that notice in the papers. And June had begun to feel that she might now be permitted to live quietly, if very humbly, in this far away corner of the world. She even planned, after a year or two, to write to her Aunt Deb, to let her know that she was well and measurably content. And now—when the door closed behind her, she had no strength to take a step beyond it. She stood there leaning against the panels. Both hands were in front of her face. But it was nothing outside that she sought to shut out. It was the misery that had been born within her during the interview just closed—a misery that to her distracted imagination seemed to have taken almost tangible form and to be pouring down upon her, cowering beneath it, from every direction.

She loved Jim Dunstable. Not with the fierce passion that had possessed her in the fascination exerted by Ogden Havens. No, if it had been like that she might have felt hope of conquering it. This was a conviction that their two natures could only find their complement in each other. It seemed just as if the seeds had been planted in their youth time, had only begun to blossom when she went away, and that now the fierce storm of trial and adversity through which she had passed had torn the ripened fruit from the bough and caused it to fall, bruised, but full grown, at her feet.

And she, who might have had this man's love, her aunt's blessing, and a happy life, had cast it aside—for what? Ah, had she not suffered sufficiently already? Were there still deeper dregs in the cup for her to drink? And again poor innocent Aunt Deb must be punished, too!

June could not trust herself with

this man. Even now she trembled from head to foot as she recalled how she had thrilled at his touch. He had developed so amazingly in these eighteen months. And he had followed her half round the world!

But she must not think of this. She was a married woman, bound by ties which she recognized to be as if of steel. Jim must go back without her, and must not know the reason. She wondered if he would try to see her again. She tried to put herself in his place and imagine what she would do. Clear off to Calcutta, and then go back defeated in his purpose! Was he the man to do it?

He certainly could not expect to take her back as his wife. Perhaps his love for her was dead. Certainly she had done enough to kill it. But could it have been compassion for Miss Deborah that had sent him on his long chase?

She went up to bed and lay awake as she had done so many, many nights, but this time with a new terror to make the hours of darkness frightful.

The next day she told Mrs. King that she thought she had better not see her friend if he called again.

"But you see him for me, won't you, and be kind to him?" she added. "Tell him I can't go back with him, but that I am—am contented and send my love."

Jim did call again, the very next night. The housekeeper delivered June's message.

"Tell Mrs. Havens," said Jim in reply, "that I must see her again. I shall come tomorrow."

What was June to do? To hold out longer would only reveal the secret she was so anxious to keep.

"He is one of the oldest friends I have," she said to herself. "There is nothing wrong outwardly in my being with him."

He came again the third night and June was ready to take another walk with him. This time he did not begin with the old questions. He talked of Brighthopes, of the changes there, of the people who had come from the

city to occupy the cottages that had been built on the south lots.

"Do you remember, June," he said, "that night you went with me to church at Colt's Foot? How I told you then that there had been a man to see me about those very lots? And I asked your advice, whether I should stay on the place or go to the city, and you told me you thought I ought to stay. Think how much I owe you, June!"

Each word of his was like a stab in this woman's heart, as it caused her to contrast what might have been with what was. So when presently Jim renewed his pleading that she would go back with him, she steeled herself to be almost cold in her persistent refusal.

"But I don't ask you to go with me alone," he went on, refusing to be baffled. "I will find some party in whose charge you can be placed. Then your aunt will meet us in England and you two can live happily there. You never expect to see Havens again, do you, June? It is not a mistaken sense of your duty to him that ties you to this side of the earth, is it?"

"No, no," she hurried to respond, adding: "I feel tired, Jim. I must go back now."

"I shall wait here patiently, June," he replied, "till you say those words with another meaning."

And so they parted again. The next morning June was not able to leave her bed. Jim called in the evening and learned from Mrs. King that she was very ill indeed. Then, when he came again, they told him it was brain fever.

The Bannisters were very kind. They allowed him to have a trained nurse for her and saw that all the suggestions he made for her comfort were carried out. He came to the house twice a day to learn how she was, and Mrs. King grew to have a great respect and liking for him. When June began at last to rally, he brought fruit and all the delicacies of the Calcutta market to tempt her appetite, and when the doctor told him she must have a change of

climate he felt like blessing the sickness.

For at last June consented to his plans. Some friends of the Bannisters were to leave shortly on the P. and O. steamer. Jim sent a cablegram to Miss Deborah. There were only two words in it—"Sell—come," but the letters that had gone before were the key to their interpretation. On receipt of the message Miss Deborah wrote to a certain real estate agent in New York, by whom she had several times been approached. She stated that she had decided to accept his last offer for her property—which by the way was a very good one, a catering company from the city being extremely anxious to secure the site for the erection of a casino.

Bright-hopes was sufficiently startled to hear that Miss Deborah had disposed of the property that had been in her family for three generations. It was struck dumb with amazement when the rumor went round that she was going to England to live. The villagers had no strength to do more than pass the news from tongue to tongue.

Not one of them connected the change with June. She had been forgotten by many of them. There was so much else to occupy their minds these days, now that the belated boom had at last struck them. Even Jim Dunstable's long continued absence failed to awaken much comment. No one, at any rate, suspected that it had any connection with June.

"It was them mines again," Mrs. Dunstable had reported. "He had to go clear off to the ends of the earth to examine into 'em. And here we've got a gold mine in them south lots right here at our doors!"

It was Mrs. Dunstable who took the most active interest in Miss Deborah's contemplated removal.

"What possesses you, Deborah?" she would say. "You got money enough to live on an' all your friends are here. Maybe, though, Bright-hopes don't seem the same to you since the boom. You was always opposed to it, I know."

Miss Deborah did not deny that this was the motive that had determined her to leave the village which was fast growing into a town. Still that did not explain why she should go so far off as England to seek a new home, with only Luke, the cat, for her companion.

But she, of all women, knew how to keep her own counsel, and after she was on the ocean the problem of why she went was an unsolved one to her neighbors still. Even Gus Blaisdell, through whose hands Jim Dunstable's letters and cablegram had passed, was not astute enough to put two and two together. Perhaps if it had been his sister who had the handling of the messages the result might have been otherwise.

Wonderfully well Miss Deborah managed amid her unwonted surroundings. The price she had received for her property was large enough to warrant her traveling comfortably, and she did not hesitate to do so.

A smile was often on her face during the voyage, and sometimes she talked softly to Luke in her lap about some happy days that were in store for them. And when she reached the other side she did not seem as bewildered and "flustered" by the different way of doing things as did some of her more sophisticated fellow passengers. With Luke in the basket she went ashore after her "luggage" had been passed and established herself comfortably at the North Western till she could find out how she could get to Southampton. Then the next day she took a railway ride across England.

It was May. The hedges were green and the glimpses of the rolling hills, the picturesque lanes, the thatch roofed cottages, the climbing roses, the evidence everywhere of the rich productiveness of a soil that had been tilled for hundreds and hundreds of years—all this took captive Miss Deborah's fancy and gave her a sense of contentment that seemed strange when one reflected that in all that island there was not one friend of longer standing than

had sufficed to make her acquainted with some of her fellow voyagers on the steamer. But then there was that other steamer, heading for Southampton. This was almost constantly in her thoughts.

And she had not been many days at the South Western Hotel before it arrived. She stood on the very edge of the landing stage. June saw her before Jim did. And with the view of that well loved face, all the misery of the intervening months, the torture of the present, the dark outlook for the future—all this was forgotten for the moment, while the woman imagined herself a child again about to be welcomed back after a long absence from home.

XIV.

THE cottage was a much prettier one than the house in Bright-hopes by that bend in the road. There was a hedge to shut out the garden from the highway instead of a whitewashed paling fence. And such great luscious strawberries as were grown in that garden!

The neighbors were pleasant, too, although a trifle slow at getting acquainted. But with this Miss Deborah was just as well pleased. She did not care to have many questions to answer. Jim had helped them choose the spot in which to make their English home—a hamlet not far from Southampton, abounding in those quiet lanes, deep between flowery hedges, that had caught Miss Deborah's eye during her journey from Liverpool. Then as soon as they were settled, he had gone home.

Miss Deborah had been prepared to find June changed, but the alteration was not of the sort she had expected. There seemed to be less of repentance for something in the past than of acute suffering over a trial of the present. June was so quiet, and sometimes there was a look of dumb anguish on her face that struck to Miss Deborah's heart like a knife. Was it possible she still loved that play actor and was grieving for him?

Not the faintest suspicion of the truth entered the guardian's mind, and day by day she was compelled to see June fade before her eyes.

But one morning there came to the girl a letter from Jim.

"For me?" she said eagerly, when Miss Deborah came into the sitting room with the announcement.

The color that had been a stranger to her cheeks for many days mounted quickly into them. She stretched out her hands for the envelope. Her aunt gave it to her and then sat down, expecting that June would read the letter aloud. But for the time the girl seemed oblivious to the presence of any other in the room. Her eyes, which had lost their lusterless, patient look, sparkled as they were bent on the written sheets; her lips were parted; the fingers that held the empty envelope were stroking it, caressingly almost.

All these things Miss Deborah perceived; she noted, too, that for days afterward June seemed more cheerful, and took a more decided interest in the household and village affairs. Then one morning she found Jim's letter tied fast with a bit of ribbon to one that June's father had written to her mother years before, and which she had always faithfully cherished.

Miss Deborah's eyes were moist when she came down stairs after this discovery.

"Poor child!" she murmured. "Poor child!"

It was along in July that another letter came. It was directed to June, and Miss Deborah took it in, as she had taken in that other one, but she did not know from whom it came. She could only guess. And her conjecture was changed into certainty when June, glancing at the subscription, fainted quietly away in her arms.

When she had been brought to and was resting on the lounge, "Let me see that letter, Aunt Deb," she said. "Or no, you read it to me, I—I don't think I am strong enough to hold it just yet."

With a sort of shudder Miss De-

borah picked up the envelope, which she had thrust out of sight under a chair with her foot, and broke the seal. It was dated at Sydney, and had been written some six weeks previous.

It was from Havens, who began by stating that he supposed June was not surprised to hear from him, as he had had no difficulty in tracing her through their friends in Melbourne and Mrs. King. He told of the sore straits to which he had been reduced, and added that he had determined thenceforth to lead a different and a better life. He went on to state that he wanted June by his side to help him in his efforts, and had therefore resolved to come to her. He proposed to leave Sydney the next month on a sailing vessel, the Duke of Clarence, due in London about the twentieth of September. He would come to her at once.

June seemed to lose her courage after this. She made no remark about the tidings except to say, when Miss Deborah had finished reading, "The twentieth of September! That is about two months off, isn't it, Aunt Deb?"

The doctor was called in, for the next morning June could not rise from her bed. But it was little he was able to do for her. That night Miss Deborah sat down and wrote to Jim. He had charged her to let him know if any decided change took place in June's condition.

Ten days later there was a cable-gram from him.

"Expect me fifth."

The day after this news was given to June, she got up and came down to the sitting room, supporting herself between the bannisters and her aunt's shoulder.

"How pretty the ivy looks on the church across the road," she said as she sat by the window.

And Miss Deborah took heart of hope and was glad indeed that she had written to Jim.

He arrived at the cottage on the sixth of August. June was on the lounge in the sitting room. He was shocked at finding how thin and

white she had grown. Even Miss Deborah did not realize how much she had wasted away, seeing her every day as she did.

"Oh, Jim, I am so glad you have come," said June, and held out both hands toward him.

Miss Deborah went out softly and left them together for a little while.

"It can't hurt!" she said to herself. "They're like brother and sister."

She busied herself arranging the room she was to give Jim, and when she came back to the sitting room again, he was telling about the changes in Brighthopes, giving a bright picture of the future in a voice in which Miss Deborah's quick ear detected now and then a quaver. But June kept her eyes fixed on his face, a happy contented smile on her own.

The next day she was better than she had been for weeks. Jim hired a carriage and carried her out to it in his arms. And he sat opposite to her while they drove along the smooth road between tall hedges and beneath overarching trees whose leaves rustled musically in the breeze.

"It's all beautiful, isn't it?" said June.

But she was not looking at the hedges nor listening to the stirring of the leaves. Without turning her head she could see Jim, and when he spoke she did not even hear the singing of the birds. She was very tired when they reached home, though. The next day she was not well enough to come down stairs.

Jim went to Southampton and came back with great clusters of white grapes.

"May I take them up to her, Miss Deborah?" he asked.

"Yes, Jim, yes." The poor woman could say no more. The truth that Jim had read when he first came had now forced itself upon her own mind.

The weeks passed on. The first of September came. There was a calendar hanging in June's room.

Miss Deborah was tearing off the leaves when her niece called to her.

"Today is the first, isn't it, Aunt Deb?"

"Yes, dear, the first of September."

"Then, if you don't mind, just leave that as it is. It's—it's a fancy of mine to have it so."

This was the only allusion she made to the expected coming of her husband. Jim knew of it, but none of the three spoke of the future now. Each felt that the present was too precious.

The doctor came to see June every day, and Jim insisted on having a physician down from London for a consultation. But when he came he said that there was no necessity to consult. And he went away again with the fee Jim gave him in his pocket.

There could be no more patient sufferer than June. Indeed she declared that she felt no pain, but both the watchers knew that she hoped to blind them. The pain, though, was not alone in the body.

And as the days of the new month slipped past, she grew weaker. The least noise startled her, and at last Miss Deborah was forced to ask the postman not to whistle when he stopped at the house. Jim was with her almost constantly. When speaking became an effort to her, she lay there looking at him, while he read to her softly or talked of the old days—always of the old days, before she was nineteen.

But on the sixteenth she seemed to rally. Miss Deborah had gone to market, and Jim had brought up the paper that had been started in Brighthopes to read to her.

"You are better today, aren't you, June?" he said.

He was leaning over the bed, the unfolded paper in his hand.

"Yes, Jim," she replied. "I feel much better."

She put up her hand and circled his wrist with her fingers.

"Put your head down a little nearer," she went on. "I am weak yet."

She tried to smile; then, as he obeyed, she continued:

"I feel better, but I am going, Jim. I know that. That is why I feel better—feel glad over it. It isn't wrong, I hope. I have been very happy these past few weeks. You have been so good to me, Jim. I wonder——"

"Wonder what, June?"

Jim's tones had grown so soft and tender these days. There was no jarring note in them.

"I wonder if it would be right for me to ask you to say something before—before I go."

"Oh, June, June, don't speak that way! You said you felt better, you know. You *are* better. See how long you can speak without tiring."

"No, Jim, I am not better in the way you think. I would not be so happy as I am if I were. But there is one thing I want before——"

"Oh, June, I love you. You must not die, even if we cannot always be together."

Jim had dropped to his knees by the bedside. His bowed head rested on the coverlet. A smile of ineffable peace came into June's face. Gently she lifted her wasted hand and stroked the brown hair softly—once, twice. Then her fingers rested against it quietly.

When Miss Deborah came in a moment later Jim was kneeling by the bed, June's face turned toward him, the smile of peace resting on it still.

THE END.

A TRAITOR.

WHEN wintry snows and winds were cold,
Cupid at the fireside reigned;
Sweet tales of lasting love he told
To his prisoners enchained.

And thus beguiled the days soon passed—
Cupid was a merry king;
We never dreamed it would not last
With the advent of the spring.

In ruins now our castles lie,
Fires that brightly blazed are dead,
The gentle winds in minor sigh,
Cupid to the grove hath fled.

Though he has loosed us from our chains,
No one asked to be set free—
With Cupid traitor naught remains
But a fireside memory.

Douglas Hemingway.

LITERARY CHAT.

THE extraordinary and indeed unaccountable popularity of "Robert Elsmere" makes the appearance of Mrs. Humphry Ward's new book a literary event of unusual interest. The critics are agreed that "David Grieve" is a riper and more meritorious production than its predecessor. David himself, unlike Robert, is a man of strong nature both mentally and physically, full of very human passion, and able to conquer as well as to suffer. The intellectual history of the self educated and ambitious lad, with more than a dash of imaginative genius about him, who comes friendless and penniless from the Derbyshire moors, and is left with his foot on the neck of conquered fortune, is a far more robust and intelligible affair than that of the too impressionable clergyman who threw over his faith for no very apparent reason.

And yet it is hardly probable—indeed it is highly improbable—that the phenomenal success of "Robert Elsmere" will be repeated in the case of "David Grieve."

THE Ibsen craze culminated last year and has already ebbed, leaving as its memorials several English editions of the plays and poems of the Norwegian philosopher. Such influence as works like "Hedda Gabler" may have had upon our dramatic literature has certainly been good. Anything that leads men to new thoughts, that helps to lift them out of old ruts, is a gain, especially in an atmosphere like that of the theater, where the line of the footlights seems to shut in a narrow and artificial world. And utterly extravagant as are the laudations of his worshipers, it is undoubtedly true that Ibsen has breathed a new spirit upon the stage.

Though some of his phrases and methods are rather Norwegian than nice, in the winning of time we see revealed his sterling merits—his keen analysis of character, his simple directness of dialogue, and above all his stern earnestness of purpose.

THE announcement that a "Browning Cyclopaedia" has been published may perhaps amuse the manufacturers of the familiar jokes upon the English poet's obscurity of style. The volume is one of nearly seven hundred pages, and is described on its title page as a "Guide to the Study of the Works of Robert

Browning, with Copious Explanatory Notes and References on all Difficult Passages." The compilation of such an extensive work is certainly a proof of the enthusiastic devotion of its author, Edward Berdoe, to the Browning cult; but it forms as somewhat doubtful compliment to the intelligibility of the master's poems.

WHAT is described as the "authorized" life of Mr. Spurgeon is to be issued simultaneously in New York and London under the title "From the Usher's Desk to the Tabernacle Pulpit." The great Baptist preacher began his career as "usher" or assistant teacher in a country school at Newmarket.

"A SPINSTER'S DIARY" is the title of a recently published volume. It is hardly necessary to state that the author, A. Phillips, is a married woman. There is the same paradoxical fitness about this which is found in the perfect theories of old maids on the training of children.

THE latest volume from the prolific pen of Archibald Clavering Gunter, "A Florida Enchantment," cannot be called a literary success, but the remarkable popularity of "Mr. Barnes of New York" has extended, in some degree, to his subsequent novels. Glaring as are the faults of Mr. Gunter's work, he certainly possesses to a rare extent the power of awakening the average reader's interest, and therein lies the secret of his financial success, which has been such as authors rarely achieve. Some of it is also said to be due to the business abilities of his wife, who is at the head of the publishing company that brings out his books.

THE insanity that has closed the brilliant literary career of Guy de Maupassant is said to have been hereditary in his family. Its development was no doubt accelerated by the manner in which he burned the candle of life at both ends. Possessed as he was of fame, fortune, and youth, M. de Maupassant liked to amuse himself, but he was at the same time a hard working and conscientious writer, until from a gay *bon vivant* he was transformed into a cantankerous misanthrope. Latterly he developed a mania for ballooning, and talked of his intention to journey through

air and over sea. M. Alexandre Dumas remained among the few friends whom the novelist could count upon to the last. It seems that when M. de Maupassant arrived in Paris from Cannes, where he was when stricken, he was wrapped in a railroad rug, which hardly concealed the strait-waistcoat in which he had traveled, and a silk handkerchief was placed over the bandages round his throat. According to a witness of the scene, he seemed an old man; his cheeks were sunk, and the haggard look in his eyes indicated but too clearly the nature of his fearful mental trouble. He had to be lifted out of the carriage, but he was able to walk to the station master's office, where he lay in a state of prostration in his armchair.

* * *

It is said that Robert Louis Stevenson has declared that he will never return to the civilized world from the dreamy quiet of his remote Pacific paradise. Samoa seems to possess for him a still more powerful attraction than has Japan for Sir Edwin Arnold. He has built a home amid a stretch of virgin forest on the island of Upolu. The house faces on the sea; about it are the great leaves of the cocoanut palm and breadfruit trees; within it is all that civilization can furnish to minister to creature comfort. One who visited Stevenson there three months ago says: "He is still very thin and fragile; his shoulders are bent and his chest seems hollow. But his voice is strong and hearty and his grasp firm. His complexion has lost its deathly whiteness, and is now a healthy bronze. He still wears his hair long, and his delicate, effeminate mouth is shaded by a drooping mustache. His eyes, too, seem to be half closed and he talks with a slow, languid drawl." He believes he has found a safe haven from consumption at the island of Upolu, and hopes to live to a ripe old age. He has no thought or care for affairs on the other side of the globe. He may use his spare time in writing another book. But he has no desire ever to change his locus, and with his wife and mother he will dream away existence amid the ghosts with which his fancy has peopled his house and its surroundings.

* * *

A MOVEMENT to found a great public library in Brooklyn has been set on foot in rather a novel way. On the 1st of March the mayor of the City of Churches summoned a meeting of prominent citizens and unfolded to them his desire to see such an institution established, asking for their approval and advice. His proposal contemplated an immediate expenditure of at least half a million dollars, and a subsequent appropriation of some forty thousand dollars annually. The rapid growth

of the city's extent and population has rendered her requirements for the paving, lighting and cleaning of her streets, her police and fire service, and similar public functions, exceptionally heavy at the present time; but her leading residents are evidently not afraid to assume fresh financial burdens in order to inaugurate so valuable a means of popular education as a free library. "Brooklyn," said Dr. Talmage, "is hungry for such an institution. For the last twenty years we have been talking about it and waiting for some one to make a start. I do not think there is an intelligent man or woman in the city who is not interested in it." Dr. Storrs, who is President of the Long Island Historical Society, expressed his hearty sympathy with the movement, though he questioned somewhat whether large gifts would come to a library under the control of the city authorities and recognized really as one of the departments of city works. Dr. Charles H. Hall was opposed to the establishment of any public library on the lines of existing libraries in New York. The library of the city, he said, should belong to the public schools, to the boys and girls, and to the teachers.

* * *

HERE is an English review of an American novel—the book in question being Miss Fanny Murfree's "The Singer's Wife," and its critic the London *Graphic*, which describes it as "one of those minutely labored American novels without any regular story, and depending for their whole interest upon the development, or rather the statement, of a single situation. The situation in the present case is the marriage of a young woman out of her class; though we must own that we fail to see the social descent in the case of the daughter of a distinguished tenor. It is, of course, however, impossible for the natives of one country to accurately appreciate the views on such a point entertained by another."

The *Graphic's* reviewer who thus takes the name of contemporary American fiction in vain should be sentenced to a course of educational reading in Howells.

* * *

ANOTHER English critic, while acknowledging an almost complete community of books between England and America, has thought best to recommend the elimination of James Whitcomb Riley's "Rhymes of Childhood" from the library of the youthful Britisher on the ground that it would be a pity to teach him the "nasal twang essential to the music" or "encourage a habit of American speech with its wild haphazards of expression." "America," as he, or she, further says, "goes very fast, and has need of a language to keep pace with the urgencies of

sudden need." This is no doubt quite true, but it might possibly be added that much of what the English mind is still pleased to term vernacular will by American usage receive a prominent place in cosmopolitan vocabularies and a permanent meaning.

TENNYSON, according to an English literary paper, reads a great number of novels; the time spent in reading them is the evening. So engrossed does he become in their perusal that it is a matter of difficulty to get him to bed. He rises late, and breakfasts in his bedroom, usually taking a stroll at about twelve and lunching at about two o'clock. Much of the afternoon is spent by himself, when he enjoys the luxury of his pipe (with which nothing is allowed to interfere), and refreshes himself with a nap.

THE verdict of history on the characters of great men is seldom so definite and certain that new critics do not arise to controvert the views of their predecessors. We have not yet had a Vindication of Iscariot or a Defense of Nero, but several figures scarcely less execrated than these have in the light of modern judgment been relieved of at least a part of the odium cast upon them.

Two of the most famous of Macaulay's famous character sketches have recently been impugned as unfair and inaccurate. One of these is his estimate of Pitt, whom he delineated as a sort of double personality. According to Macaulay, there were two Pitts—one the parliamentary reformer, the promoter of free trade, the restorer of sound finance. But with the war against France the great essayist painted a different picture. He showed a fanatical war minister wasting the resources of his country in a useless and hopeless struggle, whose military administration was marked by feebleness and failure, and who was energetic and only too successful in his suppression of popular liberty at home. The latest biography of Pitt takes issue with this conclusion. It comes from the pen of Lord Rosebery, who was Foreign Secretary in Mr. Gladstone's last ministry, and has an added interest as the first literary venture of a statesman long prominent in English politics.

"With Pitt," says Lord Rosebery, "it was

the circumstances that changed, and not the man." He was most reluctantly forced into war, and his policy of repression at home was "not a vain imagination of his own, but founded on the solemn inquisition and report of Parliament itself."

THE first British Governor General of India, Warren Hastings, was in his lifetime ruined by the eloquent invective of Burke, and after his death the scathing periods of Macaulay seemed to have irrevocably fastened the charge of cruelty and corruption upon his memory. But of one of the darkest crimes of which Hastings was accused—the judicial murder of Nuncomar—he has been proved guiltless by Sir James Stephen; and now Sir John Strachey, in a volume on "Hastings and the Rohilla War," addresses himself to the task of dissipating another imputation—that of having sold the services of a British force for the extermination of a native Indian tribe.

MR. W. D. HOWELLS, who has hitherto paid court alternately to the metropolis of America and the Hub of the Universe, has at last, says the *Critic*, settled down as a New Yorker, and wisely made his home opposite a park. Stuyvesant Square is the one he has selected, and his choice is a good one. The neighborhood is quiet, and the houses, being old fashioned, are larger than those more recently built. If one can look out over trees and grass, even if icicles hang to the trees and the grass is covered with snow, the scene is more inspiring than a vista of brown stone fronts. There is no season of the year when a park, be it ever so small, has not an individuality of its own. Mr. Howells's study, we are told, is the "third story front," facing southward. Being up so high he loses the sight of the street, and gets instead an unobstructed view of tree tops and sky.

According to all accounts the novelist is a very systematic man. He doesn't believe in dashing work off at high pressure by the light of flickering gas. He works slowly and deliberately, and by a careful management of his time accomplishes much more in the way of work than the man who leaves everything until the last moment, and then works like a steam engine.

THE STAGE.

It is the common opinion that the present theatrical season has not been a brilliant one, either here or abroad. This sluggishness is ascribed to the lack of novelties, so it would seem that the playwrights and not the actors are at fault. Certainly we have all seen evidences of the dearth of good plays. There was the "Cabinet Minister," laid on the shelf at Daly's early in the season after a week's airing. Then there is Pitou's stock company, lauded by all the critics. Even it succumbed to the weight of "The Last Straw," from the Théâtre Français, where it was known as "L'Article 231."

* * *

The play's the thing, with a more particular meaning than the Bard of Avon gave the phrase when he put it in Hamlet's mouth. Everybody admits that now is the opportunity for the great American dramatist to come to the front. The rewards of success are great and managers are no longer so prejudiced as they once were against anything with the domestic brand on it. Indeed, native plays nowadays are the ones that draw the most money. We have Bronson Howard's word for it, and certainly he ought to know.

* * *

It seems odd, by the way, that Mr. Howard does not give us a new play himself. We have had nothing from his pen since "Shenandoah" was produced some three years ago. He and Augustus Thomas seem to be the only men we have who can give us acceptable original dramas of the high class order. All of Mr. Gillette's work is in the line of adaptation, while the Hoyt and Harrigan farce comedies occupy a field of their own.

* * *

OVER in London Henry Irving still continues his "Henry VIII" on the stage of the Lyceum. No such elaborate mounting has ever before been given to a play of this description. The management of the "mob" is said to be the perfection of realism. Oscar Wilde's "Lady Windermere's Fan" has scored only a mediocre success at the St. James's. This was due, according to some of the critics, not to the fact that it embodied too much of the writer's æsthetic fads, but not enough of them. These were what the audiences evidently expected to find in the piece. They might have made fun of them

among themselves, but in that case they would have talked about the play, and their friends would have gone to see at first hand what it was like. And after all—the best advertisement a piece can have is its audiences. The public places very little confidence in the opinion of the critics. The great success of "The Oolah," "The Wife," and scores of other new ventures proves this to be a fact. Now and then the first nighter who pays for his seat and the newspaper man who has it given to him agree—as in the case of "The Prodigal Son" and "The Cabinet Minister." And then how the critics do plume themselves on having doomed a poor production!

* * *

At the Paris Gaîté there is now running a spectacular melodrama which Mr. T. Henry French has just purchased for New York. It seems hardly probable that he will bring it out at the Garden Theater. Perhaps he intends to save it for the new playhouse he is to have at Eighth Avenue and Forty First Street. The play is entitled "The Golden Country," and is written by Henry Cheviot, author of the "Cloches de Corneville" book, and the *Herald* cablegram announces that its scenes include representations of a steamer at sea, an Indian camp, and the crossing of Niagara Falls by a girl astride of a bicycle on a tightrope. The dispatch goes on to state that Mr. French has bought the bicycle and is now looking for the girl who will be willing to ride it. Thus is the pathway of the aspiring stage struck maiden ever hedged about with fresh impediments.

* * *

SPEAKING of melodramas, the *Herald* man doubts whether "The English Rose" will run as long at Proctor's as it would at an Eighth Avenue or Bowery house. This opinion emphasizes a peculiar fact in reference to two New York theaters. Proctor's is only a block and a half from Eighth Avenue, and yet is already rated in the list of what we may call "upper ten" playhouses. It is the same with the Lyceum. Situate away from the main artery of the town, clear over on Fourth Avenue, one might readily have prophesied failure for it. But it has been the home of success after success. There are Broadway

theaters, on the other hand, which have a constant struggle for existence.

THE metropolis is certain to have two new theaters by the summer of '93; one French's, already referred to, which is to be run on the plan of the Grand Opera House—cheap prices and weekly change of bill—and the other at Broadway and Fortieth Street, appropriately embracing the new home of the *Dramatic Mirror*. This is to be called the Empire—a long suffering public should be gratified to have escaped another invitation to immortalize a manager's name—Sanger & Hayman are the owners, and the house is to afford a permanent abiding place for Charles Frohman's stock company, quartered for the past two seasons at Proctor's. Although ground has not been broken, Mr. Frohman looks forward to an opening next December. He had better look instead at the present condition of the Fifth Avenue Theater, which a too sanguine proprietor promised to inaugurate with Sarah Bernhardt on November 2d. Rumor has it—the great white letter announcements in the Broadway entrance have been dispensed with—that Marion Manola will dedicate the buff temple of the drama early in May.

One would think that the metropolis already had a sufficient number of theaters, but there always seems to be room for one more—some times two. The reason for this is given by the correspondent of the Philadelphia *Ledger*, who says:

"New York is theatrically different from any other city in the country, and this fact probably explains the rapid increase in the number of theaters, and their prosperity in all seasons of the year. Places of amusement here are in reality independent of the resident population. Their most profitable patrons are the strangers within the city. It is estimated that there are about 50,000 strangers in New York every night, and the theaters, opera houses and music halls afford them about their only means of amusement. The thirty four leading places of amusement in New York have an aggregate seating capacity of only 56,100, so that the strangers alone are nearly numerous enough to fill them without regard to the residents. This great non-resident population is, of course, constantly shifting. The visitors come and go, but their numbers do not appreciably decrease. This explains why it is possible to run one play here through the entire year, summer as well as winter, in Lent as well as in the fashionable season.

Its dramatic pre-eminence is one thing which even Chicago does not dispute with New York. In this department of—the arts, shall we say?—all admit it to be the capital of the country. What other city in the Union could give thirteen consecutive weeks of grand opera? Three months, think of it. But at a loss, you say. Of course, *cela va sans*

dire. Hasn't there been a deficit at the close of all the nine seasons during the existence of the Metropolitan? But what other town in the nation could stand this deficit? It isn't the manager in every case who has to make it good. In their opera house New Yorkers have their nearest approach to enjoying what few blessings life under a monarchical form of government has to bestow. Abroad the crown pays the piper in order that grand opera may be given in the highest form of the art; here the stockholders do it—the Astors, the Vanderbilts *et al.*, who may console themselves, if they so desire, over the loss of their ducats with the reflection that they thus come as close to being kings and dukes and emperors as they are ever likely to get. Abbey and Grau's season opened December 14th, with "Romeo and Juliet," and closed March 12th with a matinée of "Les Huguenots." "Faust" was the great drawing card of the winter, as may be seen from this record of performances printed by the *Tribune*:

Opera.	Date of first performance.	Times given.
Romeo and Juliet	December 14	3
Il Trovatore	December 16	2
Huguenots	December 18	4
Norma	December 19	2
Sonnambula	December 21	2
Rigoletto	December 23	2
Faust	December 25	8
Aida	December 28	2
Orfeo and Cavalleria	December 30	3
Prophète	January 1	2
Martha	January 2	1
Lohengrin	January 4	3
Mignon	January 8	2
Otello	January 11	1
Fidelio	January 13	2
L'Africaine	January 15	4
Don Giovanni	January 18	3
Dinorah	January 29	1
Hamlet	February 10	2
Lakme	February 22	2
Die Meistersinger	March 2	3
Carmen	March 4	1

THE announcement that Abbey and Grau are to control the Metropolitan for the next season is a welcome one. It will at least put off for that length of time the reiteration of the exceedingly unpleasant rumor that New York's temple of music is to be transformed into one of letters—to be converted, in short, into the main city post office.

It looks as if it might be many a long day before Mr. Richard Mansfield finds another such money winner as "Beau Brummel." Emma V. Sheridan's "Ten Thousand a Year" has resisted all forcing, and been laid off. For the remainder of his stay at the Garden Theater, Mr. Mansfield has fallen back upon his repertoire. He is undoubtedly a talented actor—and one who has been indisputably spoiled by his success. What he needs now is a more complete sinking of his own personality.

At this writing two of Mr. Clyde Fitch's plays are on the boards of metropolitan theaters—his *lever de rideau* "Frederic Le-maitre" at Herrmann's and "A Modern Match" with the Pitou company at the Union Square. The latter has been much improved since its first production in Boston last year. Another play of Mr. Fitch's is to be brought out by Marie Wainright next season, so whether our author wrote "Beau Brummel" or not, it seems that he can write—and acceptably, too.

LIGHTNESS and froth have won the day in the three principal theater towns of the eastern seaboard—New York, Boston, Philadelphia. Hoyt's "A Trip to Chinatown" has held the boards of the Madison Square throughout the entire season, and the end is not yet. "The County Fair" is to leave the Boston Park after a run of thirty weeks, the longest, we believe, in the stage annals of the Hub. In the Quaker City "Jane" has been twice or thrice summoned back to exert her wiles over packed houses.

ANOTHER strong Boston attraction has been "The Lost Paradise," which has secured a record of more than one hundred performances. Mr. De Mille, who is one of our most promising playwrights, should certainly be pleased with the success of his first work written single handed, so to speak. Further plays from his pen will be awaited with interest. Let us hope, however, that he will take his material from American life direct, and not transplant it there from a German or French original. Mr. De Mille should certainly have had plenty of opportunity to study character, having been for several years a teacher at a New York private school.

ANOTHER native dramatist, Mr. Henry Guy Carleton, whilom editor of *Life*, had his fourth play produced during the month at the Boston Museum. "The Princess of Erie" seems to have won a fair measure of favor, its principal drawback apparently being the strain of the probabilities imposed by the writer's lack of familiarity with dealings in money. This is no reflection on Mr. Carleton's pecuniary resources, but applies only to the free and easy fashion in which he causes immense sums to be wafted about among the personages of his piece.

PROLIFIC Charles Hoyt brought out another new play at Buffalo on March 14. Of course it began with "A"; all Mr. Hoyt's plays do. He makes use of this indefinite article as a sort of lucky penny, and luck certainly seems to be always with him. "A Temper-

ance Town" is described as being both irresistibly funny and sweetly pathetic.

Another member of the dramatic profession who should have nothing to complain of is Mr. Crane. "For Money" means a great deal of that commodity for all interested in the play.

NATURALLY the event of the present dramatic season was the production at Daly's Theater on March 17 of Lord Tennyson's romantic comedy, "The Foresters." That a play written by England's poet laureate should be first publicly performed in this country is indeed a matter on which we Americans may felicitate ourselves, and it goes without saying that the first night audience on this occasion was an exceptionally fine one, even for Daly's. As to the play, it may be written down as being a great advance upon "The Cup." The consensus of opinion seems to be that, while it lacks action, the tenderness of its poetic sentiment, the rhythmic music of its lines and the idyllic charm of its *mise en scène*—all of these will so work upon the spectator that he will look back upon the performance as a most enjoyable one. Special praise was bestowed on the incidental music written for "The Foresters" by Sir Arthur Sullivan, while the acting of the company, headed by Miss Rehan and John Drew, evoked the heartiest commendation. "The Foresters" of course will run until the end of Mr. Daly's season, which closes Saturday, April 23, Shakspeare's birthday, when a novel programme is promised.

EVERYBODY who goes to see "Merry Gotham," the "social fantasy" which Elisabeth Marbury has adapted from the French for the Lyceum, comes away with one dominating impression—the excellent work done by Mr. Fritz Williams as the young society leader. Sooner or later to every artist of ability there comes his "opportunity." Mr. Williams has met his in "Merry Gotham," and right royally has he made it serve him. The piece—well, it is a series of photographs of society's whirl, which goes with a rush and leaves on the auditor's mind an impression of agreeable trifling. The costuming and mounting are superb. As a matter of record it may be added that the play replaced "Squire Kate," to which it is of course the strongest possible contrast, on March 14.

It is useless to deny the fact that the Casino has suffered in the loss of Lillian Russell. "Uncle Celestin" is little better than a variety show, and even twelve serpentine dancers, intertwined with steam, cannot fill up the empty spaces in the auditorium.

ETCHINGS.

AFTER LONGFELLOW.

I STOOD on the bridge one evening,
At the close of a busy day,
In the midst of a crowd of people
Who couldn't move either way.

And my heart grew hot and restless
With an anguish all untold,
For I knew that at home in Brooklyn
My dinner was getting cold!

CITY AND COUNTRY.

THAT fondness for city life, which social economists tell us is becoming a more and more marked feature of the American character, is not altogether a new thing. Two and a quarter centuries ago, when the great plague drove from London every one able to leave the city, the then Duke of Buckingham fled to his country estate in the north of England. On the abatement of the epidemic, his Grace made preparations to return to his favorite quarters near St. James's Park. His tenants waited on him in a body to express their regret at his departure, and respectfully asked when they might hope for the privilege of seeing him again.

"Not till the next plague," replied the duke.

A LEAP YEAR DIALOGUE.

HE—"Come, tell me, now your cheek's
aflame,

What, frankly, is your favorite name?"

SHE (shyly)—"You know not what a maid
endures

When questioned—but the name is
yours."

CARLYLE'S POLITENESS.

ONE of the things that Thomas Carlyle was utterly unable to do was to render himself agreeable to an unintellectual companion. A young Englishman once called on him with a letter of introduction from a friend. The Sage of Chelsea talked with him for a few moments, but speedily gathering the impression that his visitor had no ideas to exchange for his own, suddenly relapsed into silence, and sat gazing into the fire that was burning on the hearth beside him.

The young stranger, who was somewhat awed by the presence of the great man, sat

equally silent for several minutes. Then, thinking that his host might be waiting for him to say something, he began falteringly:

"Ah—Mr. Carlyle—what a fine old neighborhood—a—Chelsea is—"

"Don't interrupt me!" thundered Carlyle, looking up irritably.

"Ah, but, Mr. Carlyle," stammered the astonished visitor, "you—ah—weren't saying anything!"

"Saying anything!" wrathfully retorted the sage; "no, you blockhead—you interrupted my silence!"

A FAIR RELATION.

WELL, well, this is a sweet surprise!

Who thought that I had such a cousin?

One glance into her roguish eyes

Makes plain my absence was unwise,

Why, I've lost years—at least a dozen!

Well, now I'll make up wasted time,

Proceed at once to woo and win her;

What *chic* she has, what grace sublime!

When next I stray to foreign clime

She'll go along, or I'm a sinner!

Two weeks of coquetry—and this:

"Haste, answer, sweet, I cannot parley!"

One moment of suspense, of bliss,

Then perishes my lover's kiss—

"I'll be a cousin to you, Charley!"

BEATEN AT HIS OWN GAME.

THE handful of people who inhabit Tory Island, a little spot in the Atlantic, off the Irish coast, enjoy so much health and so little wealth that there is no doctor on the island. In rare cases of emergency a physician is brought in a boat from the nearest village on the mainland.

Some time ago the islanders who went to summon the doctor found that he had gone to Dublin on business. As the case was urgent, they invoked the services of the only other practitioner within a score of miles. This gentleman was a Scotchman, with the proverbial "canniness" of his race, and he declined to undertake the voyage unless he received his fee—a golden sovereign—in advance. There was no help for it, and the money was paid. The physician went to Tory Island, and attended to the case. But

when he inquired for a boat to take him away, he found that not a boatman on the island would ferry him back again for any less consideration than two pounds, paid in advance.

The doctor had to part with the two sovereigns, and to admit that Irish wit had beaten Scotch shrewdness.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

THERE was a girl named Mary Carty,
A buxom lassie, hale and hearty.
She used to wear a gingham gown
Whenever she came into town.
But now she's making quite a stir
With half a million left to her,
And seems to think it quite *au fait*
To spell her name Marie Carté.

ORIENTAL ADVERTISING.

THE art of advertising seems to have been imported into Japan along with other adjuncts of western civilization. Here is the printed announcement of a bookseller in Tokio: "Books elegant as a singing girl. Print clear as crystal. Paper tough as elephant's hide. Customers treated as politely as by the rival steamship companies. Goods dispatched as expeditiously as a cannonball. Parcels done up with as much care as that bestowed on her husband by a loving wife."

HER SUNDAY MASK.

SHE looked so sweet and good in church,
Her clear eyes fixed upon the preacher;
I thought no worldly taint could smirch,
She looked so sweet and good in church.
And yet she left me in the lurch
A jilted, broken hearted creature—
She looked so sweet and good in church,
Her clear eyes fixed upon the preacher.

A WESTERN INCIDENT.

IN its quickness to grasp an opportunity for business advancement, it is to be feared that the West sometimes loses sight of the deference due to greatness. The great musician whose portrait appeared in last month's number of this magazine, and who is almost as famous for his flamboyant corona of hair as for his wonderful mastery of the piano, visited St. Louis recently, and according to a

daily contemporary met with an annoying instance of Western disregard for the feelings of the distinguished. It is said that one evening, when he entered the dining room he usually patronized, he found its walls covered with such signs as "Get your hair cut at Blank's," "Highest price paid for human hair at Wiggins and Company's," "Hair cut without pain at the Dash Tonsorial Parlors," and so forth.

The great pianist burst into one of his towering rages. "I have been insulted! To me, ze great Paderewski, zey dare to say 'Get your hair cut!' Cutta my hair! That hair I have shooka before sevena kings and fiva queens! I shall keel ze man zat insult my hair!"

A LESSON.

I ONCE was shot through vital marrow
With poisoned dart, young Cupid's arrow;
I gave it back—though hard the school—
And saw him shoot another fool!

IMAGINATION VERSUS INFORMATION.

THE modern journalist is often accused—and only too frequently convicted—of the offense popularly designated by the somewhat inelegant term "faking." He might urge in defense the precedent of some of the most distinguished lights of literature, who have relied upon imagination, rather than observation, for the basis of some of the most famous passages in their writings. For instance, when Sir Walter Scott wrote

"If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight,"

he had never seen the abbey except by daylight, and his detailed description of the moonlit ruins was therefore a gilded "fake." The same disagreeable word might be applied to Coleridge's "Hymn to Mont Blanc before Sunrise," as the poet had not witnessed the glories of an Alpine dawn, nor even seen the Alps.

Equally insincere, in a somewhat different way, was Dr. Johnson's advice to young people, whom he assures, "with great sincerity, that nobody who does not rise early will ever do any good." Unfortunately the doctor confesses in his diary that it was his habit to lie in bed until two in the afternoon.



IMPRESSIONS BY THE WAY.

THE EPOCH MERGED AND CONSOLIDATED WITH MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

On March 12th the publishers of this magazine acquired The Epoch—a publication of the highest grade, whose general character was that of a weekly review of current literature and topics of the day—together with its subscription lists, advertising contracts, et cetera. The Epoch has now been merged and consolidated with this magazine.

A WORD ABOUT OURSELVES.

THIS issue begins a new volume of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE. Six months ago MUNSEY'S WEEKLY, a publication then in its third year, became MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE. In our announcement of the change we said: "Now that the transition from WEEKLY to MAGAZINE is accomplished it will be the purpose of the management to make MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE a publication of the best grade—one that shall be strong in illustration, instructive in its heavier articles and entertaining in its fiction." Perhaps the best test of the success we have achieved may be found in the large circulation the MAGAZINE has already attained and in the abundance of warm testimonials to its merits. Here are a few brief extracts from the press:

MUNSEY'S is another example of the astonishing evolution of handsome and clever magazines in the race with great ones long established.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE in beauty of typography and the variety and interest of its articles makes a claim for recognition among the best of our monthlies. It has already won an assured position.—*Christian Intelligencer*.

THERE is not an unreadable paper in the whole magazine.—*Omaha Bee*.

THE latest and greatest success in publishing circles is that of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE. It is full of snap and sparkle from the first line to the last.—*New York Commercial Advertiser*.

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE is clean, bright and attractive. The illustrations are excellent.—*New York Press*.

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE has a great many attractions and works within such a definite field that it is always sure of success.—*Boston Herald*.

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE is the equal in matter and illustrations of its older competitors.—*Detroit News*.

Notices of this character make very pleasant reading for the management but

they mean more than this—they indicate the opinions of trained literary men whose life work it is to judge of the relative merit of publications, keeping always in mind the public taste, a matter on which they are well informed. But beyond this, and something of a much more tangible character to the management, is the fact of a rapidly growing circulation. The MAGAZINE has not only made good whatever circulation was lost by changing from WEEKLY to MAGAZINE but has reached, in six numbers alone, a sale of over four times that of the WEEKLY. This is the most gratifying and most remarkable growth in circulation, attained solely on the merits of a publication, that has ever come to our knowledge.

TO OUR READERS.

If you like this magazine—and we naturally assume that you do or you would not be readers of it—shall we not hope that you will now and again speak of it to your friends, who would perhaps find it a magazine to their taste? Little courtesies of this sort on the part of our readers are invaluable—they do for us what no advertising can accomplish. The best friends of a publication are its readers.

THE CHANGED CHARACTER OF IMMIGRATION.

In a brief article that appeared some months ago in this department of the MAGAZINE, we spoke of the influx of armies of foreigners as a subject ripe for the most serious attention of American political economists and statesmen. We stated it as a fact proved by experience and common sense that there is a point in a country's development at which foreign immigration, once undoubtedly beneficial, becomes injurious, and propounded it as a problem for discussion whether we are not now approaching that point. We observed that since a policy of

restriction was prematurely proposed by the so called Knownothing party, and decisively rejected by the voters, our social and industrial conditions have undergone a radical change that makes the question one to be considered entirely anew.

Immigration itself, too, has changed, as a few statistics will show. In the decade that ended with the year 1850, of a total of 1,597,502 persons arriving from Europe 1,047,763—almost two thirds—came from the United Kingdom—mostly from Ireland. Of the remainder 434,626 were from Germany, no other nation, except France, contributing more than a handful. In the next two decades the situation was very much the same. The Scandinavian peninsula began to appear as a source of immigration. Including its quota with those of Germany and the United Kingdom, the countries named sent us, from 1851 to 1860, 2,310,691 persons out of a European total of 2,452,657, and from 1861 to 1870 2,046,773 out of 2,180,399.

The figures of the next decade show a change. Immigrants began to arrive from the southern and eastern countries of Europe. Italy sent us 60,830 of her swarthy children, Austria and Hungary contributed 82,033, Russia and Poland 54,606. Between 1881 and 1890 these numbers increased rapidly, reaching respectively 307,095, 353,698, and 265,064, and their subsequent growth has been still more marked. At the present time Russians and Poles are arriving in our ports in greater numbers than immigrants of any other nationality. Hungarians and Italians are not very far behind them, while even Turks and Armenians are beginning to follow in their westward footsteps.

Without the contributions to our citizenship that have been made in the last sixty years by the Teutonic and Celtic races of northern Europe, our marvelous national development would have been impossible. But even if we are now in need of further immigration, we are hardly likely to be benefited by an infusion of such blood as that of the Magyar and Slavonic stock—almost as utterly alien as the Chinese, now excluded, as a necessary measure of self defense, by rigid legislation.

The vast invading army is now pouring in from southeastern Europe is a host where ignorance and poverty reign supreme.

Skilled laborers form an insignificant percentage of its ranks. It is composed mainly of fugitives from famine and misgovernment, who flee to America as the land of liberty and the haven of the oppressed. This is a colossal testimonial to our national hospitality, but it should be remembered that a nation should be just to her own sons before she is generous to those who are no kin of hers.

We would suggest to the Fifty Second Congress that if instead of fruitless sparing for points in the fisticuffs of partisanship it would turn its attention to this vitally important matter, it would be giving the taxpayers a better return for its salary. The majority of its members are not friends of our protective tariff laws. They are missing a particularly favorable avenue of attack upon their pet aversion by failing to dwell upon the illogical absurdity of a system that protects the products of American labor but leaves American labor itself wholly unprotected.

RIOTS AND THEIR CAUSES.

THE recent exhibitions of a riotous feeling among the Berlin populace came after a number of similar phenomena in other parts of the civilized world. There have been disturbance and disquietude in Vienna. In Spain, four anarchist leaders were executed in February as a result of the serious outbreak at Xeres. The government at Madrid is undoubtedly alarmed at the progress of revolutionary socialism among the inflammable population of the Iberian peninsula, and fears the repetition, on the first of May, of the disorders that occurred on that day of 1891. In France and Italy, too, last May Day did not, and next May Day may not, pass without fighting. Greece and Belgium are just now demonstrating that political excitement is not confined to the greater nations. In Russia, if the ravages of famine do not shake the security of the Czar's throne, it is only because the chains of a military autocracy are too tightly riveted upon the oppressed masses. It is not so very long since London was astounded to see rioters raiding and destroying in some of her principal streets. The echoes of a dynamite explosion are still figuratively audible in Paris.

Of course it is easy to magnify the importance of such incidents. It is almost always magnified in the reports given by the newspapers, whose natural tendency is toward the startling and sensational. In themselves, occasional outbreaks of mob violence are not events worthy of much attention. They are chiefly significant as reminders of the always greater or less amount of floating rascality on the surface of modern social organizations. But when they become wide spread and chronic, they begin to have a deeper meaning. They must be symptoms of a deep seated malady. They must be due to the existence of much popular distress. They demand earnest attention from all those who interest themselves in public affairs.

To put down riotous exhibitions of violence by means of the police power is only a proper exercise of the functions of government. To ignore the underlying elements of dissatisfaction that have caused recent outbreaks in Germany and elsewhere would be suicidal folly on the part of the established rulers. It is an old remark that repression will never cure popular discontent, which is bound to gather strength until it finally finds an outlet. Socialists whose avowed aim is revolution are a growing party in several countries of Europe. The idea of government by standing armies is one that in this latter end of the nineteenth century is rapidly becoming an intolerable archaism. Those powers who fail to recognize that fact may before long find themselves called upon not merely to repress riots but to prevent civil war.

We especially recommend this view of the matter to the attention of the young ruler at Berlin, whose recently expressed ideas upon the rights and duties of his imperial office have had a ring of feudal autocracy that harmonizes ill with the voices of modern progress.

FRANCE AND HER LOST PROVINCES.

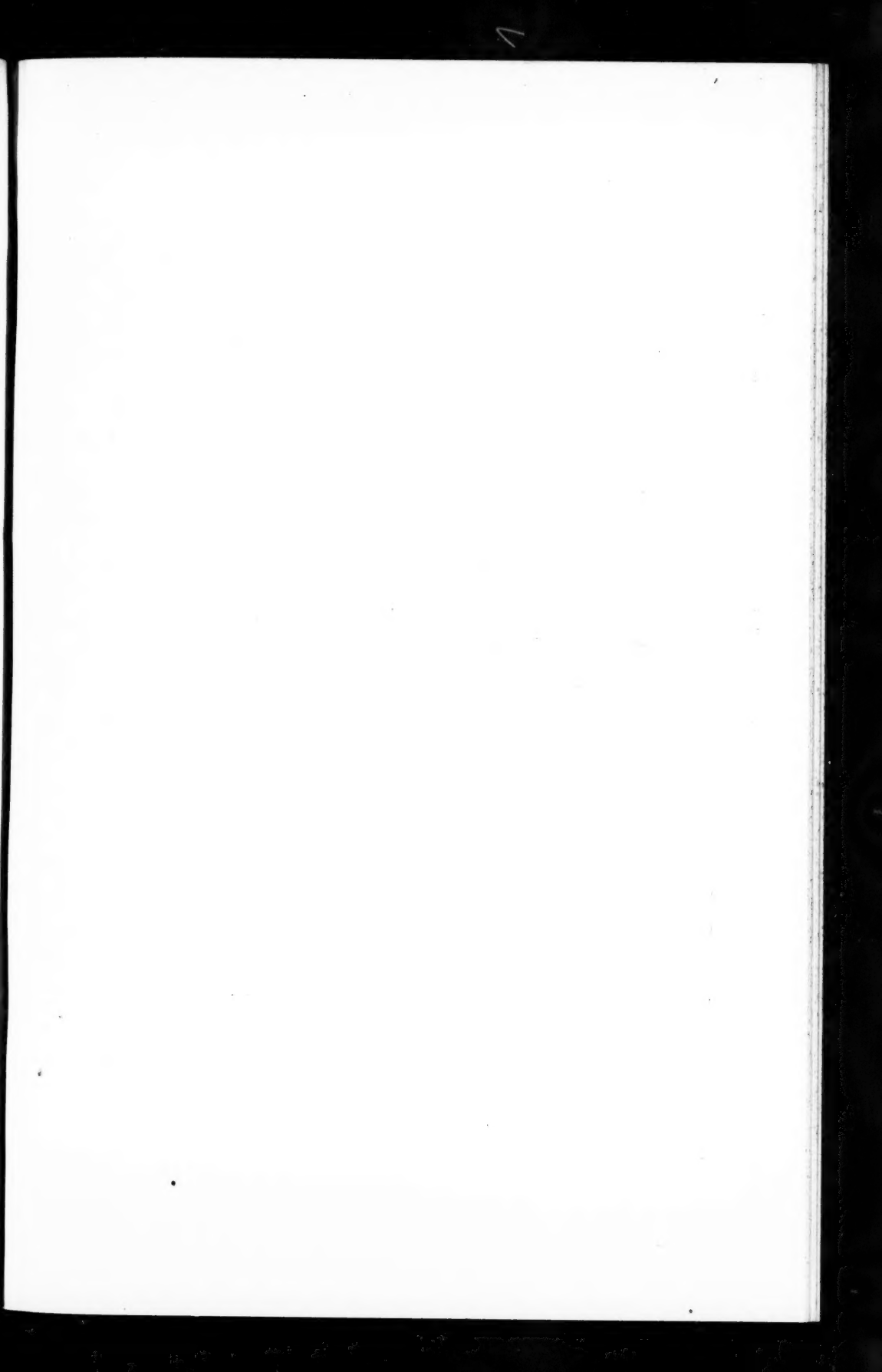
It may be assumed as an admitted fact that France is determined sooner or later

to recover the lost provinces of Alsace-Lorraine. If the Frenchman's mind is unalterably fixed upon any political idea, it is this. Members of the government at Paris do not hesitate to avow their sentiment upon the subject. Indeed, their constituents would have none of them if they ventured to declare their acceptance of the existing status. France will not be the aggressor, says every loyal Frenchman, but when the opportunity comes, as come it surely will, then the territory given to the German twenty one years ago must and will be regained. Not exactly a reassuring fact is this to the societies for the promotion of universal peace and goodwill.

Ability to understand more than one side of a question is not a leading characteristic of the Gallic mentality. It is too impulsive to be judicial. Its confidence in the invincibility of its own pleas, and its readiness to believe that others must necessarily regard great questions exactly as it does itself, were recently illustrated by a typical incident. The *Paris Figaro* sent circulars to a number of eminent Germans, asking them whether the time had not come when the empire might be willing to consider the justice of restoring the conquered provinces to the republic. It is hardly necessary to add that the replies received were not encouraging.

Frenchmen may resent as superfluous the question what their feelings would be if the case were reversed. Had they been victorious in the war of 1870-71, in which they were beyond all doubt the aggressors, would they not have extended their eastern frontier to the Rhine? And if so, would they regard with complacency a polite request to return the territory thus annexed? Would they not assert that the question was forever settled, and that agitation for its reopening was an act of almost wanton aggression?

It would be just as well for France, and for the peace of the world at large, if her citizens would make up their minds to the fact that the lost provinces are never likely to be won back except after a struggle that would cost more than they are worth.





DRAWN BY ALEXANDER COLES.

THE HUDSON RIVER, FROM THE RIVERSIDE DRIVE ABOVE GRANT'S TOMB.